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ST. PAUL'S.

IT was hard to decide with what church an account of English cathedral-building should begin, but there can be no question as regards the one that must close the story. After the Norman or Romanesque period came the Gothic with its three successive styles — Lancet-pointed, Decorated, and Perpendicular. After these came the Renaissance period, which produced not a group or series of cathedrals, but, in magnificent isolation, the one great church of St. Paul's in London. And this is the end: St. Paul's is not the last large church that has been built in Great Britain, but it is the last which reveals an architect of genius, or illustrates a genuine phase of architectural development. It is rarely called the Cathedral of London. Many churches have been named for St. Paul, as for St. Peter and Our Lady. Yet every one knows that "St. Paul's" is in London, as "St. Peter's" is in Rome and "Notre Dame" in Paris.

I.

THE name of London possibly comes from the Celtic *Llyn-din* (meaning a lake fort), which, after the Roman conquest, was transformed into *Londinium*. At all events, a city stood in British times upon the spot, sixty miles from the sea, where the River Lea joined the River Thames, and the confluence of a third stream, the Wallbrook, supplied a harbor for the tiny vessels then in use. The legends which say that a temple of Diana first occupied the site

now covered by St. Paul's, that a British-Roman Christian church was built there, that King Lucius was converted, and that St. Helena was in some way concerned in the evangelizing of the place, are as unverifiable as the one which claims that Restitutius, a British bishop who was present at the Council of Arles in 314, took his seat as bishop of London. In short, little is known of British or of Roman London except the fact that they existed; and after the Saxon conquest the municipal record is still almost a blank for centuries, until King Alfred, when he had expelled the Danes in 886, rebuilt and fortified the town which lay a waste of ruins beneath his feet.

The ecclesiastical history of London begins further back than the municipal, although in disjointed fragments. In the year 604 St. Augustine consecrated Mellitus as Bishop of London; but after the death of Sæbeht, the Christian king of the East-Saxons, his flock relapsed into paganism and he was driven home to Kent. In 675 Erkenwald was placed in the reëstablished chair; and so great were his services to the town as well as to the church that he was sainted after death, and was held in particular reverence by the people of London till the Reformation swept such memories away. Then came a line of bishops who, with the exception of the great Dunstan, are now little more than names; and then, in 1044, Edward the Confessor, in accordance with his foreign leanings, appointed a Norman named William. "By reason of his goodness," say the chronicles, William was left in peace when, in the anti-Norman reaction of Edward's later

years, other alien bishops were turned out by the people; and after the Conquest he repaid the debt by persuading his namesake the Conqueror to confirm the city's ancient privileges. Therefore he too dwelt long in the affections of the London folk: until Queen Elizabeth's time at least they made an annual pilgrimage of gratitude to his tomb in the nave of St. Paul's.

But the St. Paul's where he had been buried, the first St. Paul's which we are sure existed, had perished very long before this, destroyed by fire in 1087, only a year after his own death. Bede declares that Mellitus founded it, and Erkenwald is said to have "bestowed great cost on the fabric thereof"; but it was probably a wooden church, often burned and repaired, and greatly changed between Erkenwald's time and that much later time when Ethelred the Unready was buried and his successor Edmund and the Danish Canute were crowned beneath its roof. The Confessor's preference for his great new abbey-church at Westminster threw its older claims into shadow. There, on ground which was not yet London ground at all, instead of in the cathedral church, Edward was buried and Harold and William received their crowns, and near by William Rufus built himself a palace. The practice then begun was resumed after London became the royal residence. No king since Ethelred has been buried in St. Paul's, none since Canute has been crowned there, and John of Gaunt's was the only princely sepulcher which adorned the cathedral that replaced the first one and existed until the great fire of 1666.¹

II.

THIS second church is the one that is commonly called "Old St. Paul's." It was begun in 1087, the last year of the Conqueror's life, by Maurice, the first bishop of his appointing, and was built, of course, after the Norman fashion. Its construction proceeded slowly, and, in the year 1139, was delayed by a ruinous fire. Later in this century William of Malmesbury spoke of it as a "most magnificent" edifice, but it had grown and altered much before it was described and pictured with greater definiteness. In 1221 the choir, which had been very short with a semicircular end, was replaced by a longer one in the Lancet-pointed style; and in 1225 a Lady-chapel, equal to the

choir in breadth and height, was added. Toward the end of the thirteenth century Old St. Paul's stood at last complete, and it was then the largest as well as the most famous church in England. Its length is estimated to have been 590 feet, and its width 104 feet; the spread of its transept was 290 feet; and its height was 93 feet in the nave, and 101 feet in the choir.² Wren calculated that the height of the spire had been 460 feet, and this means that its gilt ball and cross rested on a point fifty feet above the point of Salisbury's steeple; yet an even loftier altitude had been claimed for it by earlier historians. The nave and choir were of equal length, each consisting of twelve compartments or bays; and each transept-arm had two aisles and was five bays in length. The east end was flat, after the general English fashion; but French influence seems indicated by the great rose-window and the group of lights of equal size that stood beneath it, as well as by the unwonted altitude of the choir. The central tower was open as a lantern, perhaps even to the base of the spire. The southwestern tower was the famous "Lollards' Tower" or Episcopal prison, and, like its mate, was low and plain, while the front between them was poor and bald even for an English church. Doorways of exceptional size, however, opened into each transept-end, and there were other great doors into the north and south aisles of the nave.

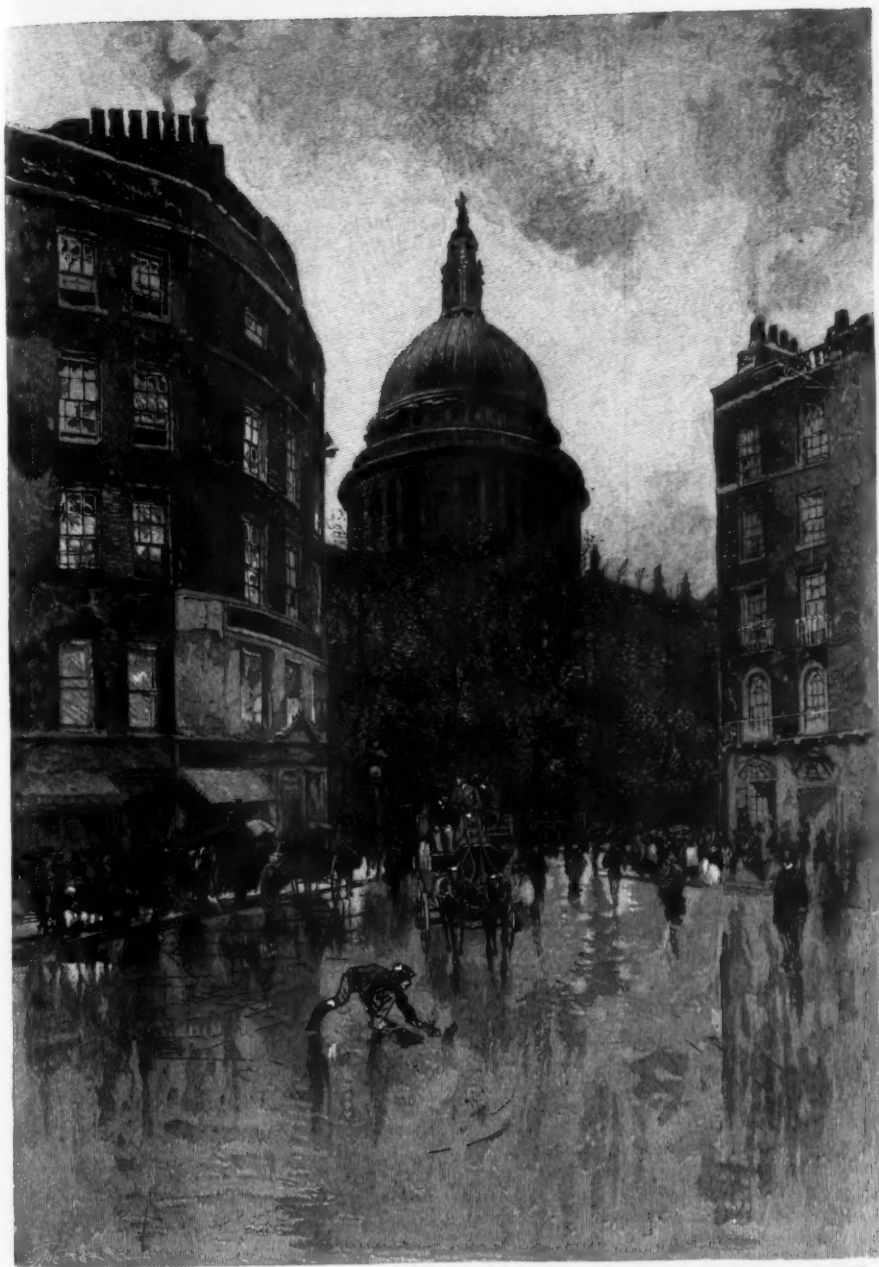
Although kings and princes slept elsewhere, the interior of Old St. Paul's was crowded and gorgeous, for bishops, nobles, and especially the rich citizens of London vied with each other, through life and after death, in the sumptuousness of their gifts. Its most conspicuous feature was the elevated chapel of St. Paul which stood near one of the tower piers, and, with its winding stairway, was richly carved in wood. Its most costly and famous ornament was the shrine of St. Erkenwald, sculptured and gilded and sprinkled with jewels, holding the place of honor just back of the great reredos. The Lady-chapel was shut off from the retrochoir by a high screen. Before it was built a street ran close to the end of the choir, and here stood the Church of St. Faith. Afterward this name was given to the crypt which underlay the whole choir of the cathedral, as it was set apart for the use of the dispossessed congregation.

The walls of the close, or precinct, which surrounded Old St. Paul's and was much larger than the open space we see to-day, were pierced by six gates that were shut at night, the chief

¹ Even the town residence of the bishops of London, the modern "London House," is now at Westminster.

² Dugdale, copying from Stow, states that the length of Old St. Paul's was 690 feet; but the assertion is not confirmed by the measurements of separate portions which he gives, and the figure 6 was probably a print-

er's error for 5. Winchester, now the longest church in England, measures about 560 feet. The only one as tall as Old St. Paul's is Westminster, where again we find a height of 101 feet, while York comes next with 90 feet.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

ST. PAUL'S FROM CHEAPSIDE.

one standing opposite the west end of the cathedral at the top of Ludgate street. Behind the walls house-fronts and peaked roofs gathered themselves together, and even within the precinct were many buildings, some pressed close to the mighty fabric of the church itself. In fact, Old St. Paul's stood like a Continental, not like an English cathedral, architecturally as spiritually bone of the city's bone, with the life-blood of human activity centering in its mighty heart.

Close to its northern side, toward the west, lay the bishop's palace, "London House," with its gardens and private chapel and door of communication into the nave. Opposite rose the Church of St. Gregory, clinging to the wall of the south aisle and the Lollards' Tower, and lifting its steeple as high as the ridge of the cathedral roof. Behind St. Gregory's rose the octagonal chapter-house, placed in an unusual

long south side which were not half concealed by the cloisters and St. Gregory's were so built against by houses and shops that little save the upper stories and the great door in the transept could be seen.

An irreverent medley, modern taste may say; a motley, illiterate architectural crowd, intrusive at the best and in many of its parts distressingly plebeian. But how picturesque, how natural, how vital, how expressive of a cathedral's function as the soul of the city's life, as a temple of the people's God!

III.

EIGHTEEN years of work were needed to repair the injury when, in 1444, the spire of St. Paul's was struck by lightning. But another bolt which fell in 1561 did infinitely greater damage. Then the spire, which was of wood



DRAWN BY W. J. BAER.

OLD ST. PAUL'S FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

(Reproduced from a restoration, prepared for Longman's "Three Cathedrals Dedicated to St. Paul," in which, for want of exact data, the western towers of the cathedral and the spire of St. Faith's were omitted.)

way in the center of the quadrangle formed by the cloisters. Just behind the palace lay another cloister, used for burial, and this too encircled a chapel first built by the father of Thomas Becket. Near the northeast corner of the choir stood the famous outdoor pulpit called "Paul's Cross," and opposite the east end soared a great belfry with a leaden spire. These were only the chief of the large buildings which in the early sixteenth century surrounded St. Paul's; and, moreover, all those parts of its

incased in lead, was wholly destroyed, and all the roofs fell in heaps of rubbish into the church. The spire was never rebuilt, and though the other portions were at once repaired, it must have been in a slovenly fashion; for, sixty years later, "the princely heart" of James I., says Stow, "was moved with such compassion to this decayed fabrick" that he made a state pilgrimage to the cathedral to hear a sermon of appeal in its behalf, and appointed a Royal Commission to consider means for restoring it. The cor-

roding of "coal-smoak," by the way, was even in those days cited as one perpetual source of trouble.

The foremost architect of the time was Inigo Jones, and to him the repairs were intrusted. He renewed the sides in a "Gothic manner" which must have been very bad; added a "Grecian portico" which was very good of its kind, but wholly out of place at the west end of such a church; and then was prevented by the explosion of the Civil War from confounding confusion further. Before the year 1640 as much as £10,000 had been contributed toward his work in a single year, but in 1643 the entire amount was only £15.

As early as the fourteenth century there had been clerical protests against the desecration of the nave of St. Paul's by "people more intent on buying and selling than on prayers." As time advanced the scandal grew till the church became a veritable fair-ground. "Paul's Walk," of which we read in many an old play and pamphlet, was the space between the north and south doors of the nave. Here horses and mules were led through the church, fops displayed their clothes and consulted their tailors, lawyers met their clients, and maids and children romped, while near a certain pillar servants regularly stood for the inspection of intending masters. "I bought him in Paul's," exclaims Falstaff of Bardolph. A letter written by a London gossip in the year 1600 says, "Powles is so furnish that it affords whatsoever is stirring in France, and I can gather there at first hand sufficient to serve my purpose." A tract of this period is called, "How a Gallant should behave himself in Paul's Walk," and a little later Bishop Earle declares that the place is "the great exchange of all discourse, and no business whatsoever but is here stirring and afoot. . . . It is the synod of all pates politick . . . the thieves' sanctuary."

When we charge Calvinism and republicanism with the damage they did to English churches, it is well to remember that reverence for sacred buildings was on the wane even in late Catholic days, and had almost wholly departed while the heads of kings were still unthreatened and Anglicanism was still supreme. I have merely hinted at the abuses practised in St. Paul's, and they were only a type of those which, to a greater or less extent, prevailed in

¹ The folly of seeking exact information in old pictures is shown by this print, where, to make a "nice



DRAWN BY W. J. BAER.

PAUL'S CROSS, FROM AN OLD PRINT.
(FROM MURRAY'S "HANDBOOK TO THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND.")¹

every English cathedral of the time. Surely there was some excuse for the Puritans when they ordered Paul's Cross removed in 1642, confiscated the houses and revenues of the dean and chapter and likewise everything in stock for the use of the repairers of the church, and, finding it too big to be pulled down, employed it as a cavalry barrack, and built two stories of hucksters' booths into the new Grecian portico. They but carried a step further the desecration and damage that had been going on for centuries. It was only in part their fault that when Charles II. got back "to enjoy his own again" the special possession which he called Paul's Church was a mere mangled mass of masonry. Stow spoke only of the final stage in a long process when he wrote that "by the votes of Parliament . . . the very foundation of this famous cathedral was utterly shaken to pieces."

In 1663 feeble and futile efforts were begun to bring back its life to St. Paul's; and in 1666 Dr. Wren, whom we know as the great Sir Christopher, was asked to suggest a more efficient scheme. His answer showed that he would have proceeded like Inigo Jones, modifying "the Gothick rudeness of the old design"

picture," the artist has calmly reduced the length of the choir of Old St. Paul's from twelve to four bays.

with casings, additions, and alterations "after a good Roman manner." Indeed, his accompanying drawings prove that, had he got to work, he would have been a much more radical innovator than Jones. But less than a week after they were approved his plans and estimates were set at naught by the "Great Fire," which broke out on September 2. Pepys tells us how, on September 7, he had "a miserable sight of Paul's Church, with all the roof fallen in and the body of the quire fallen into St. Faith's."

Can we much regret that Wren was thus enabled to leave us a church wholly in a "good Roman manner"? Had there been no fire in 1666, our legacy would not have been Old St. Paul's in any adequate sense. It would have been a mongrel structure, where the last of England's great architects would have done gross injustice to the work of his forerunners, and small justice to the style of his time or to his own immense ability.

IV.

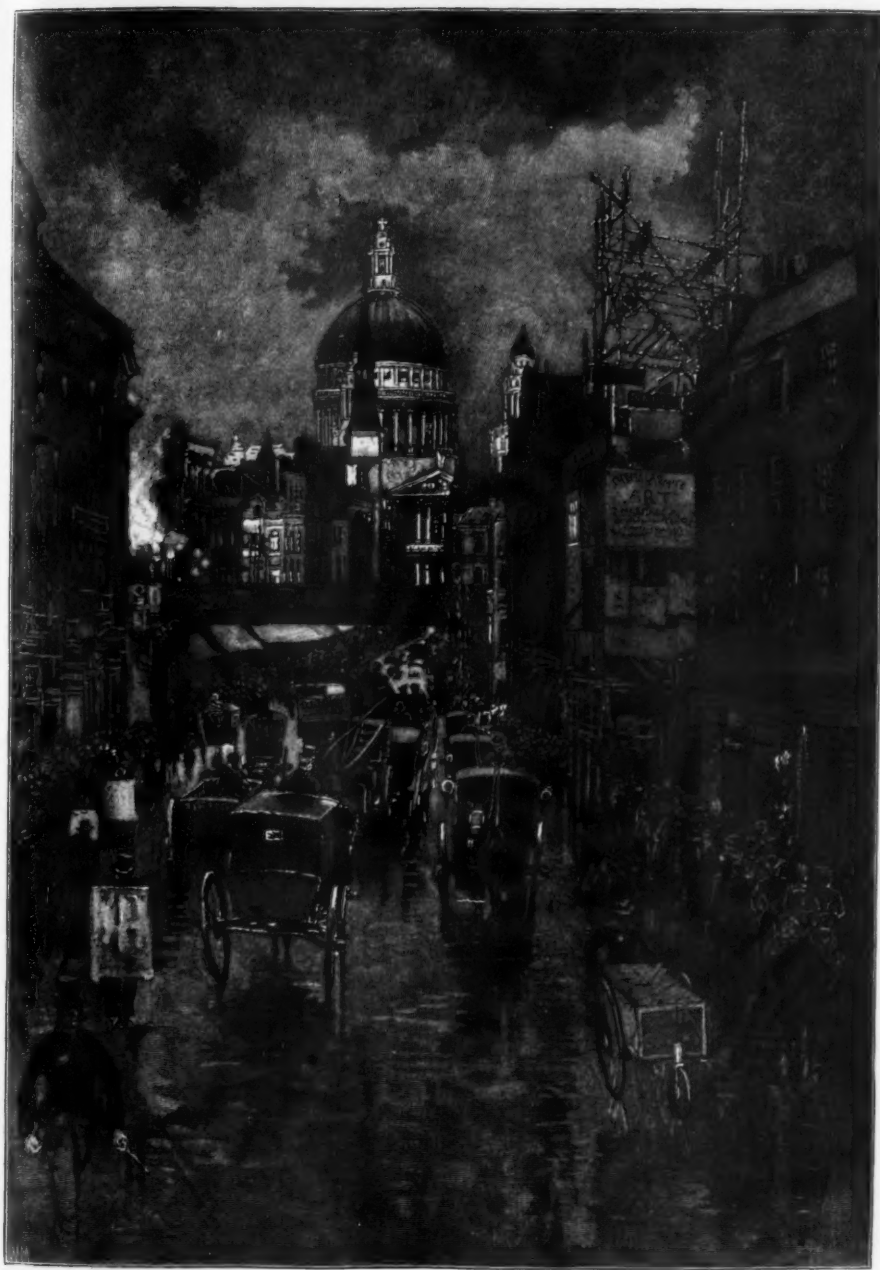
EVERY one who has seen Westminster Abbey knows that, when Henry VII. built his chapel, Gothic architecture still ruled in England. But long before Tudor times the great movement we call the Renaissance of Art and Letters had begun in Italy.

A vague reverence for the traditions of antiquity had never wholly perished on Italian soil, but no real knowledge of what they meant illumined the medieval period. The Greek language had been entirely forgotten by Petrarch's Italy; she despised the ruins of Rome, and her architects were building Gothic structures, although the difference between their work and northern Gothic proves that, all unconscious of the fact themselves, their native sympathies were with the structural ideals of antiquity. It is true that, long before, in the first half of the thirteenth century, Niccola Pisano had fed his talent on the beauty of ancient sarcophagi. But he was ahead of his time; his own works are Gothic in form if often classic in feeling, and the blooming season of Italian Gothic architecture stretched all through the fourteenth century. The revival of secular learning, the rise of what is called "humanistic scholarship," began with Petrarch and Boccaccio in the middle of this century. It gradually excited an interest in the art as well as in the literature of the past, and the renaissance of classic architecture may be dated from the year 1403, when, amid the long-neglected ruins of Rome, Brunelleschi caught the inspiration which soon lifted into the Florentine sky the enormous dome of Santa Maria del Fiore. The succeeding years, up to about 1500,

form the experimenting, growing stage of Italian Renaissance architecture, and its noblest, finest time was during the next half-century.

Meanwhile the Renaissance movement, with all that it implied in all domains of thought, had been spreading further and further north. As regarded art, England was the last country to be swayed, and her old architectural manner died very hard. Henry VII.'s chapel, finished about 1516, is altogether Gothic in conception and in treatment. Even as late as the reign of his granddaughter, Gothic art still clung to the skirts of the church; the square casements and classic details of many a great Elizabethan manor-house group with the tall pointed windows of its chapel. But the fight was then practically over, and in the days of Charles I. and Inigo Jones Gothic art (it sounds much more out of date with the contemporary *art*) was quite dead and almost altogether despised. Wren heartily despised it, and rejoiced that it was dead. If left to himself, he never would have built with its bones except when he saw, as at Westminster Abbey, that "to deviate from the old form would be to run into a disagreeable mixture which no person of taste could relish"; and even Old St. Paul's did not seem to him a case like this, perhaps because Inigo Jones had already begun the mixture. It was outside influence that forced him to Gothicize the plan of St. Paul's and, in some of his parish churches, to "deviate from a better form" and to give them a medieval outline curiously at variance with the classic character of their details.

It is foolish to ask whether Wren "ought" to have felt as he did, whether England and the world "ought" to have abandoned Gothic for Renaissance art. They had no choice in the matter. Even before the new forms of the south were arrayed against it, Gothic art was dying from internal causes. Its constructional and its ornamental schemes had arrived at a point whence they could develop no further. Truth and dignity in construction, charm and appropriateness in ornament, had alike been lost. There was no longer any feeling for beautiful proportions or for features which should explain their purpose while they gratified the eye. Nothing new could grow out of the elements which, beginning with the sturdy walls and piers and arches of the Norman, had passed through varying phases of strength and loveliness into the mechanical fantasticality of late Perpendicular Gothic, with misshapen windows, shrunken traceries, and flattened arches, with stalactite vaults, reed-like bundles of shafts which almost denied their columnar origin, and gridiron patterns for decoration. And an architectural style never stands still: when it ceases to grow it decays and makes room for something else.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

ENGRAVED BY W. H. MORSE.

THE FRONT OF ST. PAUL'S FROM FLEET STREET.

But even if Gothic art had still been vigorous, it would have given way to Renaissance art. The change of style expressed a change in esthetic temper, and this itself was only a part of the great general change which had come over the mental attitude of Europe. Medievalism in religion, in the pursuit of knowledge, in morals, and in manners, had been swept away; how could it survive in art? The new world had gained intellectual liberty by basing itself upon a combination of Christian and classic learning; its art could not be anything but a Christianizing of classic elements. The century which had buried Bacon and Raleigh, which had given birth to Newton, to Milton, and to Cromwell, to Hobbes and Locke, to Bunyan and Burnet, which had cut off the heads of King Charles and his archbishop, and had driven King James from the throne, could not express itself in the forms of Gothic art. Sir Christopher Wren, who was a Protestant to the backbone, and who wrote the preamble which explains that the Royal Society was founded to make provision for the study of "Natural Experimental Philosophy," could no more have chosen to build like Alan of Walsingham or William of Wykeham than like Erkenwald himself. The seed that Brunelleschi sowed grew as naturally, as inevitably, as that which was dispersed with Wyclif's ashes. The dome of St. Paul's followed as logically after the spire of Salisbury as the Royal Society after the medieval schoolman's lecture.

It matters nothing whether abstract criticism thinks dome or spire the finer, prefers the Gothic or the Renaissance ideal; Wren lived in a creative age and could not doubt that, to work well, he must use the style then alive and developing. Like all great architects, he had small regard for mere antiquarianism or sentiment when they stood in the way of his own success. Yet, like all great architects, he did not think of styles merely from the esthetic point of view. He knew that changes in style resulted from changes in construction, that these were brought about by new practical needs, and that, in consequence, the style which looked most beautiful to him was also the best for his clients' service. Practical requirements were uppermost in his mind. The most radical alteration he proposed before the fire was to cut off the inner corners of the four interior arcades of St. Paul's where they met beneath the tower, so as to "reduce this middle part into a spacious dome or rotunda, with a cupola or hemispherical roof," by which means the church "would be rendered spacious in the middle, which may be a very proper place for a vast auditory." He was ruled, in short, by the wish to fit the old Catholic edifice for the new Protestant form of worship. The days of vica-

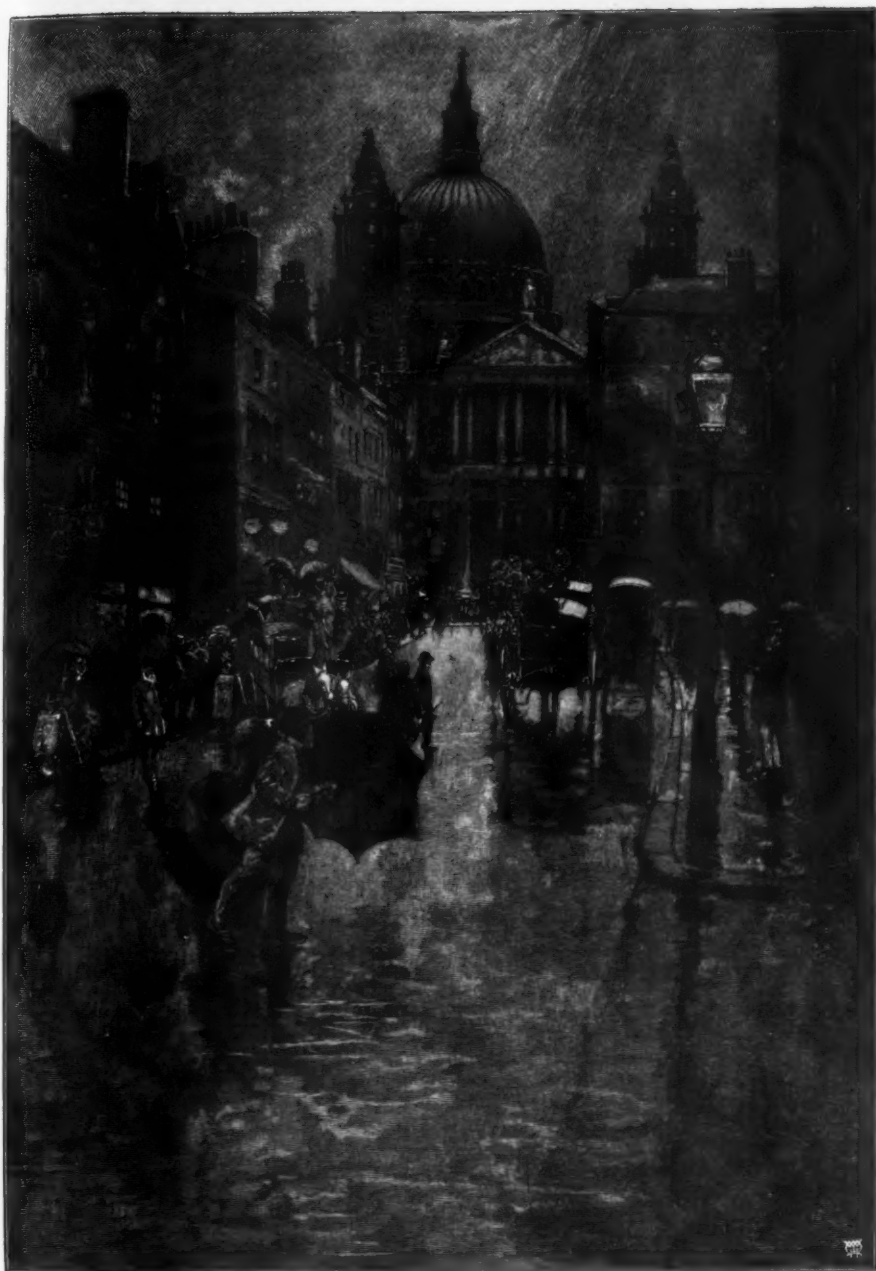
rious services, of gorgeous long processions, of relic-worship, and of constant private prayer at a score of minor altars had departed; the days of congregational worship had come with their new necessity for massing an audience within clear sight and hearing of the ministrant and preacher. The old cathedral type was no longer appropriate; the new architectural manner of the Renaissance stood ready with a new type promising greater convenience.

v.

THE fire had prepared a path for Wren, but antiquarians, churchmen, and bureaucrats hampered his advance. In consequence, St. Paul's is inferior in many ways to what it might have been. The story of its building, could I tell it in detail, would give much sad comfort to modern architects who think that the buffets they meet and the bonds they must wear are an invention of our own degenerate days.

Immediately after the fire Dr. Wren was named surveyor and principal architect for the rebuilding of London, and one of the commissioners "for the reparation of St. Paul's." He saw that it could not be repaired, but others refused to agree with him and began to patch up the nave. Soon, however, Dean Sancroft wrote him: "What you whispered in my ear at your last coming hither is come to pass. Our work at the west end of St. Paul's is fallen about our ears. . . . What we are to do next is the present deliberation, in which you are so absolutely and indispensably necessary that we can do nothing, resolve nothing, without you." In July, 1668, an order was given to remove the ruins of the eastern part of the church; but fresh attempts were made to restore the nave, and only in 1670 was it "fully concluded that, in order to a new Fabrick, the Foundations of the old Cathedral, thus made ruinous, should be totally cleared." This work was practically finished by the spring of 1674, and meanwhile Wren had been discussing with himself the plans for a new cathedral, and making drawings and models for the eye of the king and commissioners.

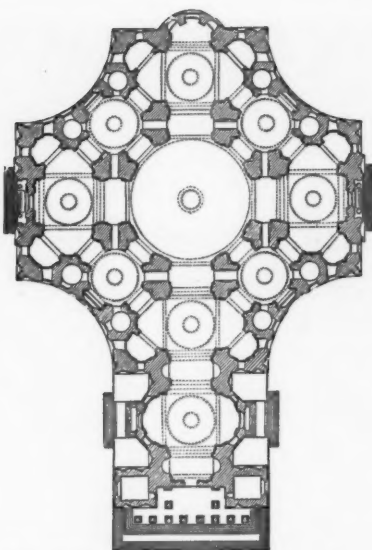
Of course, now that a wholly new church was required, he offered designs in which no trace of the medieval cathedral scheme survived. First he drew "several sketches merely for discourse sake to find out what might satisfy the world." Then, having observed "that the generality were for grandeur, he endeavored to gratify the taste of the Connoisseurs and Critics with something coloss and beautiful, conformable to the best stile of the Greek and Roman architecture," and in various drawings and a model (which is still preserved at South Kensington), he presented the church of which



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

ENGRAVED BY W. H. MORSE.

THE FRONT OF ST. PAUL'S FROM LUDGATE HILL.



PLAN OF ST. PAUL'S AS FIRST DESIGNED BY WREN.
(FROM MURRAY'S "HANDBOOK.")

the plan is here reproduced. This plan suggests a magnificent interior most intelligently carried out. In this huge octagonal space, and in the symmetrical arrangement of the four arms, convenience has been well secured, yet ecclesiastic dignity has been preserved. Despite the presence of the eight immense piers needed to support the dome, the area thus provided is far better for congregational services than the long narrow limbs and serried colonnades of medieval churches, while the short nave (which is really more like a large vestibule) provides for an overflowing assembly, gives place for entrances of fitting grandeur, and supplies a point of view whence the magnificence of the great octagon can be fully appreciated.

The exterior of this favorite design of Wren's¹ is far less satisfactory. Whether judged for beauty or for ecclesiastic feeling, nothing could be worse than the curved walls which form the angles between the four limbs of the cross, and the small dome which rises over the nave groups most inharmoniously with the larger one. This larger dome, evidently studied from St. Peter's, is the best feature of the design; but Wren improved upon it when he actually came to build, and so, we may believe, he would have improved upon the rest of the design had he been allowed to keep to the general scheme which it indicates.

¹ Wren's grandson, who is our authority for most of his beliefs and experiences, says in the "Parentalia" that Sir Christopher "always seemed to set a higher value on this design than any he had made before or since, as what was labored with more study and success, and

The hindrance came from "the chapter and some others of the clergy," who thought his model "not enough of a Cathedral fashion, to instance particularly, in that the Quire was designed circular," and that there were no extended limbs with aisles. Drawings in which the choir was enlarged were then presented; but the "Criticks" were still dissatisfied, and Wren was obliged to begin afresh, using the old "Cathedral form," but, as he said, trying so to rectify it "as to reconcile the Gothick to a better form of Architecture." Several designs resulted, one of which was approved by Charles II., who, in the warrant immediately issued for beginning the work, explained that he had "particularly pitched" upon it, "as well because we found it very artificial, proper and useful, as because it was so ordered that it might be built and finished by parts." The architect was directed to commence with the choir, and the king gave him "liberty in the prosecution of his work to make some variations, rather Ornamental than Essential, as from time to time he should see proper." Whereupon Wren did begin, took the liberty to vary essentials in the most fundamental way, and erected a church almost incredibly unlike the one that his royal master had approved. The drawing which bears Charles's signature is still preserved. It is a front elevation showing a portico with fourteen columns, a low body with transepts having plainly treated windows, tiny turrets instead of western towers, and the most astonishing substitute for a dome. Fancy a very low spherical roof supporting a very tall drum with large windows between its groups of pilasters; above this a narrow, elongated, fluted dome, not so tall as the drum that bears it; and above this again a spire composed of six arcaded stories, each encircled by a railing, which gradually decrease in diameter toward the top, where the finial shows a series of diminishing balls—a spire that can almost be likened to an unusually slender Chinese pagoda. This was the chief feature of the design which King Charles preferred to all others. Who can regret that Wren did not regard it as "essential," but went boldly back to the dome he had first conceived? The clients of that day, we see, were no wiser than the clients of ours. May architects of our day justify their own occasional lapses from the conscientious fulfilment of a definite commission by citing Sir Christopher's example? Perhaps—if they are very sure they are Sir Christophers and are working for the nation and posterity rather than for an individual who, as we can fancy was the had he not been overruled by those whom it was his duty to obey, what he would have put into execution with more cheerfulness and satisfaction to himself than the latter."

case with King Charles, cares but little one way or the other. At all events, Charles had been long in his grave before the dome was built. The first foundation stone of the new church was laid at the southeast corner of the choir on the 21st of June, 1675. The top stone of the lantern on the dome was placed in 1710, in the days of Good Queen Anne. Not only King Charles, but King James, and King William, and Queen Mary had died as St. Paul's was growing. But, on the other hand, not only Wren himself, but Strong, his master-mason, and Henry Compton, the bishop of London, saw it begun and saw it finished. Its total cost, including subsequent decorations, was £736,752 2s. 3¼d., and was largely covered by a grant to the commissioners of the tax on coal.

VI.

THE length of St. Paul's is 500 feet, exclusive of the steps of the portico; the spread of its transepts is 250 feet, and the breadth of each of its arms is 125 feet. In plan it is a Latin cross of the typically English kind, with nave and choir of equal extent.

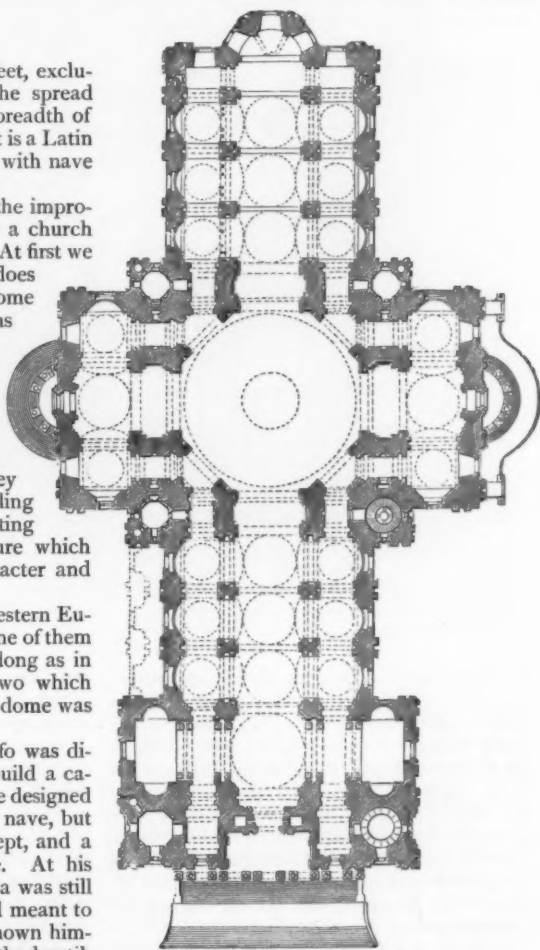
As soon as we enter it, we feel the impropriety of choosing such a plan for a church whose main feature is a lofty dome. At first we scarcely see that there is a dome; it does not reveal its importance until we come almost underneath it, and then it seems to have little relationship with the long perspectives behind and before us. Their lines do not lead the eye up to its lines. Their narrow horizontal vistas are in discord with the vast sweep of its base and its broadly soaring sphere. They cry out for some form of central ceiling which would unite instead of separating them. It cries out for a substructure which would everywhere predict its character and confess its preëminence.

Many other domed churches in western Europe have extended naves, but in none of them are the other three limbs nearly as long as in St. Paul's; and in the case of the two which are most famous, the designer of the dome was not responsible for the nave.

During the Gothic period Arnolfo was directed by the city of Florence to build a cathedral of exceptional grandeur; so he designed Santa Maria del Fiore with a long nave, but with a very short choir and transept, and a central area of unprecedented size. At his death, about the year 1300, this area was still unroofed; no one knew how he had meant to cover it, for probably he had not known himself; and no one dared suggest a method until, in 1420, Brunelleschi proposed to revive the

dome as the Romans had used it in their Pantheon and their baths. Under Byzantine influence Romanesque architects had erected many small domes, notably those of St. Mark at Venice and of St. Front at Périgueux. But after the development of the Gothic style domes were less often used, were constructed with a system of ribs, like vaulted ceilings of other kinds, and, except in the case of one or two Italian structures, were domical as regarded the interior only. Brunelleschi naturally sought counsel of the Romans when he wished to build an enormous roof, domical inside and out; and he naturally adopted their ribless system of construction and their decorative details.

Thus we see why there is architectural discord in Santa Maria del Fiore. And thus



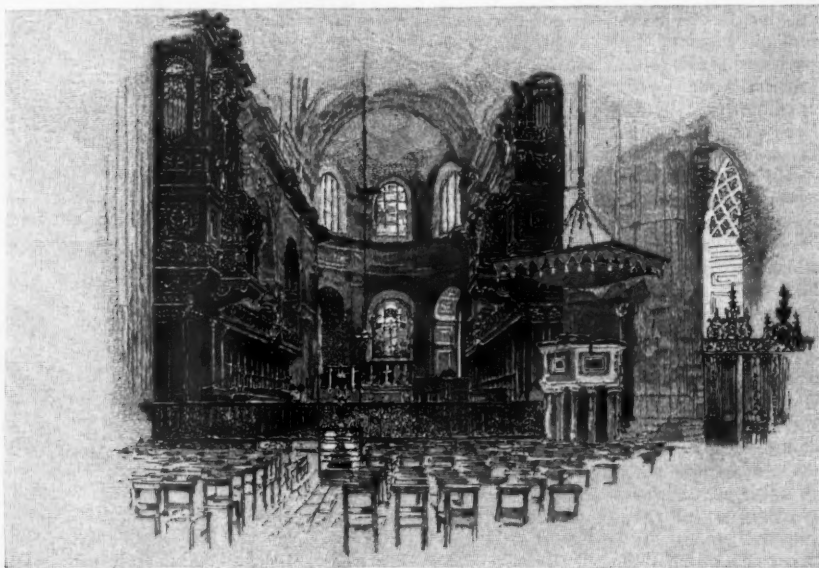
PLAN OF ST. PAUL'S.
(FROM MURRAY'S "HANDBOOK.")

we learn once more that great architectural innovations are not inspired by mere changes of taste, but by new constructional needs. As, however, these needs make themselves felt in times of general change, mental plasticity, and development, the new scheme naturally meets a nascent taste, or turns wavering preferences in its own direction. Brunelleschi's dome, fathered by a practical necessity, was at once acclaimed as an esthetic triumph. Its success led architecture into a new path; and its offspring are not only all the other domes, but all the Renaissance buildings of every kind with which the Western World is covered.

When St. Peter's was projected, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, Bramante designed it in the Renaissance style with an enormous dome; but he clung to the long

by the wishes of the clergy,—always tender of tradition and averse to novelty,—later Italian architects often combined a long perspective with a swelling dome. The first domed church built in Paris, the one attached to the Convent of Val-de-Grâce, shows the same arrangement. The chapel royal of the Hôtel des Invalides is the first Renaissance church, on northern soil at all events, where we find a scheme comparable in architectural unity and logic to those which Oriental builders had elaborated many centuries before. It is square in plan, and its dome rests on an octagon the four greater arches of which open into four short and equal limbs, while the four smaller ones open into chapels occupying the corners of the square and covered with low domes.

It would be rash to say that the combination of a dome and a long nave cannot be well effected.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE CHOIR.

ENGRAVED BY K. C. ATWOOD.

medieval nave, and so too did his immediate successors, San Gallo, Fra Giocondo, and Raphael. Then came Peruzzi, who suggested a Greek cross for the plan, and then the younger San Gallo, who went back to the Latin cross. When Michael Angelo was appointed architect, he too preferred the more compact plan, and his design was carried on by his successors, Vignola, Della Porta, and Fontana. But before the church was quite finished Pope Paul V. bade Carlo Maderna increase its size by the prolongation of the nave.

Influenced by these two famous churches, and doubtless also, like Sir Christopher Wren,

But certainly the most successful domed interiors are those where we find the most compact and symmetrical disposition of parts, while next in excellence come those where choir and transept are very short and, as is the case at St. Peter's, the nave's immense breadth supports its length and predicts the presence of the dome. If the nave of St. Paul's were wider, we should be less distressed by its length; but the chief defect of the interior is the vast length of the choir, which leaves the dome poised upon stretching colonnades, unsustained to the eye by any massive bulk of wall. Even the transept is too long for good effect; and all this



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PERNELL.

ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S, LOOKING FROM THE NAVE INTO THE CHOIR.

deference to medieval precedent has not really increased the commodiousness of the church, except from a superficial point of view. I mean that more people can enter it than can profit by their entrance. I have seen Canon Liddon preaching beneath the dome when I could not hear him, although I stood at a considerable distance from the transept door; and of course I was still more entirely excluded from the rest of the service.

However, all things considered, we marvel less that Wren should have been forced to plan his church in this way than that he should have preferred a more compact plan himself; for he knew little or nothing of the Orient, and could not have been helped by the chapel of the Hôtel

des Invalides, as this was begun in the same year as St. Paul's.

VII.

BRUNELLESCHI's dome was built in the simple Roman way, its shape and the diameter of its base being the same as those of the area inscribed by its supports. Eight piers and eight connecting arches bear a wall or "drum" in the shape of an octagon, and from this wall spring the eight sides of the dome. But the dome of St. Peter's is a polygon of sixteen sides, and only four piers sustain it; so its builders employed what architects call "pendentives"—curving surfaces of wall which, filling the spaces between the arches, unite above in a con-



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE DOME FROM ST. PAUL'S WHARF PIER.

tinuous wall of the shape desired for the base of the dome; and the picture on this page shows how, by the use of pendentives, the circular drum of St. Paul's was accommodated to the octagon formed by the eight supporting piers. Above the plinth at the base of the drum is a plain surface of wall with a balustraded gallery, and above this a tall colonnade pierced with windows; and then the dome curves in to its open central "eye."

The dome of the Val-de-Grâce was begun by Leduc about 1655 and finished in 1685. It would be interesting to know how far it had progressed by 1665, the year before the fire, when Wren wrote, "I have busied myself in surveying the most esteemed Fabrics of Paris and the country round"; for in a very important point it presents a strong contrast to the domes of Italian churches, and a close likeness to those of the Invalides and St. Paul's.

The solid brick wall which forms the lower portion of Brunelleschi's dome divides, about half-way up, into two shells with a space of several feet between them; but the expedient was purely constructional, as distinguished from architectural, for the walls have the same curve, and so, inside and out, the form of the dome is the same and its dimensions are practically alike. St. Peter's dome—inside of brick and outside of stone—is constructed in a similar way. But at the Val-de-Grâce there are two distinct and different domes—a comparatively low spherical vault of stone and, starting from a much taller drum and therefore rising much higher, an external dome of wood covered with lead; and at St. Paul's we find the same arrangement. But whether Wren learned this from Leduc or not, one feature of his dome was all his own, a third wall rising between the other two, a cone-shaped dome of brick which helps to solidify the whole structure but was specially designed to support the stone lantern, ninety feet in height and immensely heavy.

This intermediate cone, like the doubled walls of Santa Maria and St. Peter's, was a purely constructional expedient. But the separation of the inner from the outer dome was an architectural idea in the most fundamental sense of the term. If original with Wren, this idea proves that he possessed creative power of the noblest sort, and, in any case, his conception and execution of it are his highest titles to fame. Yet it has often led to his condemnation as an "untruthful" and "insincere" architect by those who do not understand the meaning of the words as thus applied.

His purpose, of course, was to make his dome as beautiful as possible both inside and out. In pursuing such an aim, an architect must respect broad structural veracity. He must not build a dome outside where there is none within, or cover a domed ceiling with, for instance, a square external tower. His exterior must interpret his interior; but the interpretation need not be a detailed explanation. Over their stone vaults Gothic architects raised wooden roofs of far higher pitch; and above their central lanterns they carried square towers to a much loftier height, and crowned them with stone or timber spires which certainly expressed no interior feature. Wren's two domes are the legitimate successors of forms like these, and his intermediate cone is a fine constructional expedient, as lawful as the timber framework with which Gothic architects braced and tied their spires of stone.

There can be no question with regard to the esthetic advantage of the diverging domes, since they give the architect perfect freedom, enabling him to care in a special way for interior and for exterior effect. It was no new discovery that a given set of proportions may not look equally well inside and outside a building. Gothic architects could not carry a great church too high for increase of majesty and charm in the interior; but the higher they carried it, the harder was the task of preserving grace in the exterior. Compromise offered the only relief from this difficulty. But there was another way out of the opposite difficulty, the one which dome-builders had to meet, and the seventeenth century was intelligent enough to find it.¹ We wish Byzantine builders had found it when we see the most beautiful ceiling in the world, the wide hemispherical vault of St. Sophia in Constantinople, appearing outside the church as a flat saucer-like roof, quite devoid of dignity and of grace. The dome of St. Peter's is very beautiful both within and without; yet within it seems almost too tall despite its enormous span; and outside it can be fully appreciated only from a point so distant that the body of the church sinks into comparative insignificance beneath it. The desire of Sir Christopher and his French contemporaries was to raise their outer domes so that they might produce their full effect from near as well as from distant points of view, and surely it was a lawful ambition. We cannot think the great gilded sphere of the Invalides or the fluted gray cupola of St. Paul's a foot too high; but fancy them revealed as ceilings up to the base of their lanterns!

¹ Although Renaissance architects were probably not helped by the fact, this solution had already been found some time before by certain Oriental builders. The beautiful outer dome of the mosque at Ispahan, which dates from the fifteenth century, is a shell of wood covered

with lead, rising far above the inner dome; and of similar form and fabric are now the domes of St. Mark's in Venice, originally built low and solid, but covered in the fourteenth or fifteenth century with tall wooden shells.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE NORTH AISLE OF THE NAVE.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

Increase of height was secured, not by elongating the sphere itself, but by making the drum more prominent. Brunelleschi, like the Romans and all Oriental builders, used a very low drum; Michael Angelo raised his much higher, saying that he wished to "swing Brunelleschi's dome in the air." But Wren, with his doubled cupola in mind, could be much bolder still; and we cannot too greatly admire his design where, though the drum has two stories and one is immensely tall, unity is perfectly preserved and the proportions are so beautiful that the dignity of the dome itself is merely increased by the magnificence of its base. Naturally the drum of the interior dome is not nearly so high, being proportioned to its own altitude. Indeed, the height of the outer drum is almost as great as that of the ceiling as a whole.

In the chapel of the Invalides the "eye" of the domed ceiling is very wide, and through it we look up at an immense painting which covers the surface of an intermediate dome of flattened shape. At St. Paul's, through a much smaller opening, we look up into the mysterious area of the tall brick cone. The chance to secure effects like these should not be forgotten in weighing the merits of the system of divergent domes, nor the many ways in which such domes permit the builder to lighten his fabric on the one hand, to brace and support it on the other. The lantern on St. Peter's could not be built as large as at first intended, yet the dome has had to be strengthened by iron bands; the dome of St. Paul's is still as firm and steady as at first. Never in St. Paul's, I may add, do we receive a more tremendous impression than when, stand-

ing in the gallery that surrounds the "eye," we look downward into the church, upward into the lofty cone.¹

Far though it falls below the outer dome, Wren's great ceiling is still too high. Its aspect speaks of mystery and grandeur rather than of beauty. Of course it seems even taller than it is because of the smoky air which fills it—thick almost as an actual cloud; and it will seem lighter, more graceful, more beautiful, if it is ever properly decorated. But the outer dome is and always will be Wren's greatest triumph. Can we study such a work as this, look back to its origin in the dome of the Pantheon, and then say that Renaissance art is only a "copy" of antique art? or, as actually has been said, that it is worse than a copy, being a "corruption"?

VIII.

WE are often told that the beauties of St. Paul's are due to Wren, and its faults to his employers. But this is true only in part. Wren did as well as one could with the plan he was forced to Gothicize, especially excellent being the way in which he arranged the supports of his dome so as to leave, from end to end of the church, a clear vista through all the aisles. He rightly asked for brilliant mosaics in the dome, but was forced to see it painted in dark, heavy tones, while all the rest of the interior was left cold and bare. In spite of his actual tears of protest, the Duke of York, intent upon bringing back some day the Catholic form of worship, insisted upon the chapels at the western end, which greatly injure the external effect. And the building commissioners insisted upon the balustrade which crowns the external walls, although Wren showed them that a plain plinth above the entablature formed a sufficient finish, and

compared them to ladies who "think nothing well without an edging."

But Wren was himself responsible for the weak way in which the vaulted ceilings of the four limbs spring from a low Attic order, and also for the ugliest features in the whole church—

¹ The dome of the Invalides was designed by the younger Mansard shortly before the year 1700. Its intermediate dome is chiefly a decorative, not a con-

structional, feature like the cone at St. Paul's. The lantern is borne by the outer dome, and, like this, is of wood.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

WESTERN AISLE OF TRANSEPT.

ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

those superimposed arches which, alternating with the great arches that open into the four limbs, help them to support the dome. These features show in the pictures on p. 655 and p. 659. We are glad to know that after they were built Wren disliked them extremely. But the remedy he proposed does not strike us as quite happy: he suggested that groups of statues be placed in the upper window-like openings and backed with make-believe curtains of plaster! As a whole the interior of St. Paul's lacks unity and repose, while the choice and proportioning of its features do not reveal a very delicate artistic sense, and its scheme of sculptured decoration shows neither the fertility in invention, the exquisite taste, nor the skilful touch which characterize the contem-

porary work of France. Even as a compromise between two architectural ideals it might, we feel, have been a little better managed.

The exterior is much more successful, although here again we cannot give unstinted praise. A want of unity between the dome and the church is still apparent, the one standing on the other almost like an independent structure raised on a lofty platform; yet in itself this platform is superb in mass and silhouette. If we examine the construction of the lateral façades, we find a want of truthfulness which may be criticized with much more justice than the bold divergence of the inner and outer domes. The real walls of the exterior end with the entablature of the lower range of pilasters which defines the altitude of the aisles. Above this



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE FONT.

ENGRAVED BY ALLEN IRWIN.

point the wall, with its second range of pilasters, is a mere screen, standing free and hiding the true clearstory wall as well as the flying buttresses which spring to this from the top of the true aisle wall. I do not say the device was a worthy one; but a frank confession of the long aisles Wren was forced to build would have injured that effect of monumental unity and simplicity which is the essence of Renaissance as compared with Gothic art, and would have resulted in a mass far less well adapted than the one we see to form a pedestal for the mighty dome. And, after all, if Gothic architects did

not build screen walls, they were not ashamed, in England at least, to hide their flying buttresses under the roofs of their aisles.

The semicircular porches which finish the transept-ends are not very harmonious features; and, despite its dignity, the western front has patent faults. Wren proved himself a true descendant of English Gothic builders when he misrepresented the breadth of his church by placing the towers outside the line of the lateral walls; and he sinned in another way by making the upper colonnade of his portico shorter than the lower one—unity of effect is dis-

turbed, and the second story looks heavier than the first, whereas it might well have been lighter.

Yet the merits of this exterior far outweigh its defects, for though we may object to certain features and arrangements, the church as a whole never fails to impress in the profoundest way both the eye and the imagination. It

it could hardly have been as imposing as to-day, when great streaks and patches of inky black accentuate the pallor of more sheltered portions.

IX.

OF course we ought to say more about the character of Renaissance architecture and the



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

ST. PAUL'S FROM WATERLOO BRIDGE—A FOGGY MORNING.

ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

is a magnificent building, and we cannot always say as much of buildings in which we discover fewer special faults. People who have no eye for the picturesque sometimes complain of its color or, rather, of the way in which smoke and soot have altered its color. But fresh in the first whiteness of its Portland stone,

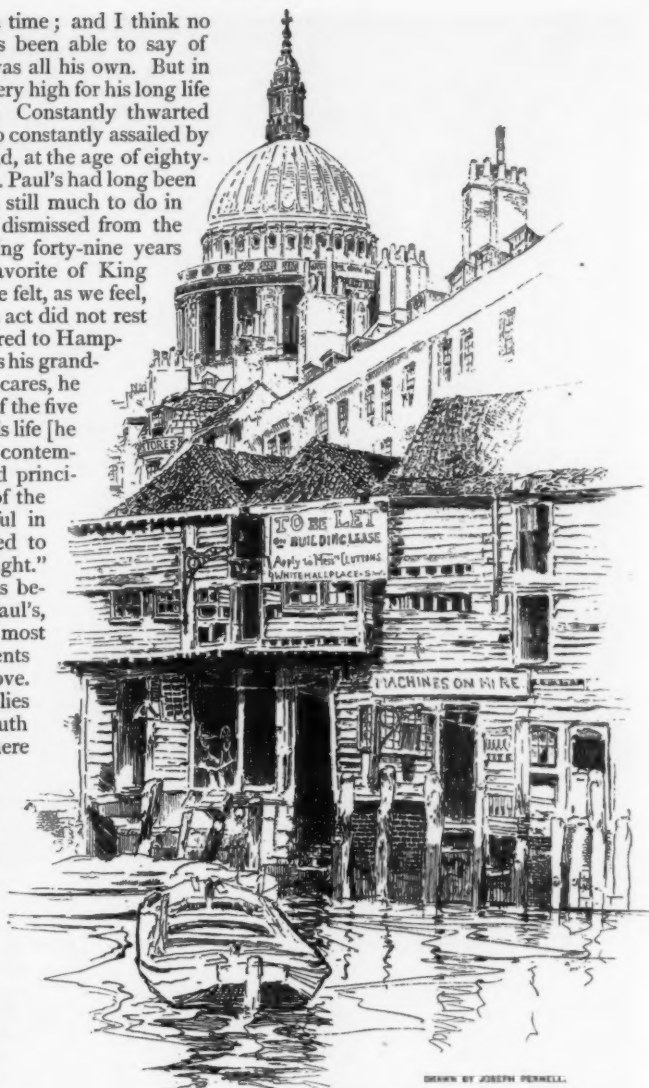
way in which it is illustrated by St. Paul's. But how, in a single chapter, could we attempt to do for this great style what, in a dozen chapters, we found it impossible to do completely for the medieval styles? Now we can make room merely for one or two historical facts of another sort.

Few churches as great as St. Paul's have

been built in so short a time ; and I think no architect but Wren has been able to say of such a church that it was all his own. But in some ways Wren paid very high for his long life and noble opportunity. Constantly thwarted in his work, he was also constantly assailed by jealousy and slander, and, at the age of eighty-six, when the fabric of St. Paul's had long been complete but there was still much to do in minor matters, he was dismissed from the office he had held during forty-nine years to make room for a favorite of King George's. He must have felt, as we feel, that the disgrace of this act did not rest upon him. He soon retired to Hampton Court, and there, says his grandson, "free from worldly cares, he passed the greater part of the five last following years of his life [he died at ninety-two] in contemplation and studies, and principally in the consolation of the Holy Scriptures, cheerful in solitude, and well-pleased to die in the shade as in the light."

A vast crypt stretches beneath the whole of St. Paul's, and here lie the bodies of most of those whose monuments appear in the church above. Sir Christopher himself lies at the east end of the south aisle. In the place where he ought to have rested, under the center of his dome, lies Lord Nelson, who ought not to have been buried in St. Paul's at all—if it is true that he cried to fate to give him "Victory or Westminster Abbey." Near Wren sleeps our countryman Benjamin West, with Reynolds, Turner, Lawrence, and other artists of less renown; near Nelson sleep Wellington, Collingwood, and other great soldiers and sailors; and of course noted churchmen are not wanting.

The best works of sculpture which St. Paul's can show are the beautiful choir-stalls carved in wood by Grinling Gibbons, under the eye of Wren. Among all the monuments there is only one of high artistic merit. This is Wren's, and, as we have often heard, it is simply the church itself. The famous inscription which ends, *Lector, si Monumentum requiris, circumspice*, was written by his son and placed on his tomb, but is now repeated over the door of the north



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PERRELL.

THE DOME FROM THE RIVER.

transept-arm. A full translation runs: "Beneath is laid the builder of this church and city, Christopher Wren, who lived more than ninety years, not for himself but for the good of the State. Reader, if thou askest for a monument, look around thee." And I think the epitaph is as fine in its way as the monument.

Except for a brief period, when the fiery light of the struggles which introduced and assured the Reformation threw a few figures into heroic relief, the bishops of London have not often been conspicuous men. Their power as bishops



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE WEST DOOR.

ENGRAVED BY W. H. MORSE.

was not commensurate with the power of their town. The metropolis of England in every other sense, London has ranked ecclesiastically with towns as small as Ely and Wells. Pope Gregory intended that it should be the archiepiscopal seat, but St. Augustine decided otherwise, and his arrangement has never been disturbed. To rise as high as he could in the church, to have the best chance for rising in the state, a bishop of London had to get himself transferred to the tiny city of Canterbury. But Bon-

ner and Ridley, Grindal and Sandys, and John Aylmer, the tutor of Lady Jane Grey, were bishops of London in the sixteenth century, and in the seventeenth Laud and Judson and Compton; while among the deans of the chapter in these troublous times were John Colet, the friend of Erasmus; Richard Pace, the friend of Wolsey; Alexander Nowell, whom Queen Elizabeth rebuked for "papacy" in his cathedral; John Donne, the poet; and William Sancroft, who, after he had helped much toward

the rebuilding of St. Paul's, was raised by King Charles to the throne of Canterbury. Among recent names those of Bishop Tait, afterward archbishop too, and of Dean Milman and Dean Church, are the ones which the world will remember longest.

X.

SEEING the dome of St. Paul's afar off or close at hand, lighted by the faint city sunshine, wrapped in banks of mist like a mountain's shoulder, or outlined against a midnight heaven, who can deny that, despite all the beauty of Gothic spires and towers, a dome is the noblest crown that a great aggregate of human homes can carry? In the measureless panorama of London what are the towers of Westminster, what would be the spire of Salisbury, compared with its titanic bulk, so majestically eternal in expression, yet so buoyant, so airy, that when the clouds float past it we can fancy it soars and settles like a living thing?

The dome of St. Paul's rising above a town like Salisbury would indeed be out of place. But it is not in such towns that the world now puts its noblest buildings. More than at any time since the imperial days of Rome men are now dwellers in cities, and cities grow to enormous size. The dome which the Romans bequeathed us and the form of art which its use first developed, now better express our needs and tastes, and better meet our executive artistic powers than the Gothic spire and the art it typifies. Medievalism has passed out of life; is it not an anachronism to attempt its perpetuation in art? Our true sympathies lie where lay those of Brunelleschi, Michael Angelo, and Christopher Wren. We teach our children from the books of the Greeks and Romans, not of the schoolmen, and teach them intellectual freedom, not subservience to king or priest or rigid creed. We should be glad enough to sit at dinner with Pericles or Cicero, with Wren or Brunelleschi; should we like the food, the table, the manners or the talk of a thirteenth-century bishop? Could he ever grow to be one of ourselves, as Cicero might, as Brunelleschi might, did they come back to try? Of course we admire the churches he built, and in a very different way from the temples of Rameses or the mosques of the Arabs, for his blood is in our veins and the history he helped to make is ours. But lineage and material history are not the only things which control artistic development. Modern English architecture, trying to be "national" again, has interpreted the term as meaning "medieval." But even medieval architecture was really born in France, imported into England; and even St. Paul's is English, though

derived from Italian sources. The wind that sways and fertilizes the mind blows whence it listeth, infusing new qualities into the purest strain of blood; and it is these qualities—mental qualities—which express themselves in art. Not unless Englishmen themselves become medievalized can they hope to build really noble Gothic structures.

"But," some one is sure to object, "Renaissance art is pagan. We may use it for our secular buildings; we want Romanesque or Gothic for our churches." "No," another is sure to protest, "Renaissance art is papistical. Rome may use it, Protestantism should not." Each of these objections contradicts the other, and neither has the least excuse in fact. The "Grecian temple style," which for a time flourished in England and was fostered in this country by Thomas Jefferson, may be charged with paganism; but not the true Renaissance styles which Christian architects, in truly creative times, developed out of the elements of antique art. And this development took place just as the power of Rome was breaking. Renaissance art is really the art of Protestantism. It is the expression of that spirit which, amid other emancipations, wrought freedom in religious faith. St. Peter's and the countless Renaissance churches which Catholic hands have since erected simply prove that even Rome herself could not escape the influence of the great movement which produced the Reformation.

It seems impossible to-day to start quite fresh in any intellectual path. It certainly is impossible to hark back to a path, however sacred, noble, and attractive, from which, four centuries ago, our ancestors naturally and inevitably diverged. To build truthfully, spontaneously, modern men must build in the fashion that was evolved when the modern world was born. Frenchmen have remembered this truth, and it shows in the difference between modern Paris and London or New York. We may admire the forms of Gothic art more than any others, but with them no progressive nation can make a garment to cover all the needs of the twentieth century; with the forms of Renaissance art such a garment can be made; and it is doubly important for us in America to realize these facts. Reflecting that we have a fresh soil, a peculiar climate, new material needs and resources, an inventive turn of mind, an ambitious temper, and a heritage of mingled blood, we feel that we may some day arrive at a new phase of art, distinctively our own. But this can happen, in some distant to-morrow, only if we meet as well as we possibly can the practical necessities of to-day.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

THE NAULAHKA.¹

A STORY OF WEST AND EAST.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING AND WOLCOTT BALESTIER.

XII.



WHEN he left the King's side, Tarvin's first impulse was to set the Foxhall colt into a gallop, and forthwith depart in search of the Naulahka. He mechanically drove his heels home, and shortened his rein under the impulse of the thought; but the colt's leap beneath him recalled him to his senses, and he restrained himself and his mount with the same motion.

His familiarity with the people's grotesque nomenclature left him unimpressed by the Cow's Mouth as a name for a spot, but he gave some wonder to the question why the thing should be *in* the Cow's Mouth. This was a matter to be laid before Estes.

"These heathen," he said to himself, "are just the sort to hide it away in a salt-lick, or bury it in a hole in the ground. Yes; a hole is about their size. They put the state diamonds in cracker-boxes tied up with boot-laces. The Naulahka is probably hanging on a tree."

As he trotted toward the missionary's house, he looked at the hopeless landscape with new interest, for any spur of the low hills, or any roof in the jumbled city, might contain his treasure.

Estes, who had outlived many curiosities, and knew Rajputana as a prisoner knows the bricks of his cell, turned on Tarvin, in reply to the latter's direct question, a flood of information. There were mouths of all kinds in India, from the Burning Mouth in the north, where a jet of natural gas was worshiped by millions as the incarnation of a divinity, to the Devil's Mouth among some forgotten Buddhist ruins in the furthest southern corner of Madras.

There was also a Cow's Mouth some hundreds of miles away, in the courtyard of a temple at Benares, much frequented by devotees; but as far as Rajputana was concerned, there was only one Cow's Mouth, and that was to be found in a dead city.

The missionary launched into a history of wars and rapine, extending over hundreds of years, all centering round one rock-walled city

in the wilderness, which had been the pride and the glory of the kings of Mewar. Tarvin listened with patience as infinite as his weariness—ancient history had no charm for the man who was making his own town—while Estes enlarged upon the past, and told stories of voluntary immolation on the pyre in subterranean palaces by thousands of Rajput women who, when the city fell before a Mohammedan, and their kin had died in the last charge of defense, cheated the conquerors of all but the empty glory of conquest. Estes had a taste for archaeology, and it was a pleasure to him to speak of it to a fellow countryman.

By retracing the ninety-six miles to Rawut Junction, Tarvin might make connection with a train that would carry him sixty-seven miles westward to yet another junction, where he would change and go south by rail for a hundred and seven miles; and this would bring him within four miles of this city, its marvelous nine-storied tower of glory, which he was to note carefully, its stupendous walls and desolate palaces. The journey would occupy at least two days. At this point Tarvin suggested a map, and a glance at it showed him that Estes proposed an elaborate circus round three sides of a square, whereas a spider-like line ran more or less directly from Rhatore to Gunnaur.

"This seems shorter," he said.

"It's only a country road, and you have had some experience of roads in this state. Fifty-seven miles on a *kutch* road in this sun would be fatal."

Tarvin smiled to himself. He had no particular dread of the sun, which, year by year, had stolen from his companion something of his vitality.

"I think I'll ride, anyhow. It seems a waste to travel half round India to get at a thing across the road, though it is the custom of the country."

He asked the missionary what the Cow's Mouth was like, and Estes explained archaeologically, architecturally, and philologically to such good purpose that Tarvin understood that it was some sort of a hole in the ground—an ancient, a remarkably ancient, hole of peculiar sanctity, but nothing more than a hole.

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Tarvin decided to start without an hour's delay. The dam might wait until he returned. It was hardly likely that the King's outburst of generosity would lead him to throw open his jails on the morrow. Tarvin debated for a while whether he should tell him of the excursion he was proposing to himself, and then decided that he would look at the necklaces first, and open negotiations later. This seemed to suit the customs of the country. He returned to the rest-house with Estes's map in his pocket to take stock of his stable. Like other men of the West, he reckoned a horse a necessity before all other necessities, and had purchased one mechanically immediately after his arrival. It had been a comfort to him to note all the tricks of all the men he had ever traded horses with faithfully reproduced in the lean, swarthy Cabuli trader who had led his kicking, plunging horse up to the veranda one idle evening; and it had been a greater comfort to battle with them as he had battled in the old days. The result of the skirmish, fought out in broken English and expressive American, was an unhandsome, doubtful-tempered, mouse-colored Kathiawar stallion, who had been dismissed for vice from the service of his Majesty, and who weakly believed that, having eaten pieces of the troopers of the Deo Li Irregular Horse, ease and idleness awaited him. Tarvin had undeceived him leisurely, in such moments as he most felt the need of doing something, and the Kathiawar, though never grateful, was at least civil. He had been christened Fibby Winks in recognition of ungentlemanly conduct and a resemblance which Tarvin fancied he detected between the beast's lean face and that of the man who had jumped his claim.

Tarvin threw back the loin-cloth as he came upon Fibby drowsing in the afternoon sun behind the rest-house.

"We're going for a little walk down-town, Fibby," he said.

The Kathiawar squealed and snapped.

"Yes; you always were a loafer, Fibby."

Fibby was saddled by his nervous native attendant, while Tarvin took a blanket from his room and rolled up into it an imaginative assortment of provisions. Fibby was to find his rations where Heaven pleased. Then he set out as light-heartedly as though he were going for a canter round the city. It was now about three in the afternoon. All Fibby's boundless reserves of ill temper and stubborn obstinacy Tarvin resolved should be devoted, by the aid of his spurs, to covering the fifty-seven miles to Gunnaur in the next ten hours, if the road were fair. If not, he should be allowed another two hours. The return journey would not require spurs. There was a moon that night, and Tarvin knew enough of native roads in Gokral Seetaran, and rough

trails elsewhere, to be certain that he would not be confused by cross-tracks.

It being borne into Fibby's mind that he was required to advance, not in three directions at once, but in one, he clicked his bit comfortably in his mouth, dropped his head, and began to trot steadily. Then Tarvin pulled him up, and addressed him tenderly.

"Fib, my boy, we're not out for exercise—you'll learn that before sundown. Some galoot has been training you to waste your time over the English trot. I'll be discussing other points with you in the course of the campaign; but we'll settle this now. We don't begin with crime. Drop it, Fibby, and behave like a man-horse."

Tarvin was obliged to make further remarks on the same subject before Fibby returned to the easy native lope, which is also a common Western pace, tiring neither man nor beast. By this he began to understand that a long journey was demanded of him, and, lowering his tail, buckled down to it.

At first he moved in a cloud of sandy dust with the cotton-wains and the country-carts that were creaking out to the far distant railroad at Gunnaur. As the sun began to sink, his gaunt shadow danced like a goblin across low-lying volcanic rock tufted with shrubs, and here and there an aloe.

The carters unyoked their cattle on the roadside, and prepared to eat their evening meal by the light of dull-red fires. Fibby cocked one ear wistfully toward the flames, but held on through the gathering shadows, and Tarvin smelt the acrid juice of bruised camel's-thorn beneath his horse's hoofs. The moon rose in splendor behind him, and, following his lurching shadow, he overtook a naked man who bore over his shoulder a stick loaded with jingling bells, and fled panting and perspiring from one who followed him armed with a naked sword. This was the mail-carrier and his escort running to Gunnaur. The jingling died away on the dead air, and Fibby was ambling between interminable lines of thorn-bushes that threw mad arms to the stars, and cast shadows as solid as themselves across the road. Some beast of the night plunged through the thicket alongside, and Fibby snorted in panic. Then a porcupine crossed under his nose with a rustle of quills, and left an evil stench to poison the stillness for a moment. A point of light gleamed ahead, where a bullock-cart had broken down, and the drivers were sleeping peacefully till daylight should show the injury. Here Fibby stopped, and Tarvin, through the magic of a rupee, representing fortune to the rudely awakened sleepers, procured food and a little water for him, eased the girths, and made as much of him as he was disposed to permit.

On starting again, Fibby found his second wind, and with it there woke the spirit of daring and adventure inherited from his ancestors, who were accustomed to take their masters thirty leagues in a day for the sacking of a town, to sleep by a lance driven into the earth as a picket, and to return whence they had come before the ashes of the houses had lost heat. So Fibby lifted his tail valiantly, neighed, and began to move.

The road descended for miles, crossing the dry beds of many water-courses and once a broad river, where Fibby stopped for another drink, and would have lain down to roll in a melon-bed but that his rider spurred him on up the slope. The country grew more fertile at every mile, and rolled in broader waves. Under the light of the setting moon the fields showed silver-white with the opium-poppy, or dark with sugar-cane.

Poppy and sugar ceased together, as Fibby topped a long, slow ascent, and with distended nostrils snuffed for the wind of the morning. He knew that the day would bring him rest. Tarvin peered forward where the white line of the road disappeared in the gloom of velvety scrub. He commanded a vast level plain flanked by hills of soft outline—a plain that in the dim light seemed as level as the sea. Like the sea, too, it bore on its breast a ship, like a gigantic monitor with a sharp bow, cutting her way from north to south; such a ship as man never yet has seen—two miles long, with three or four hundred feet free-board, lonely, silent, mastless, without lights, a derelict of the earth.

"We are nearly there, Fibb, my boy," said Tarvin, drawing rein, and scanning the monstrous thing by the starlight. "We'll get as close as we can, and then wait for the daylight before going aboard."

They descended the slope, which was covered with sharp stones and sleeping goats. Then the road turned sharply to the left, and began to run parallel to the ship. Tarvin urged Fibby into a more direct path, and the good horse blundered piteously across the scrub-covered ground, cut up and channeled by the rains into a network of six-foot ravines and gulches.

Here he gave out with a despairing grunt. Tarvin took pity on him, and, fastening him to a tree, bade him think of his sins till breakfast-time, and dropped from his back into a dry and dusty water-hole. Ten steps further, and the scrub was all about him, whipping him across the brows, hooking thorns into his jacket, and looping roots in front of his knees as he pushed on up an ever-steepening incline.

At last Tarvin was crawling on his hands and knees, grimed from head to foot, and

hardly to be distinguished from the wild pigs that passed like slate-colored shadows through the tangle of the thickets on their way to their rest. Too absorbed to hear them grunt, he pulled and screwed himself up the slope, tugging at the roots as though he would rend the Naulahka from the bowels of the earth, and swearing piously at every step. When he stopped to wipe the sweat from his face, he found, more by touch than by eye, that he knelt at the foot of a wall that ran up into the stars. Fibby, from the tangle below, was neighing dolefully.

"You're not hurt, Fibby," he gasped, spitting out some fragments of dry grass; "you are n't on in this scene. Nobody's asking *you* to fly to-night," he said, looking hopelessly up at the wall again, and whistling softly in response to an owl's hooting overhead.

He began to pick his way between the foot of the wall and the scrub that grew up to it, pressing one hand against the huge cut stones, and holding the other before his face. A fig-seed had found foothold between two of the gigantic slabs, and, undisturbed through the centuries, had grown into an arrogant, gnarled tree, that writhed between the fissures and heaved the stonework apart. Tarvin considered for a while whether he could climb into the crook of the lowest branch, then moved on a few steps, and found the wall rent from top to bottom through the twenty feet of its thickness, allowing passage for the head of an army.

"Like them, exactly like them!" he mused. "I might have expected it. To build a wall sixty feet high, and put an eighty-foot hole in it! The Naulahka must be lying out on a bush, or a child's playing with it, and—I can't get it!"

He plunged through the gap, and found himself amid scattered pillars, slabs of stone, broken lintels, and tumbled tombs, and heard a low, thick hiss almost under his riding-boots. No man born of woman needs to be instructed in the voice of the serpent.

Tarvin jumped, and stayed still. Fibby's neigh came faintly now. The dawn wind blew through the gap in the wall, and Tarvin wiped his forehead with a deep sigh of relief. He would do no more till the light came. This was the hour to eat and drink; also to stand very still, because of that voice from the ground.

He pulled food and a flask from his pocket, and, staring before him in every direction, ate hungrily. The loom of the night lifted a little, and he could see the outline of some great building a few yards away. Beyond this were other shadows, faint as the visions in a dream—the shadows of yet more temples and lines of houses; the wind, blowing among them, brought back a rustle of tossing hedges.

The shadows grew more distinct: he could see that he was standing with his face to some decayed tomb. Then his jaw fell, for, without warning or presage, the red dawn shot up behind him, and there leaped out of the night the city of the dead. Tall-built, sharp-domed palaces, flushing to the color of blood, revealed the horror of their emptiness, and glared at the day that pierced them through and through.

The wind passed singing down the empty streets, and, finding none to answer, returned, chasing before it a muttering cloud of dust, which presently whirled itself into a little cyclone-funnel, and laid down with a sigh.

A screen of fretted marble lay on the dry grass, where it had fallen from some window above, and a gecko crawled over it to sun himself. Already the dawn flush had passed. The hot light was everywhere, and a kite had poised himself in the parched blue sky. The day, new-born, might have been as old as the city. It seemed to Tarvin that he and it were standing still to hear the centuries race by on the wings of the purposeless dust.

As he took his first step into the streets, a peacock stepped from the threshold of a lofty red house, and spread his tail in the splendor of the sun. Tarvin halted, and with perfect gravity took off his hat to the royal bird, where it blazed against the sculptures on the wall, the sole living thing in sight.

The silence of the place and the insolent nakedness of the empty ways lay on him like a dead weight. For a long time he did not care to whistle, but rambled aimlessly from one wall to another, looking at the gigantic reservoirs, dry and neglected, the hollow guard-houses that studded the battlements, the time-riven arches that spanned the streets, and, above all, the carven tower with a shattered roof that sprang a hundred and fifty feet into the air, for a sign to the country-side that the royal city of Gunnaur was not dead, but would one day hum with men.

It was from this tower, incrustated with figures in high relief of beast and man, that Tarvin, after a heavy climb, looked out on the vast sleeping land in the midst of which the dead city lay. He saw the road by which he had come in the night, dipping and reappearing again over thirty miles of country, saw the white poppy-fields, the dull-brown scrub, and the unending plain to the northward, cut by the shining line of the rail. From his airy he peered forth as a man peers from a crow's-nest at sea; for, once down there below in the city, all view was cut off by the battlements that rose like bulwarks. On the side nearest to the railroad, sloping causeways, paved with stone, ran down to the plain under many gates, as the gangway of a ship when it is let down, and

through the gaps in the walls—time and the trees had torn their way to and fro—there was nothing to be seen except the horizon, which might have been the deep sea.

He thought of Fibby waiting in the scrub for his breakfast, and made haste to descend to the streets again. Remembering the essentials of his talk with Estes as to the position of the Cow's Mouth, he passed up a side-lane, disturbing the squirrels and monkeys that had taken up their quarters in the cool dark of the rows of empty houses. The last house ended in a heap of ruins among a tangle of mimosa and tall grass, through which ran a narrow foot-track.

Tarvin marked the house as the first actual ruin he had seen. His complaint against all the others, the temples and the palaces, was that they were not ruined, but dead—empty, swept, and garnished, with the seven devils of loneliness in riotous possession. In time—in a few thousand years perhaps—the city would crumble away. He was distinctly glad that one house at least had set the example.

The path dropped beneath his feet on a shelf of solid rock that curved over like the edge of a waterfall. Tarvin took only one step, and fell, for the rock was worn into deep gutters, smoother than ice, by the naked feet of millions who had trodden that way for no man knew how many years. When he rose he heard a malignant chuckle, half suppressed, which ended in a choking cough, ceased, and broke out anew. Tarvin registered an oath to find that scoffer when he had found the necklace, and looked to his foothold more carefully. At this point it seemed that the Cow's Mouth must be some sort of disused quarry fringed to the lips with rank vegetation.

All sight of what lay below him was blocked by the thick foliage of trees that leaned forward, bowing their heads together as night-watchers huddle over a corpse. Once upon a time there had been rude steps leading down the almost sheer descent, but the naked feet had worn them to glassy knobs and lumps, and blown dust had made a thin soil in their chinks. Tarvin looked long and angrily, because the laugh came from the bottom of this track, and then, digging his heel into the mold, began to let himself down step by step, steadying himself by the tufts of grass. Before he had realized it, he was out of reach of the sun, and neck-deep in tall grass. Still there was a sort of pathway under his feet, down the almost perpendicular side. He gripped the grass, and went on. The earth beneath his elbows grew moist, and the rock where it cropped out showed rotten with moisture and coated with moss. The air grew cold and damp. Another plunge downward revealed to him what the

trees were guarding, as he drew breath on a narrow stone ledge. They sprang from the masonry round the sides of a square tank of water so stagnant that it had corrupted past corruption, and lay dull-blue under the blackness of the trees. The drought of summer had shrunk it, and a bank of dried mud ran round its sides. The head of a sunken stone pillar, carved with monstrous and obscene gods, reared itself from the water like the head of a tortoise swimming to land. The birds moved in the sunlit branches of the trees far overhead. Little twigs and berries dropped into the water, and the noise of their fall echoed from side to side of the tank that received no sunlight.

The chuckle that had so annoyed Tarvin broke out again as he listened. This time it was behind him, and, wheeling sharply, he saw that it came from a thin stream of water that spouted fitfully from the rudely carved head of a cow, and dripped along a stone spout into the heavy blue pool. Behind that spout the moss-grown rock rose sheer. This, then, was the Cow's Mouth.

The tank lay at the bottom of a shaft, and the one way down to it was that by which Tarvin had come—a path that led from the sunlight to the chill and mold of a vault.

"Well, this is kind of the King, anyhow," he said, pacing the ledge cautiously, for it was almost as slippery as the pathway on the rocks. "Now, what's the use of this?" he continued, returning. The ledge ran only round one side of the tank, and, unless he trusted to the mud-banks on the other three, there was no hope of continuing his exploration further. The Cow's Mouth chuckled again, as a fresh jet of water forced its way through the formless jaws.

"Oh, dry up!" he muttered impatiently, staring through the half light that veiled all.

He dropped a piece of rock on the mud under the lip of the ledge, then tested it with a cautious foot, found that it bore, and decided to walk round the tank. As there were more trees to the right of the ledge than to the left, he stepped off on the mud from the right, holding cautiously to the branches and the tufts of grass in case of any false step.

When the tank was first made its rock walls had been perfectly perpendicular, but time and weather and the war of the tree roots had broken and scarred the stone in a thousand places, giving a scant foothold here and there.

Tarvin crept along the right side of the tank, resolved, whatever might come, to go round it. The gloom deepened as he came directly under the largest fig-tree, throwing a thousand arms across the water, and buttressing the rock with snake-like roots as thick as a man's body. Here, sitting on a bole, he rested and looked at

the ledge. The sun, shooting down the path that he had trampled through the tall grass, threw one patch of light on the discolored marble of the ledge and on the blunt muzzle of the cow's head; but where Tarvin rested under the fig-tree there was darkness, and an intolerable scent of musk. The blue water was not inviting to watch; he turned his face inward to the rock and the trees, and, looking up, caught the emerald-green of a parrot's wing moving among the upper branches. Never in his life had Tarvin so acutely desired the blessed sunshine. He was cold and damp, and conscious that a gentle breeze was blowing in his face from between the snaky tree roots.

It was the sense of space more than actual sight that told him that there was a passage before him shrouded by the roots on which he sat, and it was his racial instinct of curiosity rather than any love of adventure that led him to throw himself at the darkness, which parted before and closed behind him. He could feel that his feet were treading on cut stone overlaid with a thin layer of dried mud, and, extending his arms, found masonry on each side. Then he lighted a match, and congratulated himself that his ignorance of cows' mouths had not led him to bring a lantern with him. The first match flickered in the draft and went out, and before the flame had died he heard a sound in front of him like the shivering backward draw of a wave on a pebbly beach. The noise was not inspiring, but Tarvin pressed on for a few steps, looking back to see that the dull glimmer of the outer day was still behind him, and lighted another match, guarding it with his hands. At his next step he shuddered from head to foot. His heel had crashed through a skull on the ground.

The match showed him that he had quitted the passage, and was standing in a black space of unknown dimensions. He fancied that he saw the outline of a pillar, or rows of pillars, flickering drunkenly in the gloom, and was all too sure that the ground beneath him was strewn with bones. Then he became aware of pale emerald eyes watching him fixedly, and perceived that there was deep breathing in the place other than his own. He flung the match down, the eyes retreated, there was a wild rattle and crash in the darkness, a howl that might have been bestial or human, and Tarvin, panting between the tree roots, swung himself to the left, and fled back over the mud-banks to the ledge, where he stood, his back to the Cow's Mouth and his revolver in his hand.

In that moment of waiting for what might emerge from the hole in the side of the tank Tarvin tasted all the agonies of pure physical terror. Then he noted with the tail of his eye that a length of mud-bank to his left—half the

mud-bank, in fact—was moving slowly into the water. It floated slowly across the tank, a long welt of filth and slime. Nothing came out of the hole between the fig-tree roots, but the mud-bank grounded under the ledge almost at Tarvin's feet, and opened horny eyelids, heavy with green slime.

The Western man is familiar with many strange things, but the alligator does not come within the common range of his experiences. A second time Tarvin moved from point to point without being able to explain the steps he took to that end. He found himself sitting in the sunshine at the head of the slippery path that led downward. His hands were full of the wholesome jungle-grass and the clean, dry dust. He could see the dead city about him, and he felt that it was home.

The Cow's Mouth chuckled and choked out of sight as it had chuckled since the making of the tank, and that was at the making of time. A man, old, crippled, and all but naked, came through the high grass leading a little kid, and calling mechanically from time to time, "*Ao, bhai! Ao!*" ("Come, brother! Come!") Tarvin marveled first at his appearance on earth at all, and next that he could so unconcernedly descend the path to the darkness and the horror below. He did not know that the sacred crocodile of the Cow's Mouth was waiting for his morning meal, as he had waited in the days when Gunnaur was peopled, and its queens never dreamed of death.

XIII.

FIBBY and Tarvin ate their breakfast together, half an hour later, in the blotched shadows of the scrub below the wall. The horse buried his nose into his provender, and said nothing. The man was equally silent. Once or twice he rose to his feet, scanned the irregular line of wall and bastion, and shook his head. He had no desire to return there. As the sun grew fiercer he found a resting-place in the heart of a circle of thorn, tucked the saddle under his head, and lay down to sleep. Fibby, rolling luxuriously, followed his master's example. The two took their rest while the air quivered with heat and the hum of insects, and the browsing goats clicked and pattered through the water-channels.

The shadow of the Tower of Glory lengthened, fell across the walls, and ran far across the plain; the kites began to drop from the sky by twos and threes; and naked children, calling one to another, collected the goats and drove them to the smoky villages before Tarvin roused himself for the homeward journey.

He halted Fibby once for a last look at Gunnaur as they reached the rising ground.

The sunlight had left the walls, and they ran black against the misty levels and the turquoise-blue of the twilight. Fires twinkled from a score of puts about the base of the city, but along the ridge of the desolation itself there was no light.

"Mum's the word, Fibby," said Tarvin, picking up his reins. "We don't think well of this picnic, and we won't mention it at Rhatore."

He chirruped, and Fibby went home as swiftly as he could lay hoof to stone, only once suggesting refreshment. Tarvin said nothing till the end of the long ride, when he heaved a deep sigh of relief as he dismounted in the fresh sunlight of the morning.

Sitting in his room, it seemed to him a waste of a most precious opportunity that he had not manufactured a torch in Gunnaur and thoroughly explored the passage. But the memory of the green eyes and the smell of musk came back to him, and he shivered. The thing was not to be done. Never again, for any consideration under the wholesome light of the sun, would he, who feared nothing, set foot in the Cow's Mouth.

It was his pride that he knew when he had had enough. He had had enough of the Cow's Mouth; and the only thing for which he still wished in connection with it was to express his mind about it to the Maharajah. Unhappily, this was impossible. That idle monarch, who, he now saw plainly, had sent him there either in a mood of luxurious sportiveness or to throw him off the scent of the necklace, remained the only man from whom he could look for final victory. It was not to the Maharajah that he could afford to say all that he thought.

Fortunately the Maharajah was too much entertained by the work which Tarvin immediately instituted on the Amet River to inquire particularly whether his young friend had sought the Naulahka at the Gye Mukh. Tarvin had sought an audience with the King the morning after his return from that black spot, and, with the face of a man who had never known fear and who lacks the measure of disappointments, gaily demanded the fulfilment of the King's promise. Having failed in one direction on a large scale, he laid the first brick on the walls of a new structure without delay, as the people of Topaz had begun to build their town anew the morning after the fire. His experience at the Gye Mukh only sharpened his determination, adding to it a grim willingness to get even with the man who had sent him there.

The Maharajah, who felt in especial need of amusement that morning, was very ready to make good his promise, and ordered that the long man who played pachisi should be granted all the men he could use. With the

energy of disgust, and with a hot memory of the least assured and comfortable moments of his life burning in his breast, Tarvin flung himself on the turning of the river and the building of his dam. It was necessary, it seemed, in the land upon which he had fallen, to raise a dust to hide one's ends. He would raise a dust, and it should be on the same scale as the catastrophe which he had just encountered—thorough, business-like, uncompromising.

He raised it, in fact, in a stupendous cloud. Since the state was founded no one had seen anything like it. The Maharajah lent him all the convict labor of his jails, and Tarvin marched the little host of leg-ironed *kaidies* into camp at a point five miles beyond the city walls, and solemnly drew up his plans for the futile damming of the barren Amet. His early training as a civil engineer helped him to lay out a reasonable plan of operations, and to give a semblance of reality to his work. His notion was to back up the river by means of a dam at a point where it swept around a long curve, and to send it straight across the plain by excavating a deep bed for it. When this was completed the present bed of the river would lie bare for several miles, and if there were any gold there, as Tarvin said to himself, then would be the time to pick it up. Meanwhile his operations vastly entertained the King, who rode out every morning and watched him directing his small army for an hour or more. The marchings and countermarchings of the mob of convicts with baskets, hoes, shovels, and pannier-laden donkeys, the prodigal blasting of rocks, and the general bustle and confusion, drew the applause of the King, for whom Tarvin always reserved his best blasts. This struck him as only fair, as the King was paying for the powder, and, indeed, for the entire entertainment.

Among the unpleasant necessities of his position was the need of giving daily to Colonel Nolan, to the King, and to all the drummers at the rest-house, whenever they might choose to ask him, his reasons for damming the Amet. The great Indian Government itself also presently demanded his reasons, in writing, for damming the Amet; Colonel Nolan's reasons, in writing, for allowing the Amet to be dammed; and the King's reasons for allowing anybody but a duly authorized agent of the Government to dam the Amet. This was accompanied by a request for further information. To these inquiries Tarvin, for his part, returned an evasive answer, and felt that he was qualifying himself for his political career at home. Colonel Nolan explained officially to his superiors that the convicts were employed in remunerative labor, and, unofficially, that the Maharajah had been so phenomenally good for some time past (be-

ing kept amused by this American stranger), that it would be a thousand pities to interrupt the operations. Colonel Nolan was impressed by the fact that Tarvin was the Hon. Nicholas Tarvin, and a member of the legislature of one of the United States.

The Government, knowing something of the irrepressible race who stride booted into the council-halls of kings, and demand concessions for oil-boring from Arracan to the Peshin, said no more, but asked to be supplied with information from time to time as to the progress of the stranger's work. When Tarvin heard this he sympathized with the Indian Government. He understood this thirst for information; he wanted some himself as to the present whereabouts of the Naulahka; also touching the time it would take Kate to find out that she wanted him more than the cure of any misery whatever.

At least twice a week, in fancy, he gave up the Naulahka definitely, returned to Topaz, and resumed the business of a real-estate and insurance agent. He drew a long breath after each of these decisions, with the satisfying recollection that there was still one spot on the earth's surface where a man might come directly at his desires if he possessed the sand and the hustle; where he could walk a straight path to his ambition; and where he did not by preference turn five corners to reach an object a block away.

Sometimes, as he grilled patiently in the river-bed under the blighting rays of the Indian sun, he would heretically blaspheme the Naulahka, refusing to believe in its existence, and persuading himself that it was as grotesque a lie as the King's parody of a civilized government, or as Dhunpat Rai's helpful surgery. Yet from a hundred sources he heard of the existence of that splendor, only never in reply to a direct question.

Dhunpat Rai, in particular (once weak enough to complain of the new lady doctor's "excessive zeal and surplusage administration"), had given him an account that made his mouth water. But Dhunpat Rai had not seen the necklace since the crowning of the present King, fifteen years before. The very convicts on the works, squabbling over the distribution of food, spoke of millet as being as costly as the Naulahka. Twice the Maharaj Kunwar, babbling vaingloriously to his big friend of what he would do when he came to the throne, concluded his confidences with, "And then I shall wear the Naulahka in my turban all day long."

But when Tarvin asked him where that precious necklace lived, the Maharaj Kunwar shook his head, answering sweetly, "I do not know."

The infernal thing seemed to be a myth, a

word, a proverb—anything rather than the finest necklace in the world. In the intervals of blasting and excavation he would make futile attempts to come upon its track. He took the city ward by ward, and explored every temple in each; he rode, under pretense of archæological study, to the outlying forts and ruined palaces that lay beyond the city in the desert, and roved restlessly through the mausoleums that held the ashes of the dead kings of Rhatore. He told himself a hundred times that he knew each quest to be hopeless; but he needed the consolation of persistent search. And the search was always vain.

Tarvin fought his impatience when he rode abroad with the Maharajah. At the palace, which he visited at least once a day under pretense of talking about the dam, he devoted himself more sedulously than ever to pachisi. It pleased the Maharajah in those days to remove himself from the white marble pavilion in the orange-garden, where he usually spent the spring months, to Sitabhai's wing of the red-stone palace, and to sit in the courtyard watching trained parrots firing little cannons, and witnessing combats between fighting quail or great gray apes dressed in imitation of English officers. When Colonel Nolan appeared the apes were hastily dismissed; but Tarvin was allowed to watch the play throughout, when he was not engaged on the dam. He was forced to writhe in inaction and in wonder about his necklace, while these childish games went forward; but he constantly kept the corner of an eye upon the movements of the Maharaj Kunwar. There, at least, his wit could serve some one.

The Maharajah had given strict orders that the child should obey all Kate's instructions. Even his heavy eyes noted an improvement in the health of the little one, and Tarvin was careful that he should know that the credit belonged to Kate alone. With impish perversity the young Prince, who had never received an order in his life before, learned to find joy in disobedience, and devoted his wits, his escort, and his barouche to gambling in the wing of the palace belonging to Sitabhai. There he found gray-headed flatterers by the score, who abased themselves before him, and told him what manner of king he should be in the years to come. There also were pretty dancing-girls, who sang him songs, and would have corrupted his mind but that it was too young to receive corruption. There were, besides, apes and peacocks and jugglers,—new ones every day,—together with dancers on the slack rope, and wonderful packing-cases from Calcutta, out of which he was allowed to choose ivory-handled pistols and little gold-hilted swords with seed-pearls set in a groove along the middle, and running musically up and down as he waved

the blade round his head. Finally, the sacrifice of a goat in an opal and ivory temple in the heart of the women's quarters, which he might watch, allured him that way. Against these enticements Kate, moody, grave, distracted, her eyes full of the miseries on which it was her daily lot to look, and her heart torn with the curelessness of it all, could offer only little childish games in the missionary's drawing-room. The heir apparent to the throne did not care for leap-frog, which he deemed in the highest degree undignified; nor yet for puss-in-the-corner, which seemed to him overactive; nor for tennis, which he understood was played by his brother princes, but which to him appeared no part of a Rajput's education. Sometimes, when he was tired (and on rare occasions when he escaped to Sitabhai's wing it was observable that he returned very tired indeed), he would listen long and intently to the stories of battle and siege which Kate read to him, and would scandalize her at the end of the tale by announcing, with flashing eye:

"When I am king I will make my army do all those things."

It was not in Kate's nature—she would have thought it in the highest degree wrong—to refrain from some little attempt at religious instruction. But here the child retreated into the stolidity of the East, and only said:

"All these things are very good for you, Kate, but all my gods are very good for me; and if my father knew, he would be angry."

"And what *do* you worship?" asked Kate, pitying the young pagan from the bottom of her heart.

"My sword and my horse," answered the Maharaj Kunwar; and he half drew the jeweled saber that was his inseparable companion, returning it with a resolute clank that closed the discussion.

But it was impossible, he discovered, to evade the long man Tarvin as he evaded Kate. He resented being called "bub," nor did he approve of "little man." But Tarvin could draw the word "Prince" with a quiet deference that made the young Rajput almost suspect himself the subject of a jest. And yet Tarvin Sahib treated him as a man, and allowed him, under due precautions, to handle his mighty "gun," which was not a gun, but a pistol. And once, when the Prince had coaxed the keeper of the horse into allowing him to stride an unmanageable mount, Tarvin, riding up, had picked him out of the depths of the velvet saddle, set him on his own saddle-bow, and, in the same cloud of dust, shown him how, in his own country, they laid the reins on one side or the other of the neck of their cattle-ponies to guide them in pursuit of a steer broken from the herd.

The trick of being lifted from his saddle, ap-

pealing to the "circus" latent in the boy breast even of an Eastern prince, struck the Maharaj as so amusing that he insisted on exhibiting it before Kate; and as Tarvin was a necessary figure in the performance, he allured him into helping him with it one day before the house of the missionary. Mr. and Mrs. Estes came out upon the veranda with Kate and watched the exhibition, and the missionary pursued it with applause and requests for a repetition, which, having been duly given, Mrs. Estes asked Tarvin if he would not stay to dinner with them since he was there. Tarvin glanced doubtfully at Kate for permission, and, by a process of reasoning best known to lovers, construed the veiling of her eyes and the turning of her head into assent.

After dinner, as they sat on the veranda in the starlight, "Do you really mind?" he asked.

"What?" asked she, lifting her sober eyes and letting them fall upon him.

"My seeing you sometimes. I know you don't like it; but it will help me to look after you. You must see by this time that you need looking after."

"Oh, no."

"Thank you," said Tarvin, almost humbly.

"I mean I don't need looking after."

"But you don't dislike it?"

"It's good of you," she said impartially.

"Well, then, it will be bad of you not to like it."

Kate had to smile. "I guess I like it," she replied.

"And you will let me come once in a while? You can't think what the rest-house is. Those drummers will kill me yet. And the coolies at the dam are not in my set."

"Well, since you're here. But you ought not to be here. Do me a real kindness, and go away, Nick."

"Give me an easier one."

"But *why* are you here? You can't show any rational reason."

"Yes; that's what the British Government says. But I brought my reason along."

He confessed his longing for something homely and natural and American after a day's work under a heathen and raging sun; and when he put it in this light, Kate responded on another side. She had been brought up with a sense of responsibility for making young men feel at home; and he certainly felt at home when she was able to produce, two or three evenings later, a Topaz paper sent her by her father. Tarvin pounced on it, and turned the flimsy four pages inside out, and then back again.

He smacked his lips. "Oh, good, good, good!" he murmured relishingly. "Don't the advertisements look nice? What's the matter with Topaz?" cried he, holding the sheet from

him at arm's-length, and gazing ravenously up and down its columns. "Oh, *she's* all right." The cooing, musical singsong in which he uttered this consecrated phrase was worth going a long way to hear. "Say, we're coming on, are n't we? We're not lagging nor loafing, nor fooling our time away, if we *have n't* got the Three C.'s yet. We're keeping up with the procession. Hi-yi! look at the 'Rustler Root-lets'—just about a stickful! Why, the poor old worm-eaten town is going sound, sound asleep in her old age, is n't she? Think of taking a railroad there! Listen to this:

"Milo C. Lambert, the owner of 'Lambert's Last Ditch,' has a car-load of good ore on the dump, but, like all the rest of us, don't find it pays to ship without a railroad line nearer than fifteen miles. Milo says Colorado won't be good enough for him after he gets his ore away.

"I should think not. Come to Topaz, Milo! And this:

"When the Three C.'s comes into the city in the fall we sha'n't be hearing this talk about hard times. Meantime it's an injustice to the town, which all honest citizens should resent and do their best to put down, to speak of Rustler as taking a back seat to any town of its age in the State. As a matter of fact, Rustler was never more prosperous. With mines which produced last year ore valued at a total of \$1,200,000, with six churches of different denominations, with a young but prosperous and growing academy which is destined to take a front rank among American schools, with a record of new buildings erected during the past year equal if not superior to any town in the mountains, and with a population of lively and determined business men, Rustler bids fair in the coming year to be worthy of her name.

"Who said 'afraid'? We're not hurt. Hear us whistle. But I'm sorry Heckler let that into his correspondence," he added, with a momentary frown. "Some of our Topaz citizens might miss the fun of it, and go over to Rustler to wait for the Three C.'s. Coming in the fall, is it? Oh, dear! Oh, dear, dear, dear! This is the way they amuse themselves while they dangle their legs over Big Chief Mountain and wait for it:

"Our merchants have responded to the recent good feeling which has pervaded the town since word came that President Mutrie, on his return to Denver, was favorably considering the claims of Rustler. Robbins has his front windows prettily decorated and filled with fancy articles. His store seems to be the most popular for the youngsters who have a nickel or two to spend.

"I should murmur! Won't you like to see the Three C.'s come sailing into Topaz one of these fine mornings, little girl?" asked Tarvin,

suddenly, as he seated himself on the sofa beside her, and opened out the paper so that she could look over his shoulder.

"Would you like it, Nick?"

"*Would I!*"

"Then, of course, I should. But I think you will be better off if it does n't. It will make you too rich. See father."

"Well, I'd put on the brakes if I found myself getting real rich. I'll stop just after I've passed the Genteel Poverty Station. Is n't it good to see the old heading again—Heckler's name as large as life just under 'oldest paper in Divide County,' and Heckler's fist sticking out all over a rousing editorial on the prospects of the town? Homelike, is n't it? He's got two columns of new advertising; that shows what the town's doing. And look at the good old 'ads.' from the Eastern agencies. How they take you back! I never expected to thank Heaven for a castoria advertisement; did you, Kate? But I swear it makes me feel good all over. I'll read the patent inside if you say much."

Kate smiled. The paper gave her a little pang of homesickness now. She had her own feeling for Topaz; but what reached her through the "Telegram's" lively pages was the picture of her mother sitting in her kitchen in the long afternoons (she had sat in the kitchen so long in the poor and wandering days of the family that she did it now by preference), gazing sadly out at white-topped Big Chief, and wondering what her daughter was doing at that hour. Kate remembered well that afternoon hour in the kitchen when the work was done. She recalled from the section-house days the superannuated rocker, once a parlor chair, which her mother had hung with skins and told off for kitchen service. Kate remembered with starting tears that her mother had always wanted her to sit in it, and how good it had been to see from her own hassock next the oven the little mother swallowed up in its deeps. She heard the cat purring under the stove, and the kettle singing; the clock ticked in her ear, and the cracks between the boards in the floor of the hastily built section-house blew the cold prairie air against her heels.

She gazed over Tarvin's shoulder at the two cuts of Topaz which appeared in every issue of the "Telegram,"—the one representing the town in its first year, the other the town of today,—and a lump rose in her throat.

"Quite a difference, is n't there?" said Tarvin, following her eye. "Do you remember where your father's tent used to stand, and the old section-house, just here by the river?" He pointed, and Kate nodded without speaking. "Those were good days, were n't they? Your father was n't as rich as he is now, and

neither was I; but we were all mighty happy together."

Kate's thought drifted back to that time, and called up other visions of her mother expending her slight frame in many forms of hard work. The memory of the little characteristic motion with which she would shield with raised hand the worn young old face when she would be broiling above an open fire, or frying dough-nuts, or lifting the stove-lid, forced her to gulp down the tears. The simple picture was too clear, even to the light of the fire on the face, and the pink light shining through the frail hand.

"Hello!" said Tarvin, casting his eye up and down the columns, "they've had to put another team on to keep the streets clean. We had one. Heckler don't forget the climate either. And they are doing well at the Mesa House. That's a good sign. The tourists will all have to stop over at Topaz when the new line comes through, and we have the right hotel. Some towns might think we had a little tourist traffic now. Here's Loomis dining fifty at the Mesa the other day—through express. They've formed a new syndicate to work the Hot Springs. Do you know, I should n't wonder if they made a town down there. Heckler's right. It *will* help Topaz. We don't mind a town that near. It makes a suburb of it."

He marked his sense of the concession implied in letting him stay that evening by going early; but he did not go so early on the following evening, and as he showed no inclination to broach forbidden subjects, Kate found herself glad to have him there, and it became a habit of his to drop in, in the evenings, and to join the group that gathered, with open doors and windows, about the family lamp. In the happiness of seeing visible effects from her labors blossoming under her eyes, Kate regarded his presence less and less. Sometimes she would let him draw her out upon the veranda, under the sumptuous Indian night—nights when the heat-lightning played like a drawn sword on the horizon, and the heavens hovered near the earth, and the earth was very still. But commonly they sat within, with the missionary and his wife, talking of Topaz, of the hospital, of the Maharaj Kunwar, of the dam, and sometimes of the Estes children at Bangor. For the most part, however, when the talk was among the group, it fell upon the infinitesimal gossip of a sequestered life, to the irritation and misery of Tarvin.

When the conversation lagged in these deeps he would fetch up violently with a challenge to Estes on the subject of the tariff or silver legislation, and after that the talk was at least lively. Tarvin was, by his training, largely a newspaper-educated man. But he had also

been taught at first hand by life itself, and by the habit of making his own history; and he used the hairy fist of horse-sense in dealing with the theories of newspaper politics and the systems of the schools.

Argument had no allurements for him, however; it was with Kate that he talked when he could, and oftenest, of late, of the hospital, since her progress there had begun to encourage her. She yielded at last to his entreaties to be allowed to see this paragon, and to look for himself upon the reforms she had wrought.

Matters had greatly improved since the days of the lunatic and the "much-esteemed woman," but only Kate knew how much remained to be done. The hospital was at least clean and sweet if she inspected it every day, and the people in their fashion were grateful for kinder tending and more skilful treatment than they had hitherto dreamed of. Upon each cure a rumor went abroad through the country-side of a new power in the land, and other patients came; or the convalescent herself would bring back a sister, a child, or a mother with absolute faith in the power of the White Fairy to make all whole. They could not know all the help that Kate brought in the train of her quiet movements, but for what they knew they blessed her as they lay. Her new energy swept even Dhunpat Rai along the path of reform. He became curious in the limewashing of stonework, the disinfecting of wards, the proper airing of bed-linen, and even the destruction by fire of the bedsteads, once his perquisite, on which smallpox patients had died. Native-like, he worked best for a woman with the knowledge that there was an energetic white man in the background. Tarvin's visit, and a few cheery words addressed to him by that capable outsider, supplied him with this knowledge.

Tarvin could not understand the uncouth talk of the out-patients, and did not visit the women's wards; but he saw enough to congratulate Kate unreservedly. She smiled contentedly. Mrs. Estes was sympathetic, but in no way enthusiastic; and it was good to be praised by Nick, who had found so much to blame in her project.

"It's clean and it's wholesome, little girl," he said, peering and sniffing; "and you've done miracles with these jellyfish. If you'd been on the opposition ticket instead of your father I should n't be a member of the legislature."

Kate never talked to him about that large part of her work which lay among the women of the Maharajah's palace. Little by little she learned her way about such portions of the pile as she was permitted to traverse. From the first she had understood that the palace

was ruled by one Queen, of whom the women spoke under their breath, and whose lightest word, conveyed by the mouth of a grinning child, set the packed mazes humming. Once only had she seen this Queen, glimmering like a tiger-beetle among a pile of *kincob* cushions—a lithe, black-haired young girl, it seemed, with a voice as soft as running water at night, and with eyes that had no shadow of fear in them. She turned lazily, the jewels clinking on ankle, arm, and bosom, and looked at Kate for a long time without speaking.

"I have sent that I may see you," she said at last. "You have come here across the water to help these cattle?"

Kate nodded, every instinct in her revolting at the silver-tongued splendor at her feet.

"You are not married?" The Queen put her hands behind her head and looked at the painted peacocks on the ceiling.

Kate did not reply, but her heart was hot.

"Is there any sickness here?" she asked at last sharply. "I have much to do."

"There is none, unless it may be that you yourself are sick. There are those who sicken without knowing it."

The eyes turned to meet Kate's, which were blazing with indignation. This woman, lapped in idleness, had struck at the life of the Maharaj Kunwar; and the horror of it was that she was younger than herself.

"*Achcha*," said the Queen, still more slowly, watching her face. "If you hate me so, why do you not say so? You white people love truth."

Kate turned on her heel to leave the room. Sitabhai called her back for an instant, and, moved by some royal caprice, would have caressed her, but she fled indignant, and was careful never again to venture into that wing of the palace. None of the women there called for her services, and not once but several times, when she passed the mouth of the covered way that led to Sitabhai's apartments, she saw a little naked child flourishing a jeweled knife, and shouting round the headless carcass of a goat whose blood was flooding the white marble. "That," said the women, "is the gipsy's son. He learns to kill daily. A snake is a snake, and a gipsy is a gipsy, till they are dead."

There was no slaughter of goats, singing of songs, or twangling of musical instruments in the wing of the palace that made itself specially Kate's own. Here lived, forgotten by the Maharajah and mocked by Sitabhai's maidens, the mother of the Maharaj Kunwar. Sitabhai had taken from her—by the dark arts of the gipsies, so the Queen's adherents said; by her own beauty and knowledge in love, they sang in the other wing of the palace—all honor and consideration due to her as the Queen Mother.

There were scores of empty rooms where once there had been scores of waiting-women, and those who remained with the fallen Queen were forlorn and ill-favored. She herself was a middle-aged woman, by Eastern standards; that is to say, she had passed twenty-five, and had never been more than ordinarily comely.

Her eyes were dull with much weeping, and her mind was full of superstitions—fears for every hour of the night and the day, and vague terrors, bred of loneliness, that made her tremble at the sound of a footfall. In the years of her prosperity she had been accustomed to perfume herself, put on her jewels, and with braided hair await the Maharajah's coming. She would still call for her jewels, attire herself as of old, and wait amid the respectful silence of her attendants till the long night gave way to the dawn, and the dawn showed the furrows on her cheeks. Kate had seen one such vigil, and perhaps showed in her eyes the wonder that she could not repress, for the Queen Mother fawned on her timidly after the jewels had been put away, and begged her not to laugh.

"You do not understand, Miss Kate," she pleaded. "There is one custom in your country and another in ours; but still you are a woman, and you will know."

"But you know that no one will come," Kate said tenderly.

"Yes, I know; but—no, you are not a woman, only a fairy that has come across the water to help me and mine."

Here again Kate was baffled. Except in the message sent by the Maharaj Kunwar, the Queen Mother never referred to the danger that threatened her son's life. Again and again Kate had tried to lead up to the subject—to gain some hint, at least, of the nature of the plot.

"I know nothing," the Queen would reply. "Here behind the curtain no one knows anything. Miss Kate, if my own women lay dead out there in the sun at noon,"—she pointed downward through the tracery of her window to the flagged path below,—"*I should know nothing. Of what I said I know nothing; but surely it is allowed,*"—she lowered her voice to a whisper,—"*oh, surely it is allowed to a mother to bid another woman look to her son. He is so old now that he thinks himself a man, and wanders far, and so young that he thinks the world will do him no harm. Ahi! And he is so wise that he knows a thousand times more than I: he speaks English like an Englishman. How can I control him with my little learning and my very great love? I say to you, Be good to my son. That I can say aloud, and write it upon a wall, if need were. There is no harm in that. But if I said more, look you, the plaster between the stones be-*

neath me would gape to suck it in, and the wind would blow all my words across to the villages. I am a stranger here—a Rajputni from Kulu, a thousand thousand coss away. They bore me here in a litter to be married—in the dark they bore me for a month; and except that some of my women have told me, I should not know which way the home wind blows when it goes to Kulu. What can a strange cow do in the byre? May the gods witness."

"Ah, but tell me what you think?"

"I think nothing," the Queen would answer sullenly. "What have women to do with thinking? They love and they suffer. I have said all that I may say. Miss Kate, some day you will bear a little son. As you have been good to my son, so may the gods be good to yours when that time comes, and you know how the heart is full of love."

"If I am to protect him, I must know. You leave me in the dark."

"And I also am in the dark—and the darkness is full of danger."

TARVIN himself was much about the palace, not only because he perceived that it was there he might most hopefully keep his ear to the ground for news of the Naulahka, but because it enabled him to observe Kate's comings and goings, and with his hand ready for a rapid movement to his pistol-pocket.

His gaze followed her at these times, as at others, with the longing look of the lover; but he said nothing, and Kate was grateful to him. It was a time, as it seemed to him, to play the part of the Tarvin who had carried water for her long ago at the end of the section; it was a time to stand back, to watch, to guard, but not to trouble her.

The Maharaj Kunwar came often under his eye, and he was constantly inventing amusing things for him to do remote from Sitabhai's courtyard; but the boy would occasionally break away, and then it was Tarvin's task to go after him and make sure that he came to no harm. One afternoon when he had spent some time in coaxing the child away, and had finally resorted to force, much to the child's disgust, a twelve-foot balk of teak-wood, as he was passing out under an arch in process of repair, crashed down from the scaffolding just in front of Fibby's nose. The horse retired into the courtyard on his hind legs, and Tarvin heard the rustle of the women behind the shutters.

He reflected on the incurable slackness of these people, stopped to swear at the workmen crouched on the scaffolding in the hollow of the arch, and went on. They were no less careless about the dam,—it was in the blood, he supposed,—for the head man of a coolie-gang,

who must have crossed the Amet twenty times, showed him a new ford across a particularly inviting channel, which ended in a quicksand; and when Tarvin had flung himself clear, the gang spent half the day in hauling Fibby out with ropes. They could not even build a temporary bridge without leaving the boards loose, so that a horse's hoof found its way between; and the gangs seemed to make a point of letting bullock-carts run down the steep embankments into the small of Tarvin's back, when, at infrequent intervals, that happened to be turned.

Tarvin was filled with great respect for the British Government, which worked on these materials, and began to understand the mild-faced melancholy and decisive views of Lucien Estes about the native population, as well as to sympathize more keenly than ever with Kate.

This curious people were now, he learned with horror, to fill the cup of their follies by marrying the young Maharaj Kunwar to a three-year-old babe, brought from the Kulu hills, at vast expense, to be his bride. He sought out Kate at the missionary's, and found her quivering with indignation. She had just heard.

"It's like them to waste a wedding where it is n't wanted," said Tarvin, soothingly.

Since he saw Kate excited, it became his part to be calm.

"Don't worry your overworked head about it, Kate. You are trying to do too much, and you are feeling too much. You will break down before you know it, from sheer exhaustion of the chord of sympathy."

"Oh, no!" said Kate. "I feel quite strong enough for anything that may come. I must n't break down. Think of this marriage coming on. The Maharaj will need me more than ever. He has just told me that he won't get any sleep for three days and three nights while their priests are praying over him."

"Crazy! Why, it's a quicker way of killing him than Sitabhai's. Heavens! I dare n't think of it. Let's talk of something else. Any

(To be continued.)

papers from your father lately? This kind of thing makes Topaz taste sort of good."

She gave him a package received by the last post, and he fell silent as he ran his eye hastily over a copy of the "Telegram" six weeks old; but he seemed to find little comfort in it. His brows knitted.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed with irritation, "this won't do!"

"What is it?"

"Heckler bluffing about the Three C.'s, and not doing it well. That is n't like Jim. He talks about it as a sure thing as hard as if he did n't believe in it, and had a private tip from somewhere that it was n't coming after all. I've no doubt he has. But he need n't give it away to Rustler like that. Let's look at the real-estate transfers. Ah! that tells the story," he exclaimed excitedly, as his eye rested on the record of the sale of a parcel of lots on G street. "Prices are going down—away, 'way down. The boys are caving. They're giving up the fight." He leaped up and marched about the room nervously. "Heavens! if I could only get word to them!"

"Why—what, Nick? What word do you want to send them?"

He pulled himself up instantly.

"To let them know that I believe in it," he said. "To get them to hold on."

"But suppose the road does n't come to Topaz, after all. How can you know, away off here in India?"

"Come to Topaz, little girl!" he shouted. "Come to Topaz! It's coming if I have to lay the rails!"

But the news about the temper of the town vexed and disconcerted him notwithstanding, and after he left Kate that night he sent a cable to Heckler, through Mrs. Mutrie, desiring her to forward the despatch from Denver, as if that were the originating office of the message.

HECKLER, TOPAZ.—*Take a brace, for God's sake! Got dead cinch on Three C.'s. Trust me, and boom like —.* TARVIN.

"I SAW THE CLOUDS AT MORNING'S HOUR."

I SAW the clouds at morning's hour
Toward the horizon swiftly throng;
A power impelled them, but a power
Invisible as it was strong.

And still they move, they will not stay,
But with one impulse and one speed
Serenely do they hold their way;
Their course is known, the path decreed.

And even with such an impulse move
These absent thoughts that now I bear;
Bright are they, for they are of love,
And fair they are, for thou art fair.

Langdon Elwyn Mitchell.

THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION.

SOME OF ITS WORK.



THE discovery of America was quickly followed by marvelous stories of its fishery wealth, which attracted the covetous eyes of Europe, and made the Grand Bank a favorite resort for fishing-vessels nearly a century before the Pilgrims landed. Proving a veritable El Dorado during the strife and speculation then prevailing, it was mainly that source of industry which directed the early tide of immigration toward the rugged coasts now comprised within New England and the British provinces. Settlements were established to assist in the preparation of the catch, and those who sought political and religious freedom in the untried land were confident of at least this means of gaining sustenance. The industry developed rapidly under foreign hands, but its management has gradually shifted from the Old World to the New, leaving only the French in active competition at the present time.

From its favorable location, New England readily became the leader in this movement as regards the United States, but the fishery interests of this country have long since spread beyond those narrow limits. Important grounds stretch southward into the Gulf of Mexico, and northward, on the Pacific side, from San Diego to the icy belt. The large inland lakes and river systems constitute, moreover, a vast storehouse of resources from which is drawn a good percentage of the food-supply. No other country in the world has such varied and productive fisheries, and nowhere else has the fishing business been more actively carried on or more systematically promoted. It has kept pace with the rapid increase of population, and no pains have been spared to bring it to its present standing.

The phenomenal progress thus exhibited has been due, however, entirely to private enterprise, through which the industry has prospered after its own fashion and without restraint. It was, therefore, only natural that the insidious decay which threatens every enterprise in proportion as its growth is uncontrolled, should finally attack the fishing-grounds and spread to all localities where persistent efforts had prevailed. These grounds became depleted to a

greater or less extent in different places, the amount of injury done not being measurable by any precise standards. The reasons assigned were mainly avaricious or injudicious fishing, but other causes have tended toward the same result, and sometimes in a marked degree. For the first, however, it is scarcely just to lay the weight of blame upon the fishermen themselves. The conditions which surround their calling are peculiar, and they are gifted with at least the average ambition of the human race. With few exceptions, their fields of work are public grounds, which they can neither fence nor plant, nor can they give to them the benefits of individual protection. Why, therefore, should not each strive for the greatest gain, regardless of his neighbor or of his own distant future?

While the farmer makes provision for successive crops, the fisherman is almost wholly limited to those supplies which nature has contributed. A moderate amount of fishing may have no appreciable effect upon the grounds, or may even prove beneficial to them; but harm results as soon as the balance of life has been disturbed, or some constraint has been placed upon the habits of the fishes. Such occurrences have been common in the later history of this country, and have been the cause of wide-spread suffering.

How to protect and maintain the fisheries is, therefore, an important problem, deeply affecting the welfare of every civilized nation, but its solution has been long delayed through the imperfect means taken to consider it. It remained for the United States to introduce the first extensive measures for relief, founded upon a thoroughly rational and comprehensive basis, and thenceforward to take the lead in all such matters. This innovation required that the causes of the trouble be first determined by careful observations, in order that the remedies applied might be entirely appropriate and successful. At the beginning of the inquiry there was nothing to suggest the broad proportions which the present Fish Commission afterward assumed. A specific survey was proposed, which might have terminated within a year or two, had not the time been propitious for greater efforts, and the future welfare of the fisheries been confided to a master mind. Circumstances favored an expansion of the work, and led finally to the establishment of a new

branch of government, the benefits of which extend to every part of the country.

The inception of the commission resulted from certain depleted fisheries along the southern New England coast, with which the adjoining States found themselves incompetent to deal. Upon the assumption that the damage had occurred in navigable waters, the matter was taken in hand by Congress during the winter of 1870-71, and a bill was passed providing for a scientific study of the subject. It authorized the appointment, from among the civilian officers of the Government, of a commissioner of fish and fisheries, who should possess the requisite attainments and should serve without additional pay. His duties were to investigate the alleged decrease of fishes both on the sea-coast and in the great lakes, and to report the results to Congress, with such recommendations for relief as seemed advisable.

Professor Spencer F. Baird, then the assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, was selected for this important post, and his administration of the same, continued for more than sixteen years upon a wise and liberal policy, has not only given to the many fishing interests greater unity and strength, but has assured them such prosperity for the future as lies within the power of human efforts. To accomplish so great a task required, however, that the scope and purpose of the commission be rapidly enlarged, with a corresponding increase in the personnel and in the duties of its director. The cause of decrease having been determined, it became essential to devise effective measures for preventing further loss, and for repairing, so far as possible, the damage already done. This led the commission into fish-culture and to a consideration of the ways and means of fishing, by which its scheme of work was rounded out, and thoroughly practical results were attained.

Professor Baird's strong personality was manifested in every branch of the commission, and his later years were almost wholly occupied in the promotion of its interests. But scientific investigations, for which he was best suited by training and inclination, received, however, the greater share of his attention, and bear most strongly the impress of his untiring energy and genius. The remarks which follow have reference chiefly to his favorite subject.

The greatest decrease among food-fishes had been reported from southern Massachusetts and Rhode Island, where, therefore, it was most appropriate that the explorations should begin. One of the most extensive sheets of water in this region is Vineyard Sound, the favorite resort for many fishes, and the common thoroughfare for all vessels passing

up and down the coast. On the east it reaches Monomoy, and on the west communicates directly with Buzzard's Bay and the waters off Rhode Island. Upon the mainland at its upper western end is a little fishing-village called Wood's Holl, a vantage-point for the entire area whose fisheries were in immediate distress. Here it was that, in June, 1871, Professor Baird began his investigations, aided by a small party of scientific men specially qualified to take up the different problems which the inquiry had suggested. Among its members were some of the most distinguished naturalists of the country, acting as volunteer assistants, and accepting the splendid opportunities for study as compensation for their services, a practice which has continued to the present time.

A small building on the lighthouse wharf in the little harbor was converted into a rude laboratory, and a floating establishment, comprising a sloop-yacht, a steam-launch, and several rowboats, was quickly brought together. This simple equipment furnished the means for a careful and comprehensive exploration, which was carried seaward as far as the stability of the little fleet permitted. It was a season of hard work and of important and enduring results. The fishermen and the dealers in fish were closely questioned regarding the methods and statistics of their trade; the gill-nets and fish-traps near at hand were visited every day; seines, dredges, and surface-nets were in constant use to gather materials bearing upon the aquatic life of the region; and observations were made upon the physical and chemical conditions of the sea, as to its temperature, density, and composition.

It had previously been the custom, both in this and in other countries, to consider the matter of decreasing fisheries through the conflicting testimony of interested persons. Professor Baird, however, was not satisfied to follow this example. The scientific methods of research which had insured the stability of his zoölogical work were, in his opinion, just as applicable to the present subject, even though the results desired were of a practical nature. The decrease, if one had actually occurred, might have been produced by injudicious practices, or it might have been the outcome of natural conditions, or, possibly, of both combined. In any case there were many facts requiring investigation. Had man been the agent of destruction? Was it due to his fishing through the spawning-season, to the use of large nets of fine texture, or to his lining the shores and passageways with fixed appliances of capture? If nature itself were responsible, was it caused by changes in physical conditions affecting the habitats of certain fishes,



DRAWN BY J. C. BEARD.

THE BAT-FISH.

ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

had the food upon the grounds become exhausted, or were new predaceous species exterminating the older and better-known kinds?

In carrying out this new policy, it was necessary to examine directly the different fishing-grounds and to determine their characteristics and the nature and relations of their inhabitants, as well as their conditions past and present; to study the growth and the habits of fishes, with special reference to their migrations, schooling, and spawning; to observe the influence of temperature, salinity, and other physical conditions upon their general welfare and upon their movements from place to place. It was also essential to consider with equal thoroughness all artificial constructions having a pernicious influence upon natural laws, such as the more destructive forms of fishing-apparatus and the barriers erected in watercourses.

During the second and third summers the

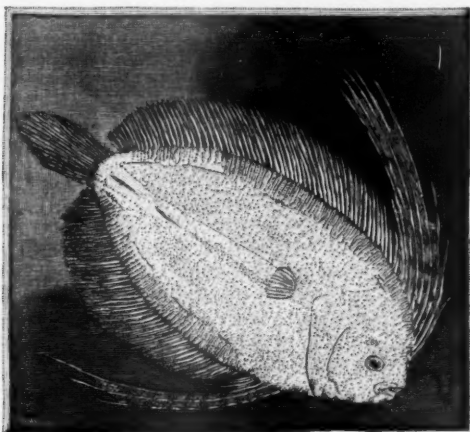
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work was carried to the coast of Maine, with headquarters at Eastport and Portland. Thence the party returned southward to Noank, Connecticut, and to Wood's Holl for a second time. Salem and Halifax were visited in 1877, and Gloucester, Provincetown, and Newport during the three succeeding years. While the vessels of the commission were still unsuited for making long cruises, these annual changes were required in order to reach the different fishing-regions. The working-quarters were never elaborate affairs, but some convenient building near the water was hastily adapted to the purpose and furnished with only the simplest character of outfit. Pine tables were placed in front of each of the windows for the separate accommodation of the assistants, and the intervening walls were covered with open shelving for the books and specimens. The center of the room was occupied by

larger tables, and the aquariums were sandwiched in wherever the space permitted. Such was the customary arrangement of the laboratory proper, but the coarser work was usually provided for in a basement room or in a separate structure.

The daily occupations varied with the weather and with the tastes and qualifications of each assistant. Severe storms might keep them indoors, but it rarely happened that some field-work was not in progress. The party was practically divided into squads, changing more or less in composition from time to time, one charged with seining and other modes of fishing, another with the general collecting along the shore and in shallow water, while the more

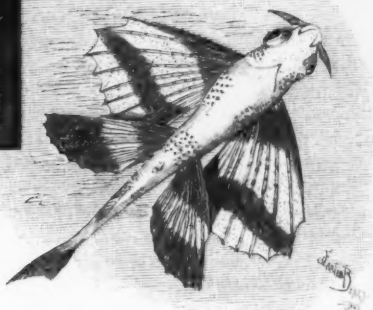
During the first two years the Fish Commission dredging was done entirely by hand, and generally from a sail-boat or steam-launch. The outfit consisted of a small dredge with its coil of rope, and many accessories in the way of sieves and surface-nets, thermometers and other instruments, and the bottles and tanks of alcohol. The dredge was usually lowered from the bow, where the rope was also fastened if the tide was running strong. In a gentler current a broadside was presented to the stream by carrying the rope around a thole-pin amidships, but in still water the sails would be resorted to. During the intermission which then followed, attention was paid to surface-collecting and to testing the temperature and density of the water. The hauling of the dredge devolved upon the entire ship's company, and was tiresome in the extreme. The dead weight at the lower end had none of the qualities of a gamy fish, and yielded only to the methodical pulling of the trained sailor. The excitement began with the dump-



DRAWN BY J. C. BEARD.

ENGRAVED BY T. H. HEARD.

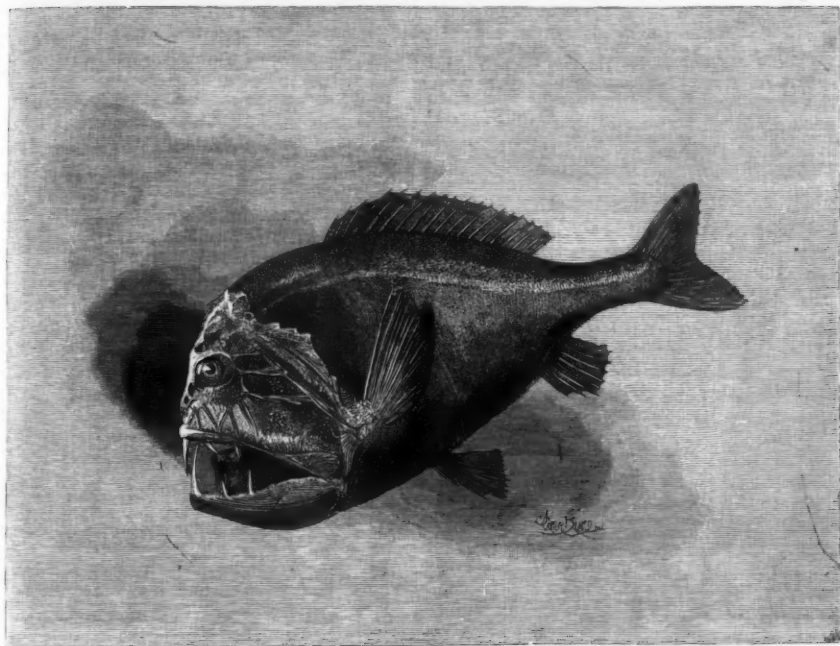
CRESTED SOLE AND BEARDED FLYING-FISH.



daring ones were usually assigned to vessel service. The seiners' duties are most arduous. Trained to an amphibious existence, tugging incessantly at the heavily loaded net which catches now and then upon a rough spot, handling many thousand captives every day, and tramping sometimes for miles along the beaches, their outdoor labors are excessive, and yet the vigorous exercise conduces to sound health and hardened muscles. There have, however, been no easy places in any part of this exploring work. Whether with the dip-net along the shores, the towing-net dragged at the surface by rowing, or the dredging-apparatus from the larger boats, the earnest student has ample opportunities to test his physical endurance, as a prelude to his actual observations. Improved and more expeditious methods are fast relieving the so-called drudgery, but, while they add to the conveniences of the seaside laboratory and increase the facilities for turning out results, they are certainly not so beneficial to the general welfare of the naturalist.

ing of the contents of the net into the long, shallow box athwartships, where the overhauling and washing could be done without scattering the sand and mud about the deck. One man was made recorder, while the others carefully examined the material and noted its characteristics and condition. A certain number of specimens were saved in alcohol or by drying, and the balance was cleared away to make ready for the next haul.

This manual dredging was continued rapidly, and as many casts were made each season as with the modern methods; but nothing larger than a hand-dredge could readily be employed from the small boats, and the work was mainly limited to comparatively shallow water. With the acquisition of a small steamer,



DRAWN BY J. C. BEARD.

THE FANG-FISH.

ENGRAVED BY O. HAYLOR.

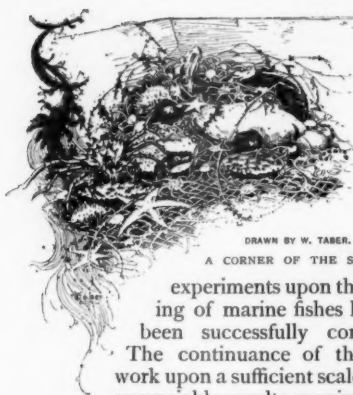
contributed from 1873 to 1879 by the navy, came improved facilities, especially in the way of steam-power, which permitted the examination of deeper water and the convenient use of larger dredges, tangle-bars, beam-trawls, and other useful implements. The beam-trawl of the English fishermen was first employed for scientific purposes by the Fish Commission in 1872, and has since been widely adopted by explorers.

After dark the laboratory became the rendezvous of all the members of the party, and the duration of their night's labor was measured by the day's success. It was the rule to close up current observations before retiring, to leave as little as possible for the morrow, except in the case of special studies requiring greater deliberation. The proper time to visit this building was, therefore, in the evening, when every table had its occupant and every one was busily employed. The cross-shadows resulting from the scattered lamps added to the general confusion of the scene, and lent an air of mystery to the many objects covering the floor and tables. The day's catch was, for the most part, still in the large receptacles, as it had been brought in from the field, and each worker was occupied in trying to produce order out of chaos. Transferring the specimens to smaller dishes, he assorted them into groups or species,

making such observations as the time permitted, and then finally disposed of them in alcohol or placed them in an aquarium for future life-studies. It was frequently after midnight when the task was finished, as notes had to be compared and the results discussed before planning further operations.

It rarely happens that so many branches of research are represented at a single field-station as was the case in those above described. The assemblage was composed of both scientific and practical investigators, jointly interested in securing the same ends, but separately engaged on different topics—the general naturalist, with his knowledge of habits and distribution, the embryologist, who could explain the origin and growth of fishes, the hydrographer, whose specialty is the physics of the sea and of the ocean-bottom, and the professional fisherman, expert in the handling of apparatus and acquainted with their effects upon the several species. While the results obtained in each of these subjects had a particular significance apart, to subserve the purposes of the fisheries required that all should be combined and carefully correlated, a task which fell upon the few leaders who alone were qualified to make deductions.

The migratory habits of the summer party terminated in 1881, the year following the building of the steamer *Fish Hawk*, and when the first



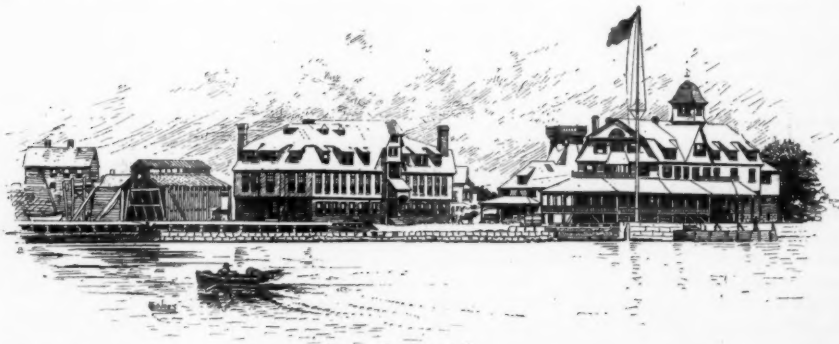
DRAWN BY W. TABER.
A CORNER OF THE SIEVE.

experiments upon the breeding of marine fishes had also been successfully concluded. The continuance of the latter work upon a sufficient scale to give appreciable results required more extensive and complicated machinery than could readily be brought together in the temporary structures previously provided. It was, therefore, necessary to determine upon a proper site and to construct new buildings specially adapted to the purpose. The claims of several localities to such distinction were considered, but the choice was finally given to Wood's Holl, as meeting the combined requirements of the service more fully than any other place. The fishes to be propagated, like the cod, mackerel, and lobsters, were entirely oceanic, and demanded pure sea-water for the development of their eggs and embryos. The biological studies had reference also to the same class of fishes, and a convenient station was desired for the vessels of the commission. No fresh-water streams enter Vineyard Sound or Buzzard's Bay within a considerable distance of Wood's Holl, and its surroundings are essentially marine in all particulars. The little harbor in which the first building had been placed was inadequate to the increased operations, and recourse was therefore had to the larger one near by. A narrow strip of land along the center of this

harbor, having a shore frontage of about a quarter of a mile, was obtained for this purpose in 1882, partly by subscriptions and partly by direct gift from the owner.

While the planning and building of the new station were in progress, the summer party retained possession of its old laboratory, where it was destined to remain until 1885. The new quarters add a prominent and attractive feature to the little village, as much taste and skill have been displayed in their grouping and construction. They cover a small point of land, which has been extended outward in the form of a stone pier, affording greater protection to the inner roadstead and serving as a mooring-place for Government vessels. This pier is rectangular in shape, inclosing an area of water about 250 by 150 feet square. It is capped by a wooden wharf, which divides it near the middle into two basins, the outer one intended exclusively for living fishes taken for their spawn or for study, the inner one serving also as a landing-place for small boats and steam-launches. The buildings, five in number, comprise a hatchery and laboratory combined, a quarters building, a water-tower, a coal-shed, and a storehouse.

On account of the scanty accommodations afforded by the town, the commission has furnished shelter for its assistants in what is called the quarters building, the one nearest to the railroad station, and most noticeable from an architectural point of view. Next beyond it is the water-tower, smaller yet somewhat taller than any of the adjacent buildings, and important as controlling the entire supply of fresh and salt water used about the premises. The third building is deserving of more minute attention, as here it is that the proper functions of the station are carried out. The facilities for fish-culture and for scientific purposes are provided in a single large structure, 120 feet long by 40 feet wide, and three stories high. Al-

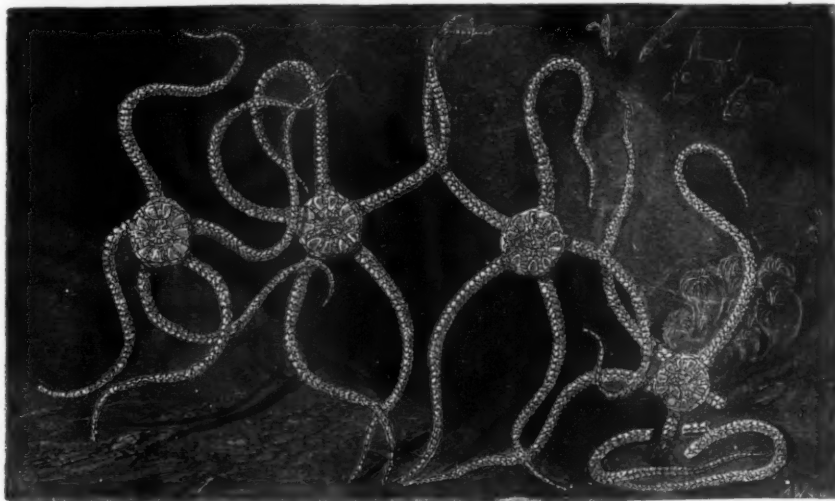


DRAWN BY W. TABER.

THE MARINE STATION AT WOOD'S HOLL, MASSACHUSETTS.

though extremely plain in all its details, nothing has been omitted that is essential to the proper conduct of operations, and it ranks as one of the most complete establishments of its kind. The lower floor is divided into two nearly equal rooms, devoted to propagation and to the aquarian exhibit. The southern room opens directly upon the wharf adjoining the inner basin, and contains a complete outfit for the hatching of cod and lobsters, devised and first made use

buckets from the wharf, can nearly everywhere be drawn from faucets at intervals of only a few feet, and the oil-lamps have been replaced by electric lights. The scientific staff has also increased in size, and the inquiry has been so differentiated that each one has his particular duty to perform, and the hours have become more regular in consequence. Summer continues to be the principal season for these scientific studies, as it is only then that the vol-



DRAWN BY J. C. BEARD.

DANCE OF THE SERPENT-STARS.

ENGRAVED BY A. WALDEYER.

of at this station. Many aquariums, arranged in double rows, are utilized for the embryos during the hatching period, but at other times serve for the preservation of living animals, in connection with the scientific work. On the second floor there is a large general laboratory at the northern end, and many small apartments for biological investigations. The physical laboratory, and the photographic and other small workrooms, are located on the floor above, which also furnishes several dormitories to accommodate the overflow from the quarters building. Salt and fresh water are distributed to all the rooms where they could possibly be needed, and in this, as in many other respects, the advantages for study are unexcelled. Each student has a separate supply of salt water at his disposal, and a little aquarian stand beside his ordinary work-table. If these are not sufficient for his demands, he has recourse to larger aquariums in the middle of the laboratory, and to those in the hatching-room below.

There is little about this building to remind one of the older laboratories. The cramped quarters, rickety floors, and worn-out tables have disappeared. The water, formerly brought in

unteer assistants can be obtained; but some branches of the inquiry are in progress through the entire year, and the building is always open on account of the hatching work.

During the past four years the marine inquiries of the Fish Commission have been extended to all the sea-coasts of the country, and Wood's Holl has ceased to be the only rendezvous for its vessels, the latter also having convenient laboratories on board, where special researches can readily be carried on. Many problems, moreover, require to be investigated in particular localities, where the conditions are especially favorable, and for that reason the study of the habits and development of the oyster, the shad, the salmon, the Spanish mackerel, and many other species has been conducted elsewhere. The headquarters of the scientific branch are in Washington, where suitable work-rooms have been established, and where the collections are brought together.

While seaside laboratories are indispensable to the study of fishery problems, they cannot, unless supplemented by convenient means for reaching distant points, have more than a local value and significance. It was the lack of such



SHARKING.

methods of exploration and of fish-culture was, however, rapidly approaching, and the building of the *Fish Hawk* happened opportunely with respect to the improvements made in both. The clumsy, old-fashioned sounding-line gave place to a slender wire, and the hempen dredging-cable to a small iron rope. The physical and collecting apparatus was also greatly modified, and the hatching meth-

od facilities during the first ten years of the commission that made it necessary to move its summer station from place to place. The construction of the steamer *Fish Hawk* in 1880 rendered this habit less obligatory, while the addition of the *Albatross* soon afterward made a permanent station very desirable in connection with the North Atlantic work.

The *Fish Hawk* was the first large vessel built by any nation expressly for the promotion of the fisheries. The steamers previously employed for this character of investigation had been adapted to the work by only such few additions and alterations as were deemed essential. They were inconvenient at the best, but were made to answer the requirements with the crude appliances then available. A new era as regards the

ods were materially perfected in many ways. The *Fish Hawk* was designed to assist in both these branches. Her services were demanded for the propagation of shad in the shallow bays and river-mouths, and she was also needed in connection with the sea-coast work described above. It was, therefore, necessary that her draft should not exceed seven or eight feet when loaded; but, being high above the water, this renders her unwieldy in a rough sea, and her behavior is sometimes disagreeable during heavy weather.

During 1880 the summer party was established at Newport, Rhode Island, in the old abandoned lead-works, whose adjacent shot-tower formed an excellent lookout from which the coming of the new ship was first announced. The previous year a Gloucester fishing-smack, trawling for cod and hake some eighty miles off No Man's Land, had encountered a peculiar fish, which proved, upon examination, to be an entirely new species. A large quantity was captured, and, being of good flavor, several specimens were sent to Fulton Market, New York, where they were well received. Its many golden-yellow spots and stripes had gained for it the name of "leopard-fish" among the sailors, but, being objectionable from a gastronomic standpoint, this term was soon discarded for "tile-fish," having reference to the final syllables of its scientific designation, *Lopholatilus*. Although without significance, this name was thought to grate less harshly on the palate, and to favor the introduction of the fish as an article of food. The discovery of this product within a few hours' sailing of the great metropolis suggested the development of a new and important fishery, and it therefore became advisable to determine, for the benefit of the public, the range and abundance of the species. In assigning the *Fish Hawk* to this undertaking, the commissioner initiated the aggressive offshore operations which have



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

AROUND THE SIEVE BY THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

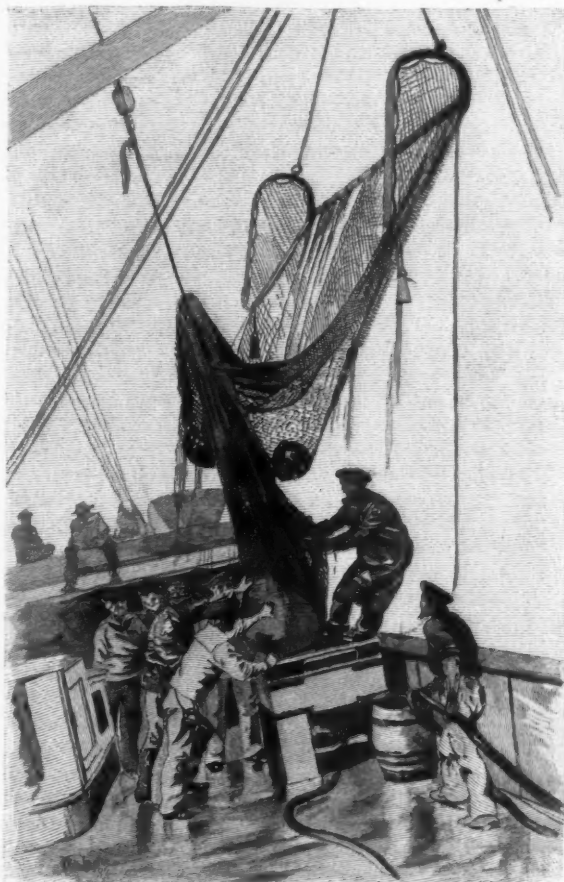
ENGRAVED BY W. MOLLIER.

since then been conducted upon so large a scale and with so much success. The tile-fish investigation was prosecuted with great vigor during two summers, and some of the incidents connected with the first cruise are worthy of recording, as illustrating, in a measure, the general methods of the work.

The tile-fish taken in 1879 had been found in about one hundred fathoms. To reach the same place would require a night's steaming, and by spending only a single day upon the grounds, the entire trip could be accomplished within a period of thirty-six hours, as long a cruise as it was considered expedient to make at that distance from the shore. A time was finally selected, upon advices from the Signal Office that no storms were coming up the coast, and with that assurance little difficulty was experienced in obtaining from the shore laboratory the volunteers required for this interesting search. The start was made at sundown, and by daylight on the following morning the steamer had passed within the influence of the Gulf Stream. The air was softened by the tropical current, and the deep blue water, smooth and glassy at the surface, was thickly strewn with many delicate and transparent forms. The first sensation was more conducive to indolent pleasure than to vigorous efforts, but the hours were far too precious for idleness of any kind, and the workers were summoned from their bunks before the sun was fairly up.

The instruments were taken from their places, and the sounding work was at once begun. For the fishing trial a trawl-line of the pattern used on the northern banks for cod and halibut had been selected, measuring several hundred fathoms long, and with hooks at intervals of three or four feet. This had been baited with fresh menhaden the previous evening, and was now coiled in the regulation tub. A brief examination having disclosed the proper depth of water, and the indications being otherwise propitious, the heavy tub was lifted into a small boat which had been lowered from the davits, and was manned by the champion fisherman and

two experienced sailors. Pulling away to give the steamer a clear berth, they began their work by throwing over the upper end of the trawl, an anchor carrying it to the bottom, and a keg-buoy marking its position at the surface. The entire line was then paid out, its further end being secured and indicated in the same manner as the first. Several hundred hooks were thus distributed along the bottom, each with its tempting morsel to attract the fish.

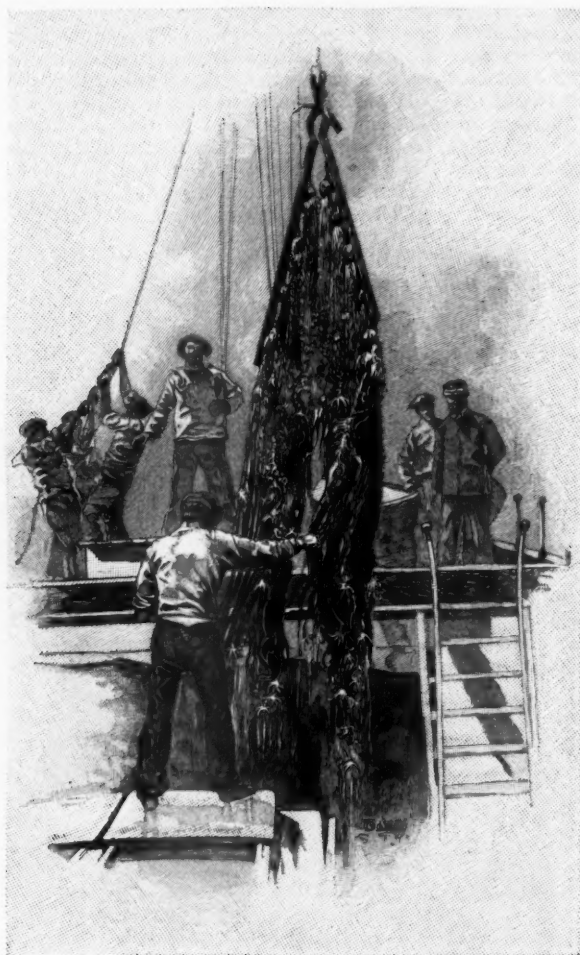


DRAWN BY W. TABER.

LANDING THE BEAM-TRAWL ON DECK.

ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

Time was now given to insure a full catch, and, leaving the little boat fastened to the trawl-buoy, the steamer took up its regular course of work in determining, by other methods, the character of the bottom and its inhabitants. A few successful hauls with the collecting-apparatus showed what animals are peculiar to the region, while the sounding-wire, with thermometer and water-bottle attached,



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

ENGRAVED BY K. C. ATWOOD.

TANGLES FROM THE SEA-LILY GROUNDS, GULF OF MEXICO.

developed its physical features. It was decided to run a line of dredgings directly seaward. The ground was smooth and well suited to the beam-trawl, the big conical net of which had a much greater scope than either the dredge or the tangles, and secured much larger and more active prey. Held widely open at the mouth by a long beam and sled-shaped runners, and supplemented by a free towing-net on each side, this has become the most formidable instrument in the outfit of the deep-sea naturalist, and has led the way to many wonderful discoveries. The dredge is better fitted for digging in the bottom, and may be used in rather rough places, but on the latter always at the risk of being lost. The tangles are composed of tough hempen

fibers, arranged in swabs, or bunches, which catch upon all spiny objects and hold them fast. Their range is somewhat limited, but on bottoms where the dredge and the trawl would soon be torn to pieces their utility is recognized.

The *Fish Hawk* is thoroughly adapted to the handling of all appliances of this character. The dredging- and sounding-apparatus are on the upper deck, and are managed by the officers and crew. That part of the main deck directly underneath forms a single large room, having a row of continuous square ports, or windows, on each side, two of which are open to the floor and placed conveniently to receive the dredge or trawl as it is hoisted from the water. This apartment, removed from the annoying features of the heavier operations, constitutes the working-quarters of the naturalists. All the necessary equipment for their study is here provided, and here their time is chiefly spent.

A sounding is made to determine the depth of water, and its temperature and density at the bottom. Then the beam-trawl is bent to the iron rope projecting from the boom-end over the star-board bow, and rapidly lowered, being held for a few moments at the surface to insure the floating of the net. Anticipating a fair catch, the large sieve is pushed in front of the outer doorway, a number of pails and tubs are filled with water, and the swinging tables are covered with dishes of many sorts and sizes. The naturalists are a study in themselves. Discarding the spotless linen which distinguishes the naval officer from the ordinary seaman, they have attired themselves in flannel shirts and other garments no longer suited to polite usage. The work is hard, and the material which they handle is decidedly uncleanly in its crude state. Rank is indicated by the application and intelligence of the student, and his garb, however elegant and refined, would bring him no distinction among his colleagues.

The time allotted for the haul varies from twenty minutes to an hour or more, according to the circumstances, and the sound of the reeling-engine overhead is a signal to prepare for action. First the bridle appears, then the beam and runners cut the surface, and the dark-brown net is lifted high in air, giving out a heavy shower of mud and water. Many curious creatures, partly discernible through the meshes, show that the drag has been successful and the bottom is rich in life. A bight of rope is thrown around the bulging net to draw it inboard, when the lower end is opened, and the contents slide rapidly into the hopper-frame forming the upper part of the table-sieve. A soft, oozy mud is the chief constituent of the mass,

also evident among the different members of the staff, each striving to discover the most important features of the catch. Fishes, crabs, shell-fish, serpent-stars, corals, sponges, and hosts of other forms are mingled in confusion, and each specialist has the wherewithal to please his fancy; but in the first scramble he is apt to take whatever is nearest to him, regardless of its final destination. In this manner the principal contents of the sieve are soon transferred to clear water, but some portions demand more patient and deliberate sorting. After a second examination, the specimens are placed in alcohol to preserve them for future study, and to prepare for the next batch of treasures.

The trip may furnish rich results or be only



DRAWN BY J. C. BEARD.

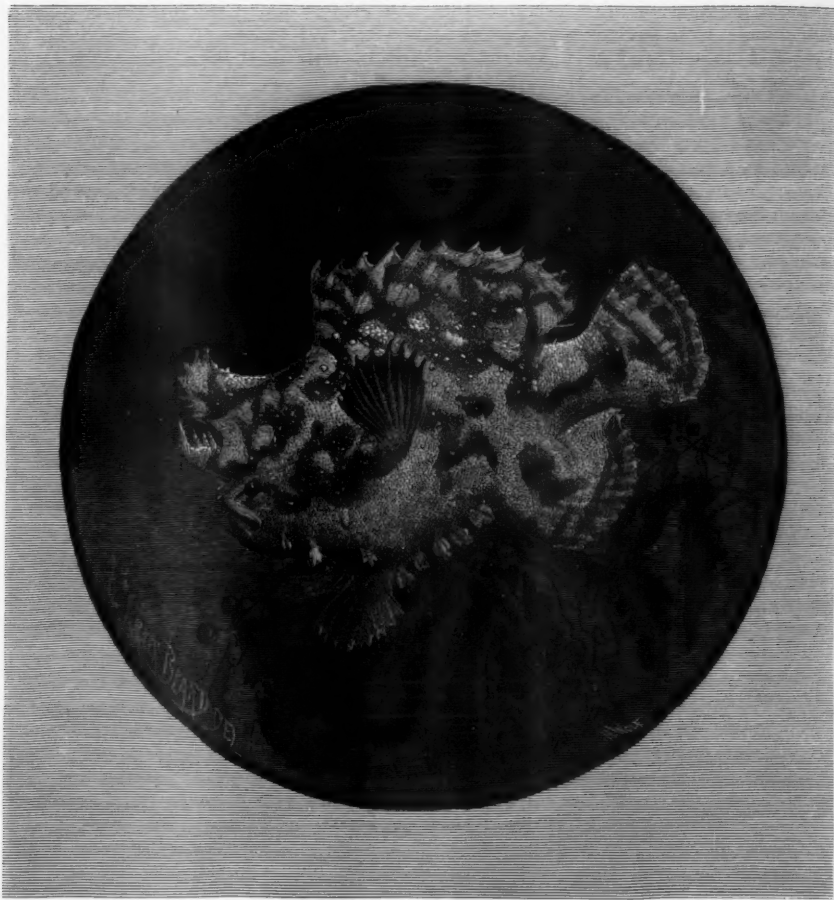
ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER.

ON THE GULF STREAM SLOPE, FROM ONE TO TWO MILES BELOW THE SURFACE.

covering and concealing for the time its many distinctive objects. This mud forms the deep-ocean bottom, and is composed of the shells of the *Foraminifera* and of other minute animals, some still fresh and living, but the majority more or less disintegrated and fast changing to a powder. Several minutes' diligent washing with the hose is necessary to force this yielding matrix through the meshes of the sieve and to bring its larger occupants to light. During this operation the naturalists give strict attention that the stream of water shall not harm the delicate specimens, which, one by one, are hastily examined and then dropped into a clean receptacle. It is a time of great excitement, which, however, only the initiated can thoroughly appreciate and enjoy. Much pleasant rivalry is

moderately successful, according to the character of the region; but on the day in question the rewards were greater than they had ever been before. The steamer went quickly from one station to another, securing at each cast much more material than could conveniently be cared for. The water deepened rapidly to one hundred, two hundred, and even more fathoms. The descent was gradual from the shore to the point of beginning work, and there the true continental edge was found, the commencement of the real ocean, the depths of which in this vicinity reach nearly three thousand fathoms.

Each specimen was carefully scrutinized as it was taken up, but the usual questions, What is it? and, What is its significance? were diffi-



DRAWN BY J. C. BEARD.

THE MARBLED ANGLER ON ITS GULFWEED RAFT.

ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

cult to answer on this particular day. The complexion of the fauna was different from any that previously had been discovered by the Fish Commission. The region was a new one, and not a member of the party was prepared to find so rich and varied an assemblage in the deeper waters of this northern latitude. A number of the species had been taken in other places, some in the far south and others toward the north, but a large percentage was wholly new. The record greatly exceeded that of any former dredging expedition, and was the equivalent of many an entire season's work. According to subsequent investigations, the conditions here displayed extend a considerable distance up and down the coast, bordering the inner margin of the Gulf Stream and tempered by its presence. Here also, in depths of from 85 to 150 fathoms, the tile-fish

was nourished by the rich diet, and through the influence of the warmer waters retained the tropical brilliancy of its markings.

Notwithstanding the attractive nature of the dredging work, the little boat which had been left to watch the fishing-gear was never for a moment lost sight of, and after a few hours the steamer again came up to it. While it is customary among the fishermen to tend their lines entirely from the small boats, it was determined in the present case to do the overhauling directly from the steamer's deck, in order that any specimens obtained might be handled carefully and every opportunity afforded for making observations. Taking the buoy-line through the port gangway, the anchor was raised on board, immediately followed by the main line, which required the united strength of several sailors to keep it go-

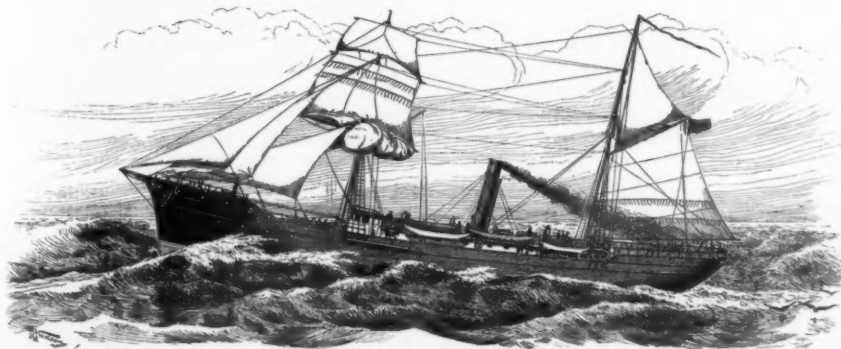
ing. A moment of suspense ensued, and then a noble specimen of the tile-fish lay struggling on the deck. Many more were soon added, and several other species, of no less interest to the naturalists, were also captured. The success of the expedition had been assured, and the report of the fishing-schooner fully verified. No previous cruise had given such positive results and promised immediate returns of so much practical value. It now remained to determine the range and abundance of the species, an investigation which was continued with much profit during the same and the following summer, the largest single catch amounting to 73 tile-fish, weighing from 3 to 32 pounds apiece, and aggregating 550 pounds. During this period, however, the *Fish Hawk* was also employed in many other kinds of work, both in the line of exploration and of fish-culture.

During March and April, 1882, a number of vessels arriving at New York and other ports reported large shoals of dead and dying fishes at the surface, through which they sometimes sailed for many miles. They were first described as cod, but, after specimens had been properly identified, they proved to be none other than the tile-fish, together with occasional examples of some of the rarer species associated with them on the same bottoms. Some calamity had overtaken them, but its character and causes have never positively been determined. There were no marks of violence or disease on any of the specimens, and many still seemed to have a spark of life remaining when lifted from the surface. The period of their destruction was immediately preceded by severe storms, which may possibly have agitated the inshore waters sufficiently to force a colder stratum from the arctic current over and upon their grounds. A sudden change of temperature, however it may have been produced, offers the most plausible theory for the accident, and is the one now generally accepted. The extent of the destruc-

tion may be appreciated from careful estimates, which placed the number of dead fish at several hundred millions, and their total weight at over a billion pounds. During 1883 it was impossible to take any tile-fish upon the old grounds, and several other fishes and invertebrates formerly living with them had also disappeared. Repeated search during subsequent years has proved equally unavailing, and if any survived to repopulate the region, the fact remains to be determined.

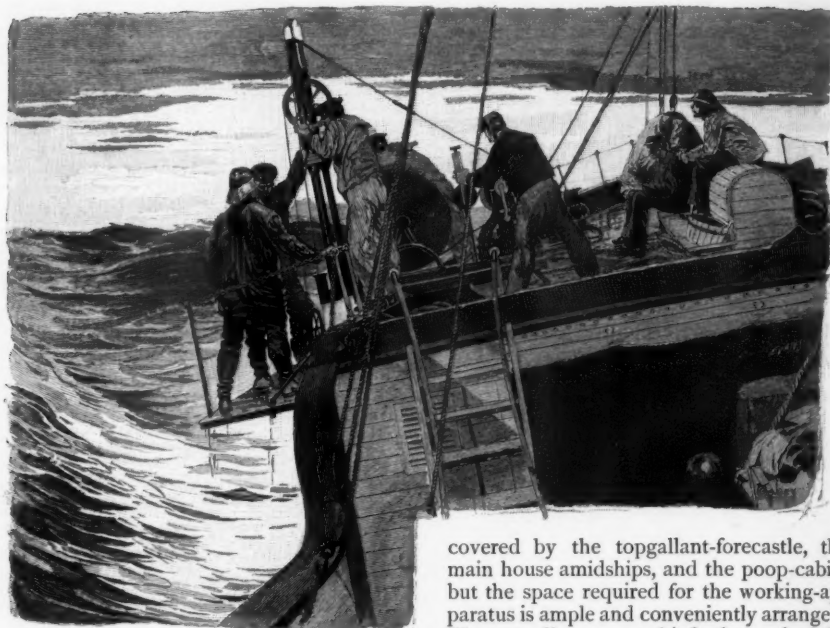
The exploration of the tile-fish grounds broke the barrier which had previously confined the work along the coast, and showed that, even with so frail a vessel as the *Fish Hawk*, valuable results could be accomplished at some distance from the shore. No one doubted the utility of an examination of the deep-water grounds, but it needed a practical demonstration to give it the necessary impetus and support. Direct observations had never been undertaken to determine if the varying abundance of such important fishes as the mackerel and menhaden was due to natural causes or resulted from man's interference. The cod and halibut banks resorted to were chiefly accidental discoveries, and no systematic researches had been made to ascertain their full resources or to develop new regions. South of New England the offshore waters were scarcely known, and those of the Pacific coast were still a mystery, even to the fishermen. The *Fish Hawk* was evidently unsuited to the study of this class of problems, which required a more continuous sea service, regardless of the conditions of the weather. A larger and stronger vessel of a totally different type was urgently demanded, and was soon provided.

The *Albatross* was built in 1883, making her trial trip on December 30 of that year. She is entirely novel in construction as well as in the character of her work, having no counterpart among the other nations of the world. Her



DRAWN BY C. B. HUDSON.

THE FISH-COMMISSION STEAMER "ALBATROSS."



DRAWN BY W. TABLER.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

SOUNDING THE ABYSS WITH PIANO-WIRE.

plans were based upon the experience of the Fish Commission, and also of the coast survey and naval service, adapting her to every kind of exploration from which the ocean fisheries could derive a benefit. As the name implies, her home is on the open waters, whether upon the shallow banks or over the most profound depths, and her conduct under trying circumstances has been extremely gratifying. It was only natural, however, that great difficulty should have been experienced in bringing so many new features within the narrow compass of a single craft. The addition of a civilian scientific staff, of laboratory quarters on a large scale, and of coal facilities for long cruises, were among the matters which it was necessary to consider and adjust; but all perplexities were finally settled in a satisfactory manner.

The *Albatross* bears no resemblance to the *Fish Hawk*, either externally or in her interior arrangements. Her lines are graceful, and her depth is proportioned to her height above the water. The total length is 234 feet, and the displacement 1074 tons. Besides the steam-power, acting through twin screws, she is rigged like a brig, and is provided with high bow and stern, the latter being modeled with special reference to her backing against sea and wind when dredging. The main deck is partly

covered by the topgallant-forecastle, the main house amidships, and the poop-cabin, but the space required for the working-apparatus is ample and conveniently arranged. These appliances are chiefly forward of the pilot-house, among the more conspicuous being two machines for sounding with piano-wire, and the heavy dredging-engine with its accumulator and long boom. The iron rope is stored below upon a large reel capable of holding over five miles of this tenacious cable. The methods of operating the apparatus are essentially the same as on the *Fish Hawk*, but, having no large openings at the sides, the dredge and trawl must be lifted over the rail, and the washing of their contents is conducted on the upper deck.

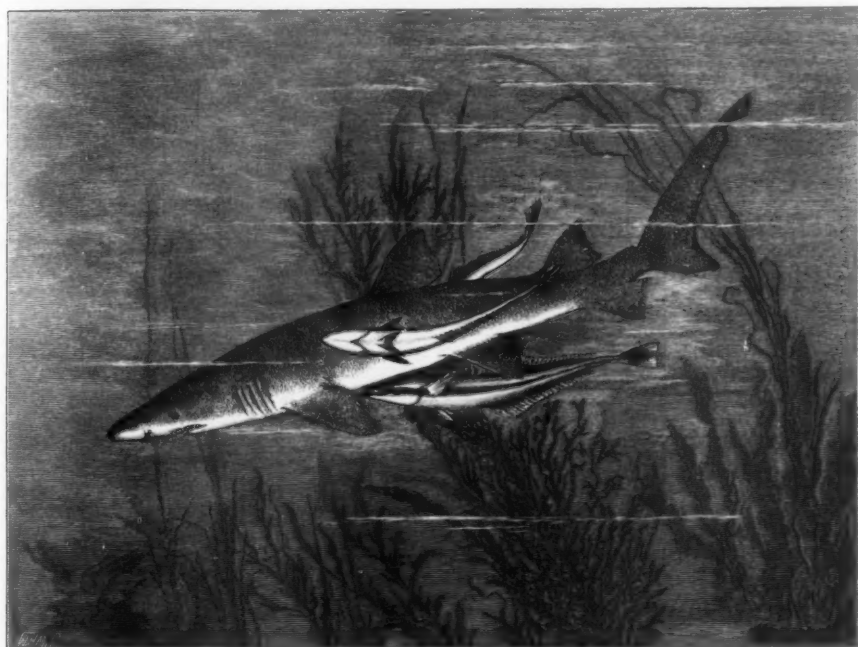
The scientific quarters have been placed together amidships, where the motion is least perceptible. The upper laboratory occupies the middle portion of the deck-house, and is lighted by means of windows instead of ports, and by a skylight overhead. Although only about fourteen feet square, it is well equipped for certain branches of investigation, and contains the library and medical dispensary. A stairway leads directly to the main laboratory on the lower deck, and this, in turn, communicates with the scientific store-room in the hold. The former extends entirely across the ship, and includes facilities for detailed physical and biological inquiries, a photographic dark room, and large series of drawers and sliding-trays for specimens and instruments. The steamer is lighted throughout by means of the Edison incandescent electric system, in connection with which there is a powerful arc-

lamp for illuminating the deck at night, and several search-lights for submarine use.

The *Albatross* represents the final stage in the development of exploring methods applicable to the study of the sea, and, having suitable means for elaborating the results on board, she is, moreover, a perfect floating workshop. Every appropriate device for collecting and for scientific observation has been provided, not omitting even the simplest forms of fishing-gear. Officered from the navy, as is the *Fish Hawk* also, experts in hydrography and seamanship have been enlisted in her service, and many young civilians and naval men have received from her most efficient and useful training.

The explorations of the *Albatross* and of her more humble predecessors have afforded a golden harvest for the naturalists, apart from their results of economic value. While the dredges, nets, and tangles are searching for

pearance are unusually common, and among invertebrates extravagant shapes and odd structures are just as frequently encountered. The surface waters contribute also a great wealth of life, especially in the pathway of the Gulf Stream or along its borders, where countless tropical forms, like the physalia, paper-nautilus, and marbled angler, are slowly drifted northward. The surface-nets and gigs furnish an enjoyable occupation from the vessel's rail, and at night, with the electric lights submerged a few inches, the catch is much increased. Then it is that the swift-darting squid appears in schools, and, dazzled by the glare, impales his long arms upon the cluster of sharp hooks, moved gently up and down to attract his notice. Fully as active, and far more difficult to capture, is the surly shark, bent on large prey, the sworn enemy of the sailor, and duly made to suffer for his supposed crimes when in the latter's power.



DRAWN BY A. H. BALDWIN.

SHARK WITH PARASITIC REMORAS.

ENGRAVED BY W. H. MORSE.

the food species, and determining the essential features of their environment, they must necessarily disclose the curious forms as well. Nowhere have the zoölogical discoveries of recent times been richer, both in number and in variety, than in the deep sea, a province which successfully defied intrusion until within a comparatively few years. Fishes of remarkable ap-

More recently a third addition has been made to the little fleet of Fish Commission vessels, a schooner of eighty-three tons, having a deep draft and good speed. Combining the best features of the American and English fishing-vessels, she was specially designed for the offshore banks, but that has not prevented her employment in both the ex-

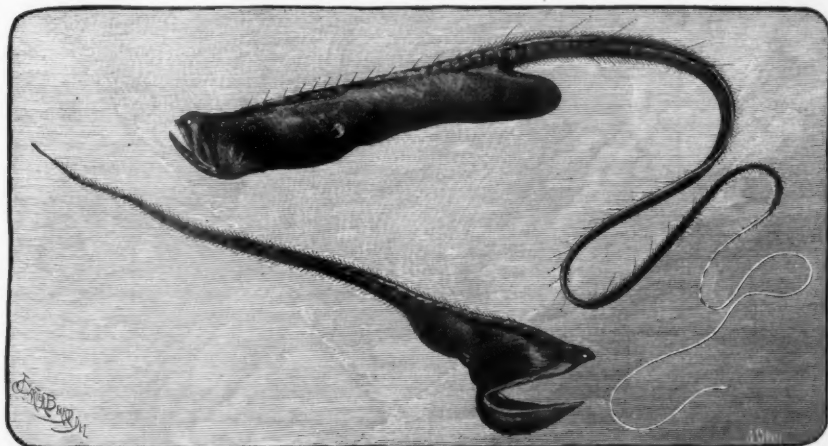
ploring and fish-cultural branches of the work, for which she is well adapted. The *Grampus*, as she is called, has already attracted much attention, and her lines are frequently copied in the modern smack.

Having described the methods suited to the scientific study of the fisheries, it remains to explain the manner in which they may be utilized for the public good, and the extent of their application up to the present time.

It has been the principal office of the steamer *Albatross* to develop the resources naturally existing along the sea-coasts, the fishing-grounds which are little known or have never been

habitants of the favored spot. The soundings are brought closer together until its area and contour have been defined, and its limits accurately plotted upon the chart. The temperatures and currents are observed, the dredge or the trawl vigorously employed, and frequent trials made with the fishing-gear best adapted to the circumstances.

The value of the information thus obtained is direct and pertinent. It gives the fisherman the precise position of a fishing-ground of the very existence of which he may formerly have been ignorant. The outlines are printed on a map, from which he learns its bearings from



DRAWN BY J.C. BEARD.

THE BOTTLE-FISH AND THE PELICAN-FISH.

ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

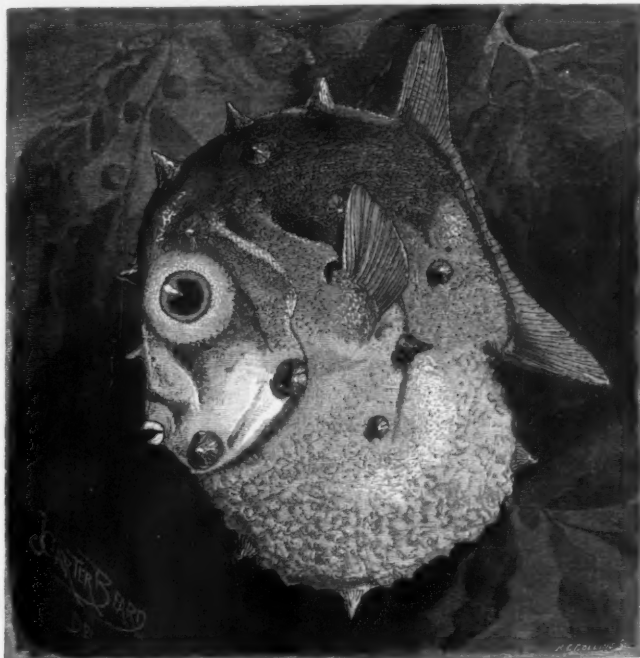
discovered by the fishermen. To achieve this object in a thoroughly comprehensive manner requires a detailed examination of the bottom over extensive regions. Lines of soundings, run near together, determine its character and the depth of water. The beam-trawl or the dredge makes known the richness of the life, and the food on which the fishes subsist; oftentimes the fishes themselves are taken by the same means. With hooks and lines, with the more effective cod-trawls, and with various forms of nets, a better knowledge is obtained of the presence and abundance of those fishes, and of the means to be suggested for their capture upon a commercial scale. As a matter of fact, the sounding-lead in the hands of an experienced sailor is, in many places, a comparatively good criterion of the value of the bottom, and by its constant use a large area may rapidly be eliminated from the field, as consisting of barren sand or soft, sticky mud, or as having too great a depth. As soon as a change for the better is perceived, efforts are at once redoubled to ascertain the peculiarities and in-

any given point, or its latitude and longitude. Instructed as to the species which resort to it, and their abundance, he has the means of determining for himself whether it warrants his attention, and, if the habitat of a rich growth of animals, he has the additional assurance that the ground is permanent, being frequented for feeding purposes. Many grounds, however, are at the surface, where the conditions are generally less uniform and the problems presented more difficult of solution, the fishes concerned being chiefly migratory in the widest sense. The study of these grounds has scarcely passed the experimental stage, and yet some good results have already been accomplished in respect to them.

The *Albatross* began her first work in April, 1883, and several months were spent in tracing the movements of the mackerel and menhaden, and in developing the tile-fish region south of Martha's Vineyard. During the three succeeding years she was almost continuously at sea, and her operations were extended from Newfoundland to South America. Two cruises were

made across the great eastern banks, the Bahama region was examined in a vain search for the winter home of certain pelagic food-fishes, and a hydrographic survey of the Caribbean Sea was successfully conducted in the interest of the navy. An appreciation of the value of these researches soon led to a demand for simi-

ing an extent of nearly forty degrees of latitude, the western coast-line presents a great diversity of climate, which is favorable to prolonged operations, and, notwithstanding that its hydrography was little known, the survey has been pushed ahead with great rapidity, and yet with greater thoroughness than any previous ex-



DRAWN BY J. C. BEARD.

JUVENILE SUNFISH.

ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

lar investigations on the Pacific side, and the importance of the latter was justly recognized. Certain changes in the machinery of the steamer, deemed necessary before sending her upon so long a voyage, delayed her transfer, however, until the autumn of 1887, a short time subsequent to Professor Baird's death.

It was May, 1888, when the *Albatross* reached San Francisco, and in the mean time the office of Commissioner of Fisheries had been conferred on Colonel Marshall McDonald, a distinguished assistant in the service. Although resolved to carry out the policy established by Professor Baird, it seemed to him expedient to institute some changes in the conduct of the scientific work, with the view of securing more immediate benefits for the practical fisheries. The plans drawn up for the future guidance of the *Albatross* accordingly restricted her inquiries almost entirely to the submerged continental platform, the seat of nearly all the "ground" fisheries, as above explained. Hav-

ploration of a similar kind. The area covered up to the present time amounts to over one hundred thousand square geographical miles, and includes the coast from San Diego to Vancouver Island, the submerged border south of the Alaskan peninsula, and the southeastern part of Bering Sea.

Investigations of the same character are illustrated by much of the early work of the commission, particularly on the New England coast. Of more recent date have been the explorations of the *Fish Hawk* on the tile-fish grounds and oyster-beds, and of the *Grampus* on the red-snapper banks of the Gulf of Mexico and in the mackerel region. The inquiry last mentioned has been one of the most interesting as well as difficult and puzzling studies that have yet been taken up. The mackerel and menhaden, together with other pelagic species, and the anadromous fishes, like the shad and salmon, are regulated in their movements by changes in the temperature of the water. The condi-



DRAWN BY J. C. BEARD.

SQUID AND DEVIL-FISH.

ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

tions which control the latter species in the rivers have been comparatively well determined, but such is not the case with the pelagic forms, whose distance from the shores generally prevents convenient access to their haunts. During nearly every season since her building the *Grampus* has followed the mackerel northward from their point of appearance on the coast, her cruise extending on one occasion as far as Labrador. Although making all the customary observations, as did the *Albatross* in the same field, they were naturally too remote from one another, too disconnected, to furnish a basis for deductions. In order, therefore, to ascertain with more exactness the laws of temperature in the body of water which these fishes traverse, the *Grampus* has spent three summers in studying this single problem, with every suitable appliance known to science, having the assistance also, during one season, of the coast-survey steamer *Blake*. Through a wide section of the sea, extending 150 miles off Martha's Vineyard and Block Island, parallel lines of stations have been run at intervals of ten miles in both directions. At each of these points the temperature and density were observed at many intermediate depths between the surface and the bottom, and the same was repeated as often as the season would allow. The results give numerous vertical sections through the water, which indicate the thickness and distribution of the different bands of temperature and currents, and show their variations from time to time. It now remains to determine their relations to the atmosphere

and to the bodies of moving fishes, and to ascertain if the migrations of the latter may thereby be predicted.

The deterioration of fishing-grounds, as previously described, is the subject which led primarily to the organization of the Fish Commission. The occurrence of a decrease is established by statistics, its causes and remedies are determined by scientific investigations, and its replenishment is accomplished by fish-culture or legislation. The first few volumes devoted to the annual operations of this service show how thoroughly the matter has been treated, and how applicable are the modern methods of research to problems of this kind. The causes may be due to natural or to human agencies, often readily observed; the remedies are more perplexing, and require the judicious consideration of many questions which the survey proper does not reveal. The manner of conducting the inquiries does not differ essentially from the study of new grounds, but necessitates a greater attention to details, including the fishery methods of the region, and has been limited chiefly to coastal waters and to the lakes and rivers.

Subsidiary to this problem is the study of the life-history of fishes from their earliest stages to mature age, and of their habits under all conditions. These studies are necessary, in order that efficient steps may be taken for the formation of new fishing-areas, and for the protection and improvement of those already known. Aside from their development, with which the embryologist has to deal, carrying

on his work at one of the stations of the commission, or at some other convenient point, there are many grave questions for consideration. It is well known that shad and salmon return with astonishing regularity to the rivers where they spawn. Many other useful fishes are landlocked or inhabit small streams; but how is it with those marine species which never leave the salt water? Within a few years it has been decided to attempt the restoration of the inshore fisheries for cod, once affording a profitable occupation, but now depleted nearly everywhere. Is it practicable to reestablish fishing-grounds where no defined boundaries exist, where the entire ocean is before them? The case varies with the species, and must be determined separately for each. All have their special habits, some favorable to human influences and others equally opposed to them. Certain bodies of the cod, spending their summers in the open sea, return each autumn to their chosen spawning- and feeding-grounds in shallow water, while others prefer the rocky shores at all seasons. To increase the numbers of either kind is to enlarge the schools which assemble periodically within the reach of the smaller fishing-boats, or live continuously at their mercy. This fact, first proved by observations of the adult fish, has been confirmed by the hatching work of five years past, the young, in countless multitudes, now filling every favored spot from Narragansett Bay to Maine. What is possible with the cod may be repeated with many other species, and has been done with some; but until their habits had been studied, it would have been a waste of time and money to undertake their breeding. It is still an open question as to whether the artificial propagation of either the mackerel or the menhaden could be carried on with profit, but the lobster is even more restricted in its movements than the cod, and the oyster may be brought entirely within control. Both of these species are good subjects for careful nursing, and both are receiving much attention.

Fishery legislation, whether applied to ex-

hausted or to prosperous grounds, should be based upon the principles which this inquiry has demonstrated, and fishery methods should be guided by its teachings. The older system, still generally prevailing, makes no provision for the future, and to its workings is chiefly due the present need of cultivation.

Another promising field in which a remarkable progress may be recorded is the transplanting of useful species, the formation of new fisheries. By this means a food-supply has been created in many regions, and its variety and abundance have been increased in others. To accomplish this successfully requires a knowledge of all the conditions natural to the fishes, and a thorough study of the waters where their planting is proposed. In the interest of this division, as of that relating to depletion, a systematic survey of the inland waters is now in progress. Every river-basin is made the subject of an exhaustive investigation, which discloses its physical characteristics, the different kinds of fishes—useful, predaceous, or otherwise—concerned in its economy, and the lower forms of life constituting the basis of the food-supply.

Science stands, therefore, between nature and the fisheries as a willing and helpful agent, powerful in its influence to promote the general good. From the experimental stage its progress has been gradual but decisive to the higher plane, where its benefits are no longer problematical. Whether in the discovery of new wealths or in the reparation of former industries, its services are acknowledged to be essential. It teaches the principles of fish-culture, and leads the way to proper legislation and judicious fishery methods. The policy so liberally supported in this country has no stronger advocates at present than the selfsame people who first taught Americans how to fish, but who are now content to follow in their footsteps. The warm indorsement of Berlin, in 1880, and of London in 1883, was a tribute fairly earned and well deserved by the honored founder of this service.

Richard Rathbun.



DRAWN BY W. TAPER.

A SLIPPER WITH SEA-ANEMONE.

CHARACTERISTICS.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D., AUTHOR OF "IN WAR TIME," ETC.

IX.



ON a quiet Sunday afternoon Vincent, St. Clair, and I were wandering in the park. St. Clair was amusing himself over Clayborne's peculiarities. "I wonder," he cried, "that he needs any friends, considering the many great and famous folks with whom he associates in his library. I think that his books are more real to him than are we. He even comes near to poetry when he talks of them. I know they affect him as they do but few. I declare to you, I can tell of an evening what kind of books he has been reading. You know he is capable of awful exercise in this way, and will read straight through a day play after play of the Greek dramatists, while dressing, and at meals, never leaving the house. I have known him to read all of Bossuet without pause, and when I asked him once what he had been doing the past week, he said he had gone through Bernal Diaz del Castillo (what a noble name!), Southey's "Brazil," and a beautiful tome, the size of a small house, about Peru, by one Garcilaso de la Vega. He showed it to me. It has horrible pictures of Incas burned alive. I tried the work on Brazil a few minutes. Alas!"

To this long discourse about our friend Vincent and I listened with much amusement as we strolled in perfect weather under the trees and along the west bank of the river in our great city park.

The park, clotted with groups of happy people enjoying the quiet and the green stillness of the trees, was yet so vast as in nowise to trouble us by their number, or to take away from the pleasant sense of ownership we have in our many-acred domain.

Said Vincent presently, "And you think, my dear fellow, you can tell what literary society Clayborne has been keeping?"

"Oh, I can; indeed, I can, sometimes. One evening (it was a month ago) he had very fine manners. He has n't very good manners usually, but this time he quite reminded me of—well, of you, Vincent."

"Oh, really," said our friend; "of me?"

"Yes; and it turned out that he had been, as one might say, to call on Mme. de Sévigné,

and had met Beaumarchais rather later, and La Rochefoucauld. He hates poetry,—all modern verse at least,—or I would lend him my Villon, just to see what a delightful scamp he would come to be for an evening."

"It is a wonder that he can endure you at all," said I. "Nothing annoys him more than vain questions, as he calls them; and for a fact, St. Clair, you have a distinct capacity in that line."

"I know it. He does n't mind telling me. He says I am like an intelligent child; that I come, like Hamlet's papa, in questionable shape; and such other felicities of abuse."

Much amused, I glanced from him to Vincent's face of sympathetic mirth. The poet had a look of childlike joy at the remembrance of being looked upon by Clayborne as a troublesome infant. He had what Vincent called an instinctive nature, and the world seemed to teach him no lessons, and experience to fail as a schoolmaster. Yet, on the whole, I think he was of us all the most happy.

I never saw any one quite like him in the infantile way in which he could be influenced for the time by his associations; and in bad society he had been known to be very naughty. But this neither lasted very long, nor affected him in a permanent manner; and with us he was ever at his best, which to me at least, and to Vincent, was always better than the best of most able men, for in his double way of sculptor and poet he was distinctly a man of genius.

Evidently both Vincent and I were at one and the same time thinking, with our companion as a text, for the former said presently:

"Your notion about Clayborne is very amusing."

"And just what do you mean?"

"Oh, what you said of Clayborne. I was thinking about it. Your statement of the peculiarity was—well, rather poetical, and yet measurably true. The intercourse of men does not influence his ways or conduct, but the quality of the books he has been reading does appear in his thought and manner."

"Is it not," said I, "an instance of the automatic imitativeness one observes as so variously influential in life? It is men who thus affect me. If I am with a man of noble manners, I too become stately in my fashions for the hour; and with rough-mannered men I find I must be on my guard."

"Yes; I know that—I know that," returned St. Clair, ruefully.

"Great genius," said I, "perhaps only the greatest, escapes the influence of this animal quality of imitativeness; but you can still see it in the youth of the poets, and sometimes even later. I should like to see an essay on the 'Relations of the Poet to Poets.' They are nearly all ignorantly, or of purpose, imitative in their early verse."

"But is it not interesting, too," returned St. Clair, "to notice how the individuality of the man may still exist with unconscious imitation? I wonder if Wordsworth knew how much of Scott got into his splendid ballad of 'The Feast of Brougham Castle'; and yet there are lines in it which only Wordsworth could have written."

"And," said I, "is n't there a ring of Byron's vigorous march of verse in those lines I love so well, 'Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed'?"

"The same tendency to borrow form or matter is in the early compositions of the great musicians," remarked St. Clair. "At least, so I am told."

"It is very human, no doubt," I returned; "and of course one sees it intensified to morbidness in disease—in hysteria, and in rare cases of insanity, where a man repeats automatically the words he hears, or the gestures of the man at whom he chances to be looking."

"Are there really such cases?" Vincent asked.

"Yes; I have caught even myself repeating unconsciously the facial spasm of a man I was intensely watching. The subject of hypnotism is very apt to be the victim of suggestion, and to have set free that imitative instinct which we usually keep under control. In fact, these cases are often the mere sport of varied forms of suggestion. If, without other hint, you pinch together the frontal muscles of one of these sleepers, so as to imitate the facial expression of a frown, he will at once become angry, perhaps furiously so, and swear, or strike a blow. If you make his cheek-lines assume the curves of mirth, this suggests amusement, and he roars with laughter. He is delicately susceptible to the hint, and responds at once."

"Then, probably," said Vincent, "to allow our features to assume the first slight expression of passion is a step toward failure of self-control, because what is true of the morbid in a high degree must be true in a measure of the wholesome."

"Yes; one sees that in emotional people. The yielding to tears is the first step down a bad staircase, where, soon or late, serious trouble from loss of moral balance awaits the feeble."

"And to yield," said Vincent, "is to make

at last a habit. Repeated resistance to the slightest physical expressions of emotion must end in making self-control easy."

"Yes; that is true. It is the constant lesson we have, as doctors, to teach the hysterical. They are always in danger of being trampled on by their emotions. They can take no risks. For them even excess of mirth is dangerous. What the children call a 'gale of laughter' ends abruptly in an explosion of tears, and then the brakes are off, and away they go."

"Pathos is the very shadow of humor," returned Vincent. "We all know that, and yet the grave begets the gay more surely than the reverse occurs. It seems curious that the expressions of the two states should in nervous people reverse the rule of succession. I mean that these should tend more readily to pass from mirth to tears."

"That is not accurately correct," I said. "Tears with them beget laughter, and the opposite is also true."

"You men are getting out of my depth," cried St. Clair. "I hate self-control except in other people. It creates habits, and I loathe them. The only habit I have is the habit of having no habit; one inherits too many as it is. There is a nice story in that big book on Brazil; it is the only thing I got out of it. It will answer to kill your large talk. An ancient Indian convert of the Jesuits, at Para, was sick to death, and being asked by the good padre what delicacies he would like to comfort him on his way to purgatory, said, 'I should like the tender hand of a Tapuya boy, well broiled.'"

"Certainly it illustrates the permanence of original habits," said Vincent, laughing. "But habit —"

"Oh, don't begin again," cried St. Clair, who professed to detest psychological talk. "Look at what you are missing."

"You are right," returned Vincent. "'Your solid man sees not the sky.' Is n't that Emerson?"

"Yes," said St. Clair; "and his is also, 'Show me thy face, dear Nature, that I may forget my own.' That is what this is good for."

As he spoke, he led us through a hedge of underbrush, and we came out on a green space with groups of stately tulip-trees and oaks. A little beyond them a marble-paved spring welcomed us. Overhead were maples of great size and breadth of wholesome leafage. Their roots were peeping out in white fibrous bunches into the half-choked spring, alongside of which St. Clair threw himself at length, while Vincent and I sat down on the grass at a little distance. For a while we said nothing. The clouds mottled the sunshine on the woods and turf as they sailed overhead, and the waters,

finding a voice with their new birth, troublously whirled around the stone-built pool, and gurgled out through an irregular latticework of roots, murmuring more and more noisily as they tumbled down the slope.

Meanwhile I watched our poet's face. His cap was off, and below the crown of brown half curls his face expressed in its varying lines a sense of the joy he felt. I knew that he was more near akin to it all than we.

As I looked, Vincent called my attention to a tree near by, and, rising, for a few minutes we wandered away. As we returned, I touched Vincent's arm, and we stood silently observant. St. Clair lay on his back beside the spring, dabbling in it with his hand, his head against the rising bank of turf. I had seen him in such a mood before. He was improvising. Quite unconscious of our presence, he broke out into verse, and then fell away to prose again, or let fall a rime.

"I see it, I hear it; a fawn I be, and this is my playmate, new-born like me. A fawn on the hillside, a brooklet is he. How the water finds a voice, and warbles meaningless things; sobs and cries like an infant just born! I break the clear mirror, I prance in the stream; I laugh with its laughter, I dream with its dream. It does not wait for me, my new playmate. It is off and away: past rocks we go, twin-leaping things, until at the cliff-verge I see it spring from the edge. I dare not to follow the curve of its leap. I hear its wild cry. Is it dead or asleep? 'Mid the ferns far below lies a quiet smoothness, so still, ah, so still! Are you dead, pleasant comrade? Then with fear I go down, with my sharp ears intent, until far away on the grass-slopes I find my little friend. I see it trickle out of the rocks in jets, and remake itself again, and go athwart the slope, joyously tossing the grasses on its way. Then I know that my new-born friend can take no harm, and is as the gods—immortal."

"Is this the way they make verse?" whispered Vincent.

We need not have feared to disturb him. St. Clair was at times more simple than a child with its mother. He turned, in nowise embarrassed. The mood of wrapt, fanciful thought was gone, and, sitting up, he said pleasantly, "Ah, you heard me. By Zeus! but a fawn I was for the moment." Meanwhile Vincent looked on, in his face a faint expression of withheld surprise at the naturalness of the man.

"Were I you, I would carve me a new-born fawn by the just-born fountain," said I, "and put your mood in verse on the rock near by."

"I could not," cried St. Clair; "I could not. The song is gone. To sing it anew, I should have to recapture the mood, and that is impossible.

"I heard a bird in the air above
Sing, as he flew, a song of love.
To earth, from heaven overhead,
All the soul of love it said;
But the bird is gone, the song is dead,
And heaven is empty overhead.
If I were the bird, or the song were I,
I may not know until I die,
And somewhere in the world to be,
Chant again, with soul set free,
Its rapture of felicity."

"Whose is that?" said I.

"Mine. I made it for you now as it came. I like it; I shall not to-morrow. Do you like it, Vincent?"

"My dear fellow, I have been shaking myself up inwardly like a kaleidoscope to see if I could get my confused mental atoms, by happy chance, into some form of sympathy with you and yours. I cannot."

"And," said the joyous face looking up at him, "it seems to you nonsense. Does n't it, now?"

"Not that, not just that, but incredible, curious; and, frankly, I do not care about it as a product. I see it gives you and others pleasure. It gives me little. Sometimes I like the verses which jingle agreeably."

"O Vincent! Well—"

"Yes; I suppose rime is the sugar of verse, but I soon find it is only the sugar I am liking, and at the end I can't tell what it all meant."

"He has been reading Swinburne," cried St. Clair. "A wild debauch of rime and rhythms, and the sense gets seasick on a rolling ocean of rhythmic billows. I hate him. You like Owen Meredith. I know it; I am sure," he added, with mild scorn.

"Well, yes," said Vincent, smiling. "I do—sometimes—a little—not much."

"It is a demi-mundane creature, not a poet at all."

"I can read Milton and Browning—some of him—and Pope," said Vincent, defensively.

"And the greatest—what of them?" said I.

"We may as well know all your wickedness."

"Oh, those. Those are the revelations. 'The gods who speak in men.'"

"And Wordsworth?" said St. Clair, wistfully, and as if he were tenderly mentioning some well-loved woman. "Out with it!"

"And Wordsworth?" repeated Vincent. "Do not fear that I shall be so commonplace as to sneer at him. Yes; I can read him. But how was it that he could fly to-day and crawl to-morrow—never seemed to know if he were in heaven or of the merest earth? Tell me why so many poets lack power to criticize their own work, and yet the making of it presupposes critical labor soon or late. The poem you began to quote from Wordsworth the other day

I had never chanced upon. I went home, and read and learned it. The first two verses I care less for, but the last is like a storm for vigor, like a trumpet for power to stir you; and yet I do not see them in any of the volumes of selections."

"Say them," said St. Clair.

"I can. You of course know them; they record the fate of the French armies in Russia.

"Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed,
But fleetier far the pinions of the wind,
Which from Siberian caves the monarch freed,
And sent him forth, with squadrons of his kind,
And bade the snow their ample backs bestride,
And to the battle ride.
No pitying voice commands a halt,
No courage can repel the dire assault;
Distracted, spiritless, benumbed, and blind,
Whole legions sink—and, in one instant, find
Burial and death: Look for them—and descry,
When morn returns, beneath the clear blue sky,
A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy.

How the first line tramps through one's brain, and how solemn is the silence in which the ending leaves you! Pardon me, St. Clair, if again I am stupid enough to wonder how he who struck this note could—"

"No, no, Fred!" exclaimed the poet. "The children of the brain are like the children of the body. You say that is a fine lad, and how crooked is his sister. Do you think the father feels responsible?"

"Ah, my dear St. Clair, illustrations are full of peril. Verse has no grandfathers, and, really, I think some of your master's acknowledged offspring might have been left at his doorstep in a basket by—by—"

"Now, take care!" laughed St. Clair.

"Well, by some Muse of easy virtue."

The poet laughed, and then said thoughtfully: "The answer lies here. All the great poets have written much. That is as if you were to say that you or I talk much. Verse is their natural mode of expression, and there being in many of them a childlike despotism of temperament which the world cannot subdue, they sing what they feel, or think, or desire. That is all of it, Vincent—or one word more. This must result in the product being often poor. But then a time comes when health, joy, opportunity, suggestion, nourish the prosperous hour, and something great is done."

"But," urged Vincent, "why cannot they, like other men, see where and how they have failed, and then suppress for us the mass of stuff they leave us?"

"Let me answer him," said I. "For the lover of verse there is less of this than you think, and among the worst products of the best men there are lines one would not lose. This is true even of the lesser poets—Crabbe, Somerville.

I should be glad to have written those lines on a good physician,

"And well he knew to understand
The poor man's cry as God's command.

Yet, who reads Somerville?"

"Remember, too," said St. Clair, "that self-criticism is a thing in its fullness impossible. A man would have to forget and live again. The poem is, for the writer, a thing made up of the poem and the remembrance of all that went to form it—the joy, the pain, and what not. It has for him the delightfulness the new-born child has for the mother. A poet once said to me, 'I make my poems swiftly, when in the mood, and afterward, except as to minor verbal changes, am about as helplessly uncritical as is a bird of its song. Always my last is for me my best, and then in a year I cease to love it. But, surely, as nurses say, my last poem puts out of joint the noses of all the rest.'"

"I have not heard that bit of nursery-talk since I was a boy," said Vincent. "It is more meaningless than most of our childish folk-lore. But you have not answered me; you have only restated the facts."

"I think I have answered you," said St. Clair; "and you must remember that what another says of a poet's verse (however just the comment) is to the poet as mere babble. And then, too, the great critics are more rare than the great poets, which is curious to me, but I think true."

"Some one should write the history of criticism," said Vincent.

"Do you know Dallas—"The Gay Art"?"

"No, or rather yes; it is an unreadable book, despite its learning. Even Clayborne could hardly stand a full dose of it. I read a goodly part of it with wonder and fatigue."

"I doubt," said St. Clair, "if any man who writes were ever the better for the critics—I mean as a writer."

"That appears to me absurd," said Vincent. "A good course of Sainte-Beuve might make you believe that such a thing should be possible, unless all men who write are idiots."

"But in this country," I urged, "we have only one critic worth the name, and he has no ear except for the past.¹ Yes; we could give up one half of our authors for a critic like the author of the 'Causeries du Lundi.' Come, let us go. Come." And we moved through the field and into a noble woodland.

"Look at that creeper," said St. Clair. "An English friend wrote me last year to ask what I meant by

"Autumn vines
Ablaze within the somber pines."

¹ And now, alas! since these lines were written, he, too, belongs to the past.

"And pretty hard it must be on the Canadian poets," laughed Vincent, "that along the rivers of New Brunswick the wild rose has no thorns. There is the frog-pond below us. Just hear them; they speak all the tongues. The American boy calls them 'bloody nouns.' Do they say that?"

"They do," said I, "and anything else you please. I wonder what Russian frogs say; the Greek frog is immortal. I once fell in with some ex-rebel brigadiers in North Carolina, and, among other good things, I carried away one delightful frog story. I wish I could give it the flavor of the very pleasant Southern tongue.

"The Yankee soldier, settled in Roanoke Island after the war, complains of his fate.

"No, sir; I don't git on, I'm that bothered. I don't mind bein' shot at—used to that; and I don't mind cussin'—cusses is soft sort of things. But when a fellow 's tired 'bout sun-down, and ye gits seated on a smooth-topped fence-rail, and tucks yer toes under the third rail, and lights yer corn-cob pipe, and is just comfortable, and ye git to thinkin' of the ole home and the apple-orchard and bees—then them thar derved grayback frogs commences. And one of 'em he says, 'Bull Run!' and another he says, 'Ball's Bluff!' and at las' one little cuss gits up on his toes 'way out in the ma'sh, and he says, 'Cheeckahominy!' I can't stand them there frogs. I'm jus' goin' to leave.'"

"The story is rapidly improving under your hands," said Vincent.

"For shame," I returned. "What ingratitude!"

"Odd, is n't it," said St. Clair, "that every one has a kind of tender feeling for frogs, and worse than none for toads?"

"I admit it," said I. "I loathe toads. As a fact, they secrete from the skin-glands an acrid and quite deadly poison; if for defense or not, I cannot say. But come, it is getting late."

"One moment," said Vincent. "Before we go, do look at these trees. Really, there are few such collections of unusual trees. These cypresses are old friends of mine; this must be their northern limit."

"Of course they are not natives," I said. "And they have lost their southern habit of sending up little conical shoots from the roots—what they call 'knees' in the South—a puzzle to the botanists."

"Probably want of moisture has to do with their absence here, because our monumental cypress at Bartram's garden in wet ground has numberless knees. Only a few miles from here stands the most northern papaw-tree."

"Do you remember," I said to Vincent,

"that it was under that great cypress you and I first met?"

"I do, and pleasantly well I remember. We were only lads then. You were looking up at its vast branchings with your hat off. You uncovered as you approached it."

"It is a feeling I often have that I must uncover to a tree like that. I have always felt grateful to the sturdy old fellow who silently introduced us to each other."

"That's rather nice," said St. Clair. "About trees we are all of a mind. I wonder there never was a tree worship."

"And," I added, "what various pleasure one gets out of them, how many kinds of joy."

"I have said before," remarked Vincent, "where my own limitations lie. My pleasure is in simple observation. When people talk of books which influenced them, I gratefully think that it was Ruskin who taught me what to see, how to see, and the happiness of it. Then I would come to a place where he spread wings of a larger delight, and left me sighing."

"One should train children to see," I said; "really to see. What is to be had in the way of enjoyment out of the trained powers of the naturalist none know who are not familiar with the higher grade of such students."

"And that I can more easily comprehend," returned Vincent.

"You ought to know Leidy,"¹ I said. "You remember my speaking once of his memory for specific names. As were Agassiz and Wyman, so is he to-day a delightful companion. He would stand here and call by name every living thing, and the stones beneath your feet also. Turn over a bit of rock, and as the queer tiny menagerie of its sheltered life scuttles out, he knows them one and all—their lives, their marriages, what they eat, their ways, their deaths, a hundred little dramas of this swarming vitality. And then the knowledge is all so easily given, with so much placid enjoyment, with such childlike directness, and yet with but little sense of the deeper poetic relationships which they bring to a rare few. He has the morale of the best naturalists—simplicity, earnestness, and magnanimity. To help others to observe is his greatest joy, and, my dear St. Clair, he does not really care a sixpence for all the poetry from Homer to Longfellow."

"Poor fellow," said the sculptor. "If that is where science takes a man, leave me to my folly."

"Happy man!" said Vincent. "Come, the dew is falling; let us go."

"The dew is condensing on the chilled earth, Mr. Philosopher," I said. "It only falls for poets."

"Come," said St. Clair; "I am tired."

¹ This greatest of our naturalists is since dead.

After this the talk died out, and in the shadows we wandered along the river-bank until the lights of the town appeared in lanes of red on the water and in a broad glow of luminous reflection from the sky above.

X.

SOMETIMES it happened that I saw often one or another of the three men I called friends. Vincent and I were both busy. St. Clair was at times invisible for days; was shut up with statues, or away alone on the hills or by the sea. He used to say: "Every man has need at times of a monastic life. If he cannot make one for himself, he must be a poor creature. If I were married, I should desire divorce for six months in each year."

As to Clayborne, he was always accessible, and, as I have said, Vincent alone was married. I myself had had in earlier life a great trouble. For months it had left me like one who has been near to death, and escaped. In fact, it came close to being the foolish death of all tender sentiment, of all respect for women. From this I had the wholesome logical recoil brought about by the tremendous business called war. It saved me from a fate worse than its bullets prepared for me. That Vincent and his wife knew my story helped to increase my intimacy with him. We, too, were also of the busy world of men and affairs, in which St. Clair and Clayborne had no share, the one being indifferent, the other mildly scornful. None of us were what I call ordinary men; and, indeed, Vincent used to say that, to complete our group, we needed some merely good fellow, who would represent the commonplace and commercial aspects of every-day life.

I called one morning upon Vincent on my way to the hospital. He came down to his library at once, and made me welcome with the cordiality which has so much value in a man by habit reserved and tranquil.

"Ah," said he, "since you have been away our poor iron-worker is able to move about on crutches, and is going to make a little money out of his patent. St. Clair is anywhere. As to Clayborne, he is just now writing like mad. Some fellow in Berlin says he has made grave errors in facts in that last book. You should see him; you would think the man had physically insulted him."

"And the good wife?" I said.

"Oh, well; and, by George! North, she has another young woman in training for you. Look out. It will be the woman you take in to dinner the first time you dine here."

"Who feels the warmth escapes the fire." Come in to-night; I have an ocean of talk dammed up for you. Come late."

"I will. I meant to see you on a professional matter; it will keep until then."

As we went through the hall, Mrs. Vincent appeared on the stair. "How lucky to catch you! How well you look! Come and dine on Friday night. You need not think about it. I say yes for you; it is settled."

Vincent smiled.

I said, "It were useless to hesitate over so implacable a fate," and went away.

That evening, late, I sat in what the American doctor calls his office, but which was for me rather a library, as the many tools my work required were kept out of view in another room. I had none of Clayborne's desire to be walled in with books. The few I loved best, a couple of hundred, were on one wall in low shelves. Another case was full of dictionaries (of which I am fond), and the walls were covered above with pictures, prints, etchings, and the hundred memorials of a life of war, travel, and varied tastes and interests.

"I want at least an hour," said Vincent, as he entered.

"Then give me first ten minutes, Fred," I said. "I have some notes to answer. I can write and talk, too, in a way."

I gave such orders as would leave us undisturbed, and went on with my work, while Vincent, putting a portfolio on the table, took a cigar and wandered about the room.

"If you really do not mind my talking—"

"Oh, no; not in the least."

"Well, if I say anything worth answering you may reply or not. You have been shifting your pictures, I see. We both have that fancy for rearrangement. I like to prowl about a man's living-room; there is a sense of animal freedom in the name he gives it,—a den,—and yours is full of the bones of things past. Few women get much character into their rooms. The very derivation of the name they bear is unamiable. I could tell that you have the taste of the savage for pronounced color, and for disorder, too."

"Go on," I said, laughing. "I shall presently have my whole biography evolved out of my surroundings. I simply loathe the precision of that table of yours."

"Yes," said Vincent; "no doubt. It would annoy me to have it otherwise, and I prefer to pamper my own feelings rather than at their cost to coddle my friend's sentiments. I am naturally selfish."

"Cold and indifferent," I went on.

"So says the world; but, really, I do not think I am. I am as tender inside as a crab, and sometimes I get into the soft-shell state, and then alas! But as for you," he added, "it is quite true that your room is characteristic, at least of your tastes—even of your sentiments."

Your table represents order amidst appearance of disorder. I should say you had trained yourself to be methodical from absolute need to be so. Also you are a hero-worshiper."

"Am I? I could wish it were more common. But," I added, dropping my pen, "I have done. You have not yet noticed the new bronze of one of my heroes." I directed his attention to a mask of Lincoln.

He stood a moment regarding it with interest. "Curious, that," he remarked. "The side face smiles; there is humor in it. That is an immense help in a serious life. It is the gentlest and wisest of critics. And the full face is grave and homely."

"Do you see any resemblance to the masks of Cromwell?"

"Faintly. And to Luther, who resembled Lincoln strongly in some ways; but the German face was coarser."

"To Lincoln," I said, "humor was both sword and shield; and yet he escaped that evil influence which for some who possess it largely makes men like Greeley absurd, or too ridiculous for charitable treatment."

"It seems to me to have been intellectually helpful to the man. Certainly it aided him to understand a people who are at once the gravest on earth and the most humorous."

"I suspect," said I, "that it plays a larger part on the stage of life, even of the largest lives, than men suppose, and, assuredly, it is a quality which asserts itself even when death is near. Its absence is fatal to some careers."

"There is none of it in this other hero of yours—in his face, at least," returned Vincent, turning to look at a noble portrait of William Harvey.

"Not in the face," I said, "nor in his life as we knew it until quite lately. But in his notes for lectures on anatomy, just published, there is plenty of it. Very early in his career, not remote from the date of Shakspeare's death, he must have been pretty surely aware of the true doctrine of the circulation of the blood, but, although he discussed it for his class, he waited many years before he put it into print. Imagine such reticent patience in these noisy days of hurry and scramble to get the last novelty into print, lest it should be found out and made public by some one else. Haste does not belong to genius. That has the patience which seems to have been assigned by nature to all forms of the creative faculty. For the gods, and for genius, time is not."

"How un-English the face is," said Vincent. "The type is that of a New England professor. The hands are badly drawn."

"No; that is the gout. The painter knew better than to manufacture hands for him. You

are right in the belief that he is one of my heroes. He had every quality I should desire. He was grave, but humorous; gentle, but courageous; magnanimous, truthful, patient, and religious; and, above all, simple. I said he had humor. Some idiots have been saying of late that Bacon wrote Shakspeare's plays. One point settled it for me. Humor is a light no man can hide. Bacon has none of it, and it is everywhere in Shakspeare."

"The point," said Vincent, "as we lawyers put it, is well taken."

"Here are Harvey's lecture notes," I went on. "The other day I reread his life by Willis. Unluckily, we know little of him, and grave text-books of science give small chance for play of humorous thought; but in these notes we catch him in a familiar hour. See how crabbed is the English hand of that day. The notes, you see, are a medley of Latin and English. He has set down headings and hints for illustrations. The humor is quaint. An acid taste rising from the stomach into the mouth reminds him of a motion from the Lower to the Upper House of Parliament—'*ventris inferni*' (nasty), he says 'yett recompensed by admiry' (admirable variety). The brain is the parlor, the stomach the kitchen, and so on. But what is it you want, Fred?"

"I want a little professional help. Last week a woman came to consult me, a slight, tall person, remarkably graceful, rather pretty, and, I may say, well-bred—a lady. She said that the case she wished to lay before me was of a criminal nature. I replied that I did not practise in the courts of criminal law.

"She returned at once, 'No, I was aware of that; but I need a gentleman, a man of my own class, and, above all, one capable of imagining as possible what seems to most men incredible.'"

"I said at once, 'Sit down.' Her evident intelligence, her calmness of statement, and her pretty manners excited my sympathy. I begged her to go on. She was a better witness than most, but her story was a long one. I have condensed it into a few pages. I will read them. Make your comments, or, better, note them for discussion afterward.

"Seven years ago J. C—, aged thirty, married a woman of twenty in a Western city. She was rich, very rich, I may say, and in person as I described her.

"J. C—, a man of refined and scholarly tastes, a student of Oriental languages, failed in business soon after their marriage. She induced him to retire to the country, where they possessed, on a Western lake, a charming home. He was a man without other than mere intellectual tastes, slight, but healthy; refined, gentle, and of a temper generally gay. At times,

but rarely, he was subject to depression, and was never happy away from his wife and only child. In youth he had been a sleep-walker. His father died early of palsy. The father was an only child."

"A neurotic family," I said, "and two generations of one child each. Some element of weakness. Go on."

"One year ago she received a check for twenty thousand dollars, the amount of a mortgage paid off. She indorsed it over to him to enable him to arrange, in a city near by, for the payment of the only business debt he had left, and, very happy at the promised release, he left her.

"On his arrival at M——, he wrote her that he had never been more glad, and that he was about to be rid of the one burden which had troubled a life otherwise entirely happy. From that day until a month back, he was never heard of. He drew the money from the bank, paid no one, was known to have taken an Eastern-bound train, and that was all.

"The woman's distress of mind was evident to me, but she had all of that self-control which belongs to the thoroughbred woman, and, despite her distress, was clear and exact in her statements. By and by it became only too plain that she was a deserted wife. The detectives, whom at last she employed, traced him to this city, and here lost the clue. He was gone. The case got into the papers, and was a nine-day wonder.

"Meanwhile, two months passed, and Mrs. C——, having paid his debts in full, came hither to live, with some vague hope of finding him; and now comes the second and more curious part of her story. It is almost as incredible as anything in fiction.

"After living here until July, and exhausting the powers of the police, she went one day to the post-office to ask for a letter which had been underpaid. At the general-delivery window the clerk was running over a bundle of letters, and, as she waited, threw them one by one on the window-shelf. Suddenly the handwriting on a letter caught Mrs. C——'s eye. She said, 'Is not that a letter for me?' The man said, 'Which? What letter?'

"'Oh, the last but one you threw down.'

"'Your name is?'

"She mentioned it.

"He returned, 'There is no such name in this lot.'

"She turned away, went at once to the office of the postmaster, and, simply telling her story, said she had recognized her husband's handwriting in the address of a letter. The official declined to allow her to inspect the letters. But at last she so satisfied him as to herself and her object that he sent for the clerk, and allowed

him to run over the letters in question while she looked on.

"Presently she said, 'There! He wrote that address.' It was Mrs. Louis Wilson, No. 422 Blank street. The official of course declined to do more; nor did she insist, being clear-headed enough to be satisfied with the clue. Then she went back to her detectives, and in a week or two knew all that there was to know. Here is the report.

"Six months ago a man took a small house—No. 422 Blank street. He was presumed to be married. The man was roughly dressed and careless in person; had some business occupation as a clerk in a dry-goods house; known there as a good worker and punctual, but slovenly as to dress, and unpopular by reason of an abrupt temper and general lack of social qualities. Traced back to a small hotel where he had once lived. Was believed to have married one of the maids—a rough, good-natured, common woman older than he; was now on a week's vacation at the shore. Name, Louis Wilson. Home habits of life unknown. Might drink at times, as he occasionally frequented a tavern near by.

"After this Mrs. C—— easily contrived to see the man. She is sure it is her husband. Her own force and intelligence are shown by the fact that she did not speak to him, and it is certain that there is some mystery back of it all. Lastly, she comes to me."

"Well," said I.

"Oh, I could, of course, fasten on him; prove bigamy; punish him; free her; or pay off the woman in possession. By the way, he is certainly married; that I learned to-day. As against either course there is much to be urged, and to neither course does Mrs. C—— consent."

"And what does she want?"

"Nothing yet. She insists that the whole affair is incredible under any assumption of sanity on the part of C——. How does it look to you?"

"If all she says be true, the man is not insane."

"No. I have seen his employer; you know him, I fancy. I was able to learn from him all I wanted to hear without alarming the man C——. He is unsocial and even morose; ill dressed, even uncleanly, so that he has been told that he must be neater. He is said to be clear-headed, punctual, and accurate."

"All that might be, and yet he might have left her under some delusion of which there had been no warning."

"Well, it seems unlikely, and, let me add, Mrs. C——'s people I find are known to me. You may rest assured as to her intelligent truthfulness, and even as to her accuracy. I

wired Mr. R——, in M——, and now know all about her. What do you think? and is it a case for a doctor? I myself am secure only as to this not being an example of mere vulgar desertion."

"No; there we are at one."

"Mr. S——, his employer, has arranged to send C—— to me with a letter to-morrow at eleven; Mr. C—— to wait for an answer. Could you meet us?"

"Yes; I should like to. Let us adjourn further consideration of the matter until then."

The next day I was talking to Vincent when Mr. C—— came in. Vincent said to me, "Sit down, Doctor, please, until I answer this note." While he wrote I studied C——. He was dressed carelessly; cuffs and collar soiled; hair unkempt; nails uncared for. Nevertheless, his facial lines were refined, if not strong, and both hands and feet were of delicate make. He sat in quiet, apparently a stolid, indifferent man.

At last Vincent looked up as he inclosed his reply, and said: "I have asked Mr. S—— to name a man who can do accurately a large amount of copying from notes of testimony. It needs care to decipher two or three bad hand-writings. Once in clear shape, I can have it type-written. He says you can do it."

"Yes, I can; but I am slow. I could take it home. I would be glad to do it."

As C—— spoke I observed that it was with slowness and as if unsure of his words.

Vincent went on, "Will you let me see your writing?"

"I will bring some to-morrow. I write slowly."

"You speak a little like a foreigner." And then carelessly, "Where were you born?"

C—— looked at him, hesitated a moment, and said, "I don't know."

"None of us do," returned Vincent in his gentlest manner. "But where were you brought up? Are you an American?"

"I do not know; I kind of don't know. I must have been sick; I don't remember rightly."

The language and the tones were unrefined. Evident embarrassment was in the speaker's face, and he moved uneasily.

"Try to think," said Vincent, kindly. "When one employs a man, it is desirable to know a little about him."

"Yes, sir; I see"; and he was silent.

"Where does your memory fail you?"

"About seven months ago."

"And before that all is a blank," said I, abruptly.

C—— turned to answer me, troubled as I could see, but with no sign of alarm or anger.

"Yes; I think that is it. I don't go back any more than if I was born seven months ago. I

can't make it out; sometimes I am unhappy about it."

"Could you tell how you got here?"

"Yes; on the railroad from M——."

"Could you write and read when you came hither?"

"That is a strange question, sir. I could speak. I speak badly. I must have been sick. I speak better now. I could not write my name in the hotel book. The clerk said that was queer, but I told him my name. He wrote it. In a few weeks I tried to write; at first I wrote from right to left, but I learned soon. I must have had a fever."

As he spoke, he became less disturbed and more interested. Then pausing, he added, "Why do you ask me? It quite bothers me."

Ignoring his query, I went on. "You came hither from M——, you say. Did you ever know a Mr. J. C——? You quite resemble him."

"No; never heard of such a man."

"An Oriental scholar. Student of Sanskrit, and so on."

"What 's Sanskrit?" he replied. "Never heard of that either."

At this moment Vincent rose, with a glance at me, and saying, "Wait a moment, Mr. Wilson, I will get a few pages of the notes. You may copy them, and let me see to-morrow how you get on. Then we can arrange as to terms."

So saying, he passed us and went into the outer room; was gone a minute or two and returned, followed by Mrs. C——. Her dignity of carriage and extraordinary calmness overwhelmed me with amazement. She looked at C——, flushed, and, drawing back a chair, as women do when about to sit down, adjusted her skirts, and took a seat.

I instantly turned to watch C——. Not a sign betrayed memory of the woman.

"Mrs. C——," said Vincent, "my friend Doctor North." I bowed. "Mrs. C——'s difficulty I have already mentioned," continued Vincent. "She has as yet no news of her husband, and, by the way, Mr. Wilson here is a Western man, Mrs. C——. I ventured on the mere chance of a clue to ask him if he ever heard of Mr. C——. I think you said no."

"Never heard of any such man."

I saw a change go over the woman's face; it was almost too severe a trial. The muscles of her chin twitched. She was silent for a moment, and then said, with evident effort, "You look like Mr. C——"; and, rising, "you might be he. I am his wife."

The clerk smiled. "Well, I am Louis Wilson, and have a wife of my own."

I saw Vincent touch his lips with his finger

as she turned toward him. At once her remarkable self-control asserted itself.

"Excuse me," she said; "I must go. Pray send me the title-deeds, Mr. Vincent. I really must go. Good morning," and went out.

"My clerk has the notes ready, Mr. Wilson," said Vincent; "you need not wait here—in the outer room, please." And then the lawyer and I were alone. "What now?" said he.

"It is a case of what is called double consciousness. This man abruptly lost all memory of his life and its events—that is, of people, of things, not of words; probably of all written signs. Most habits must have remained, but as to this we do not know. The intellect was not altered. He was able rapidly to reacquire a new store of guiding, useful remembrances, and to learn to write. In a case I know of there was this same tendency to write to the left."

"He knew Hebrew; did it not come from that?"

"No," I said. "The other case was that of a half-educated country girl."

"When," returned Vincent, "he came to the H—— House here, he was like a rough, ignorant child, and was alarmed when addressed by a stranger. The chambermaid said he must have been ill. After a while she learned that he had money. He seemed able to count it, but for a long while could not understand what a bank was. The landlord, an honest German, took an interest in him, and finally induced him to deposit the money in a bank. His intellectual appreciation of things returned with great rapidity, and now you see what he is."

"Yes; it seems incredible. These cases are rarely seen in their abnormal state; that is the difficulty. Of this I am sure, the loss of memory of people, of animals, of places, is absolute; of language the loss is incomplete; of writing, entire. But the reacquired writing is identical as to the forms of the letters with what has been lost; you will be able to verify that with ease. Strangest of all is the change of character, of tastes, of manners. In one instance a sad, morbidly religious person became gay, vivacious, ignorant of religion, fond of jokes, and at last wrote queer doggerel verses, and for years oscillated from one state to the other; ignorant in state *A* of all that belonged to or had been learned in state *B*, and vice versa. It is a long story, and in print. I need not go on. The case ended by her remaining in the abnormal state. She was gradually sobered as time went on, and as she acquired information through others as to her former condition. She finally became a pleasant, useful person, and lived for twenty-five years a happy, active life as a teacher."

"Then," remarked Vincent, "like this man,

she was, at different periods, two distinct people, with quite opposite characteristics?"

"Yes."

"And irresponsible in one state for the crime or folly of the other?"

"Yes; like this man. Some people explain these strange facts by our having two hemispheres in the brain; but the power to write and to speak are the function only of the left side of the brain, and speech is lost but in part, and writing altogether, or not at all in other instances. I see no explanation. Whatever be the cause, it is such as may disappear and reappear in a minute."

"And this may happen here in this case?"

"Or may not; and there is nothing to be done."

"How horrible! And what do you advise?"

"If we tell him the truth, and prove it, there is the woman, his present wife, against us. Of course it will be hard to influence a man in his mental state—commonplace, satisfied—careless, at least. With the woman against us, we shall have a suit for bigamy, and to go into court with the defense of double consciousness would be useless."

"I see it all. If Mrs. C—— will have the sense to wait, time may settle it. I see no other resource."

When Mrs. C—— heard our opinion she was inclined to make a further effort, but at last, on being assured that C—— would be well watched, concluded to await the result in her old home.

To conclude this story, I may add that just four months later C—— appeared suddenly in her house in great perplexity and terribly disturbed. He had not a trace of remembrance of the past eleven months. He recalled the fact that he had gone to the bank in M——, and there his recollection failed. The new life, the novel employment, the locality he had lived in, the new wife, were for him as though they had never been. His rough dress surprised him. He was once more the quiet, well-bred, sensitive scholar.

He declared that one day he was walking in L street in this city, when, abruptly, he was astounded and bewildered by the strangeness and unfamiliarity of the surroundings. He asked some one where he was. The second wife and home were as things dead to memory. He said to himself that he must have been ill. He went into a hotel, got a paper, saw that eleven months were a blank to him, and, asking his way to the station, went at once to his former dwelling-place.

Mrs. C—— adds that his ways, manners, tastes seem to be as they once were. At first he was somewhat dazed, but by degrees im-

proved in health, and reassumed his studies. In answer to his uneasy questions as to his presumed illness and long loss of memory, she was able to say that vain efforts had been made to find him. At last he showed a strong disinclination to hear his former mysterious condition referred to, not a rare peculiarity in persons who have had his disorder. Now she proposes to go to the East and travel in Oriental countries, a plan which in every way suits him.

Of the sum he took from home about two thousand dollars remained in the bank, and as to this we were embarrassed. He could not draw it out as J. C——, and he could not as Louis Wilson. It was decided to sacrifice it. To this day no one knows what became of the remainder of the money he had originally deposited. It had been drawn upon during his life here in large amounts, and Vincent had reason to think was lost in foolish stock speculations.

Mrs. C——, a just and generous woman, settled on the ex-wife a sum competent to support her. She was told that Wilson was disordered in mind and already married, and that she herself would enjoy her income so long as she took no steps to solve the mystery, or to discover her lost husband. She agreed to this, and the C——s will remain for years in the East.

"It is well done," said I. "I wonder how many of the incomprehensible disappearances depend upon a state of mind similar to C——'s. The more one considers it, the more bewildering does it seem. Are we all of us 'two single gentlemen rolled into one'? However, some day we will talk it over again, and ask me, too, about the cases of insanity where a man is conscious of two personalities in his own being, and converses for both."

"I shall not forget. Are there ever three?"

"No; I believe not."

XI.

SUNDAY WAS, both of choice and of necessity, the day when we were apt to make holiday together. The matchless weather of early November was also a temptation to be out of doors, and the wide hospitality of the park assured us of comparative solitude. And now it was an hour before set of sun, and about us the margin of a great wood, with a deep stillness in the cool autumn air, through which the leaves fell lazily, drifting earthward one by one. Far away below us many people lay on the slopes, quietly enjoying the rest and the sunlit river gay with boats.

On the forest verge, and in and out, St. Clair walked, his cap in his hand, and kicked the

rustling leaves as he went, pleased like a child with the noise and with their colors.

It was rarely that Clayborne could be made to join our walking-parties. He hated exercise, affirming it to be needless for health, illustrating his theory by his own example of perfect soundness. He, too, as he lay and watched the distant carriages and the quiet enjoyment of the groups below us, amused himself by stirring up the drifted leaves with his stick. At last he turned to Vincent. "I sometimes wish," said he, "that men were like books, so that one could take them down from a shelf and read them at will."

"And then put them back when you have had enough," returned Vincent. "But then, my books are men, and they do vastly entertain me on the whole, and vary from day to day, which your tedious volumes do not."

"Oh, don't they?" cried Clayborne.

"By George!" said St. Clair. "This is the first time in my life I ever agreed with you. Vincent thinks books are just mere changeless things. My books, at least, do alter. I have suspected them of moving about on the shelves, and of course their dress, their associations, affect their power over men. Do not a man's clothes influence your estimate of him?"

"What do you mean?" cried Vincent, pretending not to understand.

"And," added St. Clair, "would you as lief read a paper-bound Leipsic 'Horace' as my Elzevir, with the thumb-marks of Sir Thomas Browne? Would it be the same to you?"

"Why not?" said Vincent. "The book is the book, that is all. Nonsense! The print should be clear, and the volume clean. I ask no more. Go on."

"Oh, we could fit all this truth to the books you call men," said St. Clair. "North has a little old Huguenot Bible. On its dainty binding are the signs of long and reverent use. It has the psalms for those who are about to go into battle, and for such as are condemned to the ax. It is just about the date of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Is n't it, North?"

"Yes," I answered; "and when it came to me there was in it a rose faded gray."

"Oh," continued St. Clair, "and I know of a little volume of Shakspeare which is faintly smirched here and there with the touch of fingertips, now dark-red. It belonged to Keats, and as you all know how he died, you may know what were these red stains."

"And," said Clayborne, "in the great French library there is that rare book, the 'De Trinitatis Erroribus' of Servetus. Calvin burned him and his books, and it is thought, and I like to believe, that the slight marks of fire on this copy are evidence that it was rescued

by some disciple, who came at nightfall to grieve where the smoldering ashes lay."

"Thanks," said St. Clair, simply. "That is a thing to make one think. Would you mind my using that little poem?"

"Poem! Who! I! What!" cried Clayborne.

"Yes. What a tragedy!" And the poet slowly moved aside into the verge of the woodland.

"I, too, have a book," I said, "which is to me strangely interesting. It is the copy of his 'De Generatione,' which William Harvey gave to one Francis Bernard, a London doctor. Men do not seem, in those days, to have inscribed their names in presentation copies. It is a modern fashion, I suspect. But this Bernard is clearly aware of the honor done him. He writes on a blank leaf, 'Donum Eruditissimi et Perspicacissimi Autoris, May 1, 1651.'"

"And why did you chance to say, Clayborne, that you wished men were like books? Why, just *now*, I mean?" said Vincent.

"I had a woman's curiosity about these people on the hillside. I wanted to see their table of contents. They seemed to me, as we walked among them, to be chiefly Americans—mechanics I take it mostly, a class I never can get near to—in talk, I mean. Men of business, professional folks, the people of our own class, seem transparent enough."

Vincent smiled at me furtively. Clayborne was a bad judge of living character. His intelligence was, indeed, of a rare order of excellence. His lack of sympathy was complete, and sympathy is one of the keys to character.

"The trouble lies with you," I said. "No men are so approachable nor so often interesting as our own mechanics. All the lower classes in England are struck shy at once when a stranger of a class above them attempts to engage them in easy talk. It is not so with our people. Their sense of difference of social position is of other quality than that of the Englishman. The ups and downs of life are vast and common with us, and everywhere is growing a wholesome sense of the fact that the form of labor does not degrade—that at least it need not."

"The more the people think that, the less it will degrade," said St. Clair. "But there will always remain the influential effect of occupations."

"Let us clear our heads," said Clayborne, "as to what we mean by degradation."

"I mean," said Vincent, "or you mean, I fancy, that there are occupations which cut men off from social relations with refined people, or shall we say with the class in which are found the best manners? No need to discuss the value of these."

"Well, then," said St. Clair, "accept that; and now if you were to name the occupations

which socially disqualify to-day, you would find them fewer than they were even fifty years ago."

"True, quite true," said Clayborne. "Let us each make a personal list of the occupations which we think ought to disqualify for the best social life. Mine would amaze you. I have not the courage to state it. But go on, my little saint. You are doing it well. I never knew you half so definite before."

"Confound his impudence!" cried the poet, pleased nevertheless to be praised. "There was a time when to be a business man in some Southern cities was a social degradation. It is not so now. Compare the position of a teacher to what it once was. See how the poorer students of New England colleges may work in summer as waiters at hotels and go back to their studies socially uninjured. I must have told you before of the amazement of an Oxford Fellow when a waiter in the White Mountains, overhearing me speak at supper of my difficulty with a passage in an old Italian life of Galileo, offered to translate it."

"When a man's occupation, if it does not make him physically unpleasant, ceases to put social barriers in his way, you think that we shall have attained the right thing. Is that it?" said Vincent.

"Yes," I answered.

"But now it does make him socially impossible, sometimes. How can the manners of a dry-goods retailing clerk ever be—"

"As yours," I said, laughing.

"Well, if you like, yes." And then, gaily, "But it would have been better manners to have left my manners out of the question."

"Oh, we need a standard," I said. "The clerk's manners do now disqualify. They need not continue to do so."

"I doubt it," said Vincent. "And yet in some New England towns the standard of manners and of cultivation is much nearer alike in all occupations than in our cities, and is not bad by any means. However, it is a long question to discuss here."

"I don't quite agree with you," said St. Clair. "I rather think that mere manners are essentially and invariably modified by what a man's work is. It ought not to be so, but it is. I hold a lease of my studio from an undertaker. Now and then he comes in to see me as to rent, or repairs, or what not. I perfectly loathe that man. His manners are subdued, like the dyer's hands, to what he deals in; he talks under his breath. He is always composing himself into attitudes of constrained sobriety. He pays you the same lugubrious attention he gives to a corpse. When he comes into a room it is always head first, and he seems to me to crawl around the half-opened door with cautious

quietness. My workman calls him 'the measuring-worm.'"

"A cheerful person," said Vincent. "But St. Clair has proved his point."

"No; only illustrated his thesis," I returned. "Your undertaker reminds me of a jest which ought to be preserved. St. Clair's landlord—the 'ghoul,' we used to call him—once consulted a friend of mine. The doctor said, 'You seem to have something on your mind, Mr. Maw.'"

"I have, sir. Whenever I feel ill,—and I am getting on in years,—I am saddened by the reflection that possibly my own funeral obsequies will be conducted with less orderly decorum than if I were here to superintend them."

"That is immense!" cried St. Clair. "I beg pardon; go on."

"The doctor replied, 'Well, Mr. Maw, why not have a rehearsal?'"

"That seems reasonable," said Clayborne, gravely. "But where on earth is the fun?"

This nearly crippled the party for further talk, but after some moments Vincent said, "Suppose we drop the undertaker, and—"

"Horrible word in its literalness," broke in St. Clair.

"Yes; bury him," I said. "Go on, Vincent."

"I was only about to take up the broken threads of our chat. There is the clerical manner, with its habit of exhortative inflections, very droll when astray in the commonplaces of everyday life. And the doctor manner—"

"Mine, for example?"

"Well, sometimes."

"Thanks; I shall remember that."

"The question," Vincent went on, "is whether any business must always of need so affect a man's manners and ways as to cut him off from the social life of men so favored by fortune, inherited qualities, and education as to demand a certain standard. Do I put it fairly?"

"Yes," said Clayborne.

"Well," I said, "we must admit, I think, that all work has its influence on character, and on what makes for or against social charm. Are not these influences in some businesses too potent for evil to admit of their being overcome? It would be a vast gain to feel that merely because you do this or that you are not set aside as of a class to which certain avenues are closed. That alone injures, as St. Clair said, and is competent to affect both character and manners. I was told once in a great city of Europe that I would find it pleasant to be received in a certain class of society, but that it would be impossible while I continued to call myself doctor on my card. 'Of course,' said the friend who desired for me this privilege, 'my doctor does not dine with me.' And the man she named was a physician of European celebrity. He was not excluded because he was ill-bred,

but because it was silently accepted as a fact that he could not be well-bred. I affirm that this alone is injurious in a measure, and leads to his being just what they despotically affirm him to be."

"Yes," said Clayborne; "however much a man may struggle against the social peculiarities of his class, in the end he will be apt to suffer defeat. Now as to the doctors."

"As to them," I urged, "let me say a word. Every occupation has its influence on character, be that what it may. My own profession is full of temptations to yield to little meannesses. It is a constant trial of temper. It offers ample chance to win in retail ways by disparagement of others, and by flattery and appearance of interest where little is felt. The small man—what I may call the retail nature—gives way to these temptations; the nobler nature strengthens in resisting them. A doctor's life-work is the best education for the best characters. It is of the worst for the small of soul."

"Let us return to St. Clair's dictum," said Vincent. "I think it was that no general reverence for his mode of work, and no example, and no desire on his part, could ever make an undertaker socially endurable."

"Oh, sentiment comes in there," said I, "and that is inexorable. But to-day we have false lines for social boundaries. There is no sentiment in the way as to the mechanic. Make it only a question of manners, and leave that to him, but let us stand up for the American idea. It is the business of every man to see that his work in life does not put into his character anything which lessens his powers to please and be pleased in right ways."

"And that was what your screed about doctors meant," said Vincent. "You are an abominably sensitive breed. You abuse yourselves, but allow no one else to do so."

"Yes; I hardly know why, except that gilds are generally sensitive, and ours is a world-wide gild, and the only one. The world over we keep touch of one another, claim constantly of one another unrequited service, and abide by a creed of morals old when Christ was born."

"When you got off on to the doctors," said St. Clair, "I was about to ask you not to forget your promise to tell us about your friend the character doctor."

"That is a new trade," said Vincent.

"I will not forget it," I returned.

"Good!" said Clayborne. "But all this fuss about character is rather amusing. I don't think I ever took much pains with mine."

"Nor I," cried St. Clair.

"Nonsense!" I replied. "If not, then you had better begin."

"Did you ever hear the Russian account of

the moral tontine?" said Clayborne. "I translated it for amusement when I was learning Russian. I can read it to you some time, if you like. It shows how a fellow may acquire too much character."

"I should like to hear that. Let's have it next Sunday night at Vincent's. And now, suppose we walk home along the drive; I like to see the people."

"Oh, anywhere," grumbled Clayborne, "if you will leave alone my poor little character, as the servant-girls say; it is all I have. It satisfies me, and I have no respect for you people who have to send your characters to the wash every week."

"Mine needs it," said Vincent, "and — well, there really are folks who like paper collars."

"I hardly understand your very indistinct allusion," said Clayborne; "I have worn paper collars myself on a journey. I consider their inventor a benefactor to — to so much of the race as wears collars."

"And I," said St. Clair, "would like to introduce the custom of erecting statues to what I call the negative benefactors of mankind, the people who invent tomato-cans, telegraph-poles, or paper collars. Oh, I could write the inscriptions too. This monument is erected by an injured public to preserve for eternal detestation the memory of Blank, Esq., who invented a new means of desecrating the beautiful in nature."

"We will all subscribe," I said, laughing.

"Oh, yes; you may laugh, but, think of this. To be alone with a friend in the forests of Maine. About you the moss-grown trunks of a windfall's ravage a century old. At last, you say, here no foot of man has been. Your friend points to a soiled paper collar at your feet. There are some crimes I could more easily condone than certain vulgarities, and the worst of it is that you get used to these horrors."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Clayborne. "You really don't mean what you were saying. Would a bit of newspaper have offended your sensibilities?"

"Yes; it would. The American newspaper editor would have one of my tallest negative statues."

"That is rather too bad," exclaimed Clayborne, falling behind with the poet while Vincent and I went down the hill together.

"Clayborne's incapacity to see fun in any shape is exasperating," said I. "I consider it a real annoyance at times."

"Why?"

"Oh, I mean if we are alone together. It limits talk, and to have to keep too close watch on what you say is fatal to reasonable human intercourse. Imagine yourself, when with a charming young woman, being asked every five

minutes to explain your intentions. Clayborne is every whit as bad as that."

"Who is the man yonder?" said Vincent.

We were now near the drive, and about us were the serious but not discontented faces of well-clad people, chiefly Americans, and not a few Germans. The drive was in a remote portion of the park, and was scarcely watched by the guards, so that on it a few men were speeding their fast horses, amidst critical comments on the trotters by the groups on the grassy slope. Presently came at lawless speed a perfect pair of Morgans. Behind them, in a light wagon, sat a stout, red-faced man, smoking as if it were a duty to make his fairy-like equipage seem a steam-engine. He looked straight ahead at the road.

"Who?" I said in answer. "That is Mr. O—. That pair is worth — well, the value of your house. The man has this one pleasure in life. He runs horses, but never bets. He says that ain't business. He has accumulated a fabulous fortune from a patent he took for a bad debt. I happen to know him pretty well. He rises at six, breakfasts alone, reads swiftly two or more papers, is at work by eight o'clock, dines standing at a restaurant counter at noon, leaves work at four, drives until seven, eats supper, plays a little euchre twice a week at his club, or else reads a newspaper until ten, and goes to bed. Also, he is a bachelor and is clean shaven."

"Well, that is the outside — the natural history. What of the physiology?"

"He has a small house, lives plainly, has his one extravagance, — fast horses, — and never gives away a dollar."

"The man has then neither vices nor virtues."

"Yes, Vincent," I returned; "he has the courage of his convictions, like other hardened thieves."

"And does not the sentence of a kindlier world on such as he touch him at times?"

"Never, I fear. I once went to put before him the needs of a great charity. He heard me patiently, and then said: 'I object to doing that which I am taxed for, and, besides, I am unable to give away money. I cannot do it. Other people can. I can't do it.'"

"And that was all?"

"Yes; almost all. He asked me to smoke, saying the cigars cost half a dollar apiece. I laughed, and said, 'How can you be willing to give me a half-dollar?'"

"That's true," said he; "but it is n't money. There's something darned queer about money. I'll leave your hospital something in my will, but I won't give you a cent."

"The being you describe seems to me incredible."

"Oh, here are the others." And we went down to the river, and walked homeward.

"And there is another horror," said St. Clair, pointing to the hideous collection of white marble tombstones on the further side. We could but agree.

"Yet," said Vincent, "even a modern graveyard can be made a fitting thing. Near a Western town a man gave a fine old wood as a cemetery, with the condition that small spaces might be cleared; that no gravestones should be other than gray; that none should rise over three or four inches from the earth, and that the boundary-lines of ownerships should be marked only in the same way. Flowers and vines might be planted, but no tall monuments or iron fences were allowed. I am told that it was most solemn and beautiful."

"And," said Clayborne, "yonder mass of the dead must drain into the river from which men drink."

"Mother Earth is a great purifier," I remarked; "but the idea is certainly unpleasant. My friend W—— says it accounts for the conservatism of this great city."

"How?" said Clayborne.

"Oh, don't tell him," cried St. Clair, laughing. "Don't. It is a riddle."

"I hate riddles," said Clayborne.

"But there is tremendous wisdom in this one," said Vincent. "It is a question of hygiene—how to separate purity from impurity."

Clayborne walked along in silence, while we chatted gaily. He was apt to keep an idea in his mind long after the talk had drifted away from it, so that half an hour later we were not surprised to hear him say: "I think I see it now. How curious! But it is an argument as well as a jest."

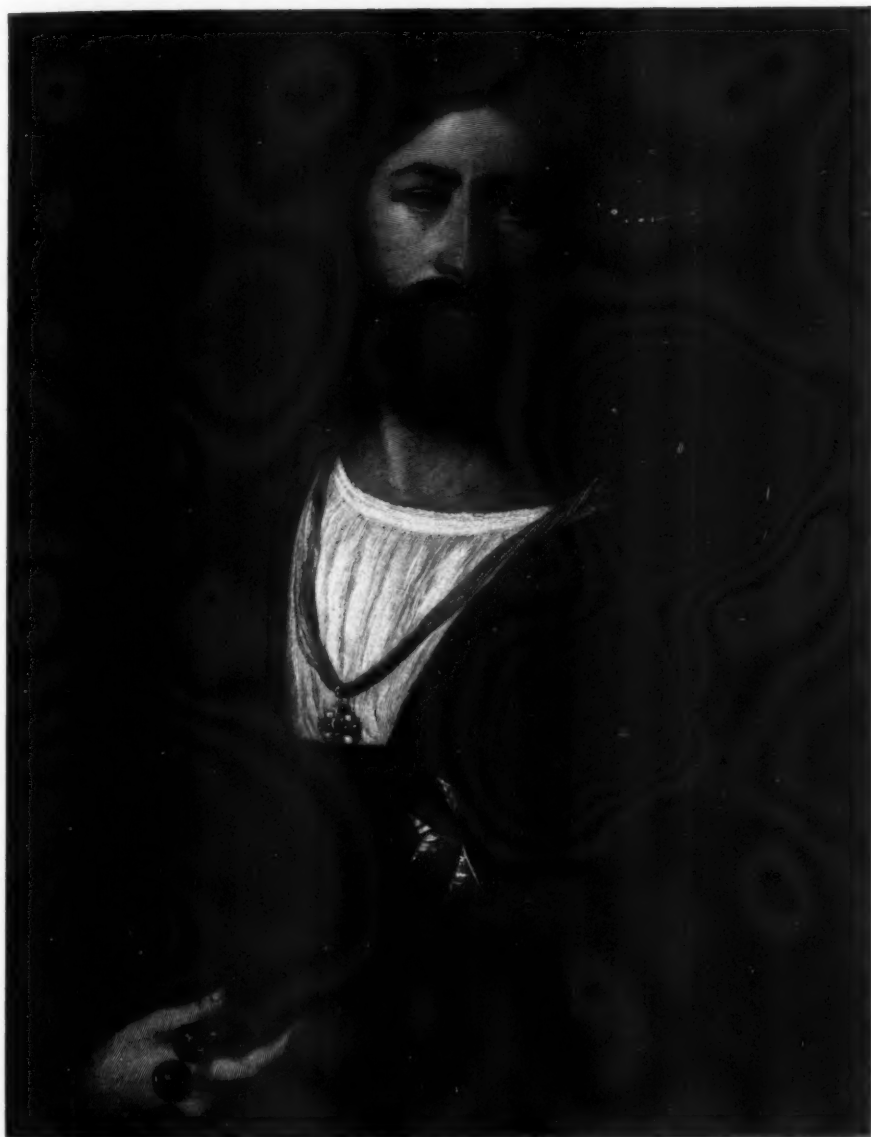
S. Weir Mitchell.

GENIUS WITHIN HEARING OF DEATH.

WHAT is the look the miser gives his gold
 When first he hears Death coming? What the look
 The lover, newly plighted, gives his love
 When first he knows how few more looks are his?
 And what the gaze the husband gives the wife
 When Death stands ready to divorce the two?
 Ay, such a look has some one cast just now,
 Nor yet the same. *Those* feel the bitterness
 Of leaving what is loved so far behind,
 Of taking with them but the love of it;
 But *he*, the pang of taking *with* him *all* his wealth.
 Right through his heart a fierce pain tore its way,
 And when his breath dared come and go again,
 How softly, fearfully, it came and went!
 With what an awful tremor in its haste!
 For Death seemed whispering at few paces off.

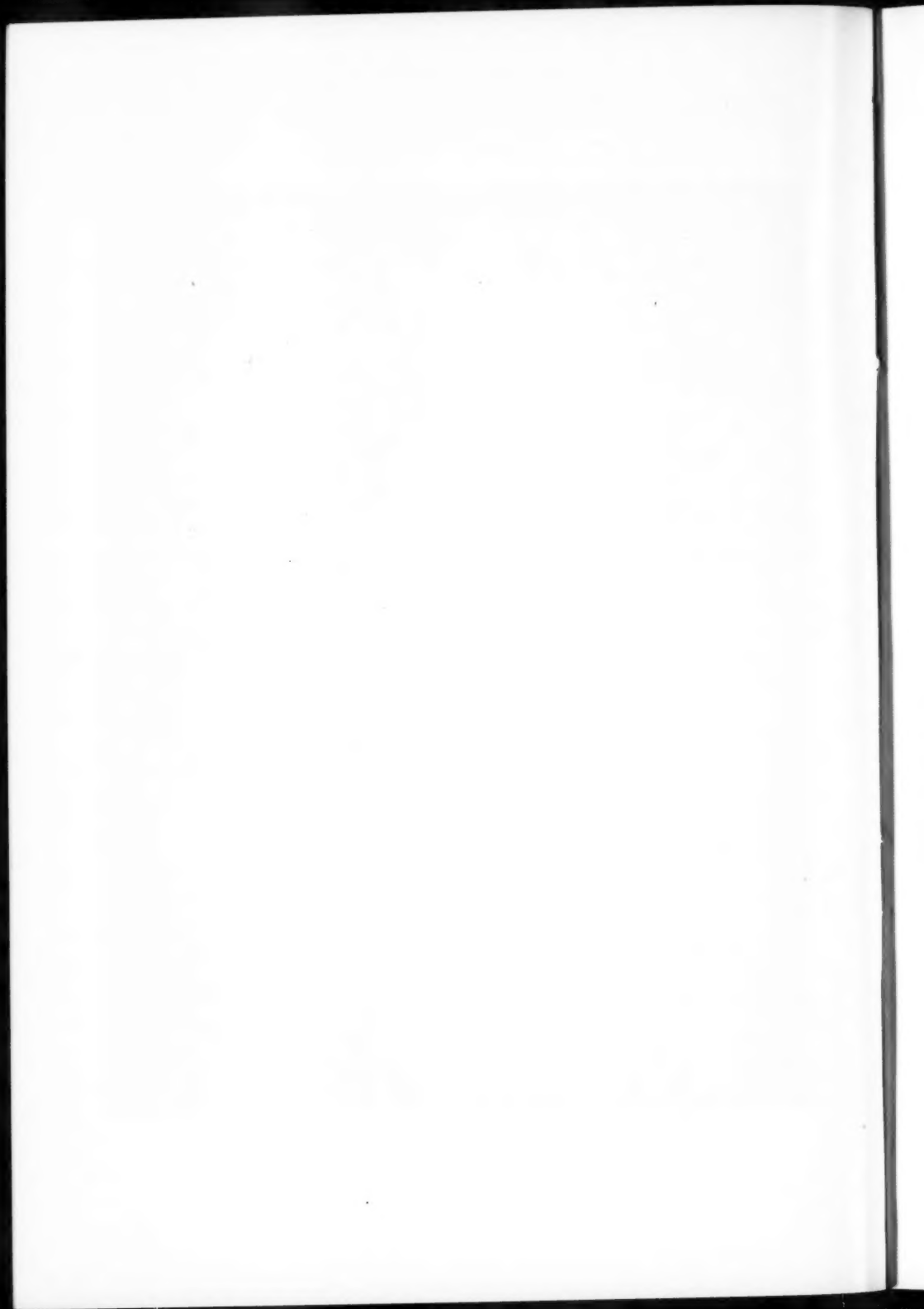
The shining of the gold shows Death the ghastlier,
 The tender voice of Love makes his the hollower.
 When Genius feels divineness in her power,
 When hope of fame is growing strong and fair,
 What nameless anguish in the sound of Death!
 What though the soul shall take her powers hence?
 That eyes and ears and hands must now forego
 Forever the happy work of waiting upon her,
 Is grudged in pain too hard to melt in tears
 Or to be molded into any words.
 With rising faith, and hope of Heaven so near,
 Contends the sorrow for these unborn things
 That swell the soul so, urgent for the light.
 Conceived on earth, they long for birth below,
 And pressing on the soul, give such a pang
 As she must have who, knowing she must die,
 Feels that what would be life must die with her;
 That she must lose her earthly motherhood,
 Nor this alone—but leave no voice behind.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.



ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE PAINTING IN THE UFFIZI.

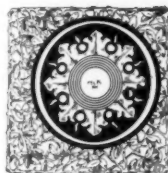
"KNIGHT OF MALTA," BY GIORGIONE.



ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.

GIORGIONE.—1477-1511.

(GIORGIO BARBARELLI.)



Of the painter who in his own time, or at least in the years immediately succeeding his death, was reckoned the most brilliant of his school and generation, we know so little by actual record of his life, and even have so little

of his work authenticated satisfactorily, that he appears only as a splendid reflection of his contemporary renown. Of the numerous pictures attributed to him in the various galleries of Europe, and the few still in churches in Italy claimed for him by local tradition, there is only one of which the authorship rests on secure evidence. This is the Madonna of the church of his native place, Castelfranco. With regard to all others there is the dispute of an interminable doctorate, and the greatest part by far of the so-called Giorgiones are, by the best of the writers on Italian art, Cavalcaselle, relegated to others of the Venetian school, his followers or imitators. The determining of the Giorgionesque standard is, therefore, one of the generalizations in which the largest range of study of the painting of the epoch and the most minute knowledge of the technical characters of it are necessary, and these acquirements are too rare to be admitted to self-assertion. I have them not; and, so far as I can follow the writers on Italian art, Cavalcaselle seems to me the only one who has a right to be considered as a definite authority.¹ He gives a list which is probably as nearly correct as we are likely to get, and which restores the authorship of at least three fourths of the attributed Giorgiones to their actual painters. The record is stupefying, not only as showing how little the critical world had studied the question, but for the data of works known to have been painted by Giorgione and of which no trace can now be found. But the Castelfranco picture, restored as it has been repeatedly, is still, so far as its general characteristics are concerned, and the characteristics of its landscape especially, distinctly enough individualized to permit one to say that though Giorgione has the reputation of being the master of Titian, he is far more certainly the pupil of Bellini, in

whose work are clearly the roots of all that either Titian or Giorgione has done.

We do not know certainly when Giorgione was born. Vasari says in 1477, but Cavalcaselle says that he was certainly born before that year, Titian having been born in 1480 according to Vasari, and in 1477 to Ridolfi. What is probably indisputable is that the two were nearly of the same age and were at the same time in the studio of Giovanni Bellini, where the precocity of Giorgione was such as to impress on his time the idea that he led Titian in art, and that Titian went into his studio after leaving that of Bellini—a version of their relations which, with all deference to Cavalcaselle, who accepts it, I do not recognize as having a sufficient basis of authority either in what we know of their art or in what we have of tradition. In the work which they did together on the Fondaco in Venice, the purely decorative element of chief importance may, as I have said in the sketch of Titian, have taken, in the precocious manner of Giorgione, so great a predominance that, from the perception of something new in the function of color decoration as seen in his work, Titian was led to adopt it and to emulate his fellow-student in the employment of broad masses of color without much attention to the drawing and rendering of detail. This method of securing a decorative effect is what the description of Vasari would lead us to consider the Giorgionesque ideal of wall-painting for exteriors, and thus to have given rise to the tradition that Titian adopted the style of his companion; but that the style of Titian in his mature and indisputable work has any trace of derivation from that of Giorgione as seen in the Castelfranco picture, or is anything but the logical derivation from the work and example of Giovanni Bellini, I am not disposed to admit. If Giorgione taught Titian, he also taught Bellini before Titian, for the manner of the latter is only the enlargement and liberation of that of the master from whom the two pupils took all that they have in common.

Castelfranco is a little city of the plain of Treviso, as unlike Cadore, Titian's birthplace, as one spot in Italy can be unlike another; and as in Titian's pictures the hills about the road from Cadore to Venice give a type to the backgrounds of his pictures, so the alluvial plain

¹ Morelli seems to me curiously fantastic in his attribution of pictures to Giorgione, and most of the German commentators are scarcely more secure.



ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE PAINTING IN THE CATHEDRAL OF CASTELFRANCO.

ST. LIBERALIS, FROM THE "MADONNA AND CHILD ENTHRONED," BY GIORGIONE.

of Castelfranco, to a certain extent, might be expected to furnish the clue to the authorship of Giorgione's pictures. Cavalcaselle in several cases points out the nature of the landscape as testimony of the authorship of the composition; but in the Castelfranco picture, curiously enough, the background, a delicious bit of sunshine and space, is a scene on the sea-coast, and does not in the least resemble anything in the vicinity of Castelfranco. The family of Barbarelli was one of importance in the country, but Giorgio was an illegitimate son of one of them by a peasant girl, and was recognized by the family only when his glory as a painter had made him an honor to it; and in an epitaph of the old church, preserved only in contemporary documents, the painter is recorded with two of his seniors, in 1638, not the date of his death, but that at which his reputation had induced the family to admit his relation to it. This, with the fact that he died of plague in 1511, is all that we know of the facts of his life, except those which belong to his artistic existence. Tradition reports that he died of grief at the infidelity of his mistress, who deserted him for his disciple Luzzi; but a grief that had to be assisted by the plague in order to kill its victim may be considered at least apocryphal. That he died of sensual excesses is another tradition to be shunted off the track of historical research, for the traditions so far

as they are positive, and all the early authorities, agree that he died of plague.

Of the other pictures which are accepted by all the critics, and as to which Cavalcaselle makes no question, the chief, after the Madonna of Castelfranco, is "The Concert" of the Pitti Gallery, Florence. The rival subject of the Louvre is attributed by Cavalcaselle to a follower of Sebastiano del Piombo. In one of my first visits to Venice I remember seeing a fragment of one of the frescos of Giorgione on the Fondaco, but I believe it has now utterly perished; it was then only a shadow. Zanetti, an early author, speaking of these frescos, says that he finds admirable in Giorgione the quickness and resolution with which action is rendered, the artifice with which light and shade are broken, blended, and distributed; but in Titian's work he admires the firmness and strength of the half-tones, the simplicity of contrasts, the tenderness of flesh-tints, and the moderation which avoids the fire of Giorgione, while it abstains from dark shadows and exaggerated redness of the flesh. This proves at least that Titian was not an imitator of Giorgione in the particular work as to which the adoption of Giorgione's style by Titian was affirmed, and strengthens my distrust of the judgment formulated by Vasari, that Titian ever became the pupil or follower of Giorgione.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTES BY TIMOTHY COLE.

ONE of the finest and most magnificent conceptions of a half-length portrait is seen in the "Knight of Malta." It hangs in the Uffizi, is painted on canvas, life-size, and is rich and glowing in color.

June 4, 1891. — At Uffizi as usual, at work on the "Knight of Malta." What an inspiration to have so fine a thing at one's elbow to gaze upon from time to time! How glaring are the retouchings of the restorer! What a heavy-handed bungler he must have been! Giorgione floats his hair into the flesh in the most refined manner imaginable; but here are retouchings that look as though the restorer used the blunt end of a stick with which to put on the color.

June 9. — What an air of magnanimity and true greatness breathes from this canvas! No other artist knows better than Giorgione how to captivate the mind and to hold the imagination with so few means. Here is a man holding a string of beads. I hear some Americans behind me exclaim, "Here's a grand head!" How it puts to shame all petty worrying and narrow-mindedness! There is something Christ-like about it in its calm benignity. Now I vow I will endeavor to aim at greater simplicity and nobleness in my living — to think of the "Knight of Malta," to put away all meanness and triviality by a thought of the "Knight of Malta."

The detail of St. Liberalis is taken from Giorgione's famous altar-piece of the "Madonna and Child Enthroned," in the choir of the cathedral of Castelfranco. The entire picture measures six feet six inches in height

by four feet ten inches in width, and is painted on wood. The Virgin, with the Child in her lap, sits enthroned upon a high pedestal above the middle of the picture, and a charming landscape stretches away from her. Beneath her, one at each side of the pedestal, stand St. Francis and St. Liberalis, the latter clad in shining armor, and holding a flag. It is this figure which forms the detail engraved. Part of the flagstaff is seen. These figures are separated from the background by a wall on each side of the pedestal, which appears to be covered smoothly with red velvet, very rich and deep in color. The pedestal rises just above the heads of the figures, and forms a fine relief to the gray habit of the monk and the burnished steel of the knight; no doubt, too, it contributes much to the soft, airy feeling of the lovely, quiet landscape. The Virgin above, sweet and serene, gazes down abstractedly. Instead of the conventional red and blue, she is clad in green and red — charming, rich, and harmonious colors. The Child, too, looks down thoughtfully. The flesh-tints of both are warm and mellow, and contrast delightfully with their draperies. A rich green embroidered tapestry falls from beneath the Virgin over the warm gray marble of the pedestal. The plinth of the pedestal is of a warm neutral purplish tone, upon which, in a circle of light, warm marble, are sculptured the arms of the family — the Constanzi — for whom the picture was painted. The floor is checkered with gray and light, warm marble. This is the least satisfactory portion of the picture. According to Crowe



and Cavalcaselle, the painting has been restored on several occasions. G. G. Lorenzi went so far as to paint a beard to St. Liberalis. Paolo Fabris of Venice removed the beard and many of the oldest repaints.

St. Liberalis is patron of Castelfranco and Treviso. He is usually shown as clad in armor, young, with flowing locks, and his attribute is the flag—red, with large white cross, and sometimes with four white stars at each corner of the flag.

The St. Liberalis of this picture is said to be the portrait of a young man of the Constanzi family who died in battle, and this picture was dedicated to the Madonna in his memory. His tomb is seen in the churchyard adjoining the cathedral, and, although much worn by the elements, his effigy still resembles the figure in the painting, though it is of severer aspect.

While I was seated in the Pitti Gallery engraving from "The Concert," by Giorgione, two young ladies came by, and each began her respective explanation of the picture. Said the first: "Oh, what a glow of inspiration is in the player's face! He has struck a heavenly chord, which so moves his friend from behind that he drops his violin, and tenderly approaches, exclaiming, 'O brother, brother! how grand! how glorious!'"

"Now," said her friend, "I should think that his violin got out of tune, or that a string broke, and he approaches him reluctantly, and lays his hand on his shoulder so very gently, for he is sorry to disturb him, so thoroughly wrapt in the music is he."

This was quite ignored by the former, who continued in the same ecstatic strain as before. Then the father came up, and, his opinion being asked, he said: "You see, the guide-book says that these are the portraits of Luther, Calvin, and Melancthon. Now you know Luther struck the first chord—in the Reformation; Calvin joined in the concert; and Melancthon, he—he stood by listening. But if you will listen to me—this is only another version of the 'Three Ages of Man.' There you see the young man with the plume in his hat, in all the pride of expectant youth; the middle-aged man playing is already in the thick of the

concert of life; and the old man behind finds his violin out of tune—he is not exactly in accordance with the order of the age."

They go away, and another party take their place.

"Do you see," says a lady to her companion, "that old priest there with the violin? Does n't he look the picture of the old monk we saw in the lager-beer saloon! Well, I declare, I would n't cart that painting home with me; no, not if it was given me! Ugh! what an ugly thing! Come away."

"The Concert," an engraving of which faces this page, hangs in the Hall of the Iliad of the Pitti Gallery, and measures three feet seven inches in height by four feet one inch in width. This was one of the works of art cut out of its original frame and taken to Paris in the days of Napoleon. Old engravings of it show a different setting on the canvas, giving more space to the bottom and sides, and less to the top. The instrument in the monk's hand appears to be a lute. The garment of the one at the harpsichord, instead of being quiet and simple, as at present, is cut up with a variety of folds, surmounted by a cape. No doubt the details of this garment would be visible if the picture was cleaned of its thick mantle of varnish. In my engraving I have cut off a portion of the unnecessary background at the top, and am thus enabled to give the heads larger, and make a full-page block of it. Its original line of definition appears to have cut off a portion of the plume. When the picture was restored to Italy, the rest of the plume and the high background were added; but this high background is not in accordance with Giorgione's style, nor in the manner of his time.

In coloring it is warm and effective. How magnificent it is in composition! The head of the player is remarkable for expression; the open eye and the dilated nostril show a soul surcharged with the music. He turns abstractedly in response to the soft touch on his shoulder. The hands, too, are fine in their grip of the keys. They are not light notes, but solid, full chords.

T. Cole.

THE BLUEBIRD.

IN the very spring,
Nay, in the bluster of March, or haply before,
The bluebird comes, and, a-wing
Or alight, seems evermore
For song that is sweet and soft.
His footprints oft
Make fretwork along the snow
When the weather is bleak ablow,
When his hardihood by cold is pinched full sore.

Then deep in the fall,
In the Indian-summer while, in the dreamy days,
When the errant songsters all
Grow slack in songful ways,
You may hear his warble still
By field or hill;
Until, with an azure rush
Of motion, music—hush!
He is off, he is mutely whelmed in the southern haze!

Richard Burton.



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI.

PADEREWSKI: A CRITICAL STUDY.



PADEREWSKI is unquestionably an inspired and a phenomenal pianist. He possesses the power of interesting and arousing the enthusiasm of an audience of the highest musical culture, as at Berlin, and of

giving pleasure and delight to one of less musical intelligence and simpler tastes, as in some English provincial town. This is a fact of great significance, for it shows the rare combination of the various qualities which in the aggregate make up a great and unique artist whose ardent and poetic temperament is admirably proportioned and well balanced.

Within the last few years we have been favored with the presence of many pianists of the first rank, such as Joseffy, Pachman, Rosenthal, D'Albert, Friedheim, Grünfeld, Rummel, Scharwenka, and others, and among our own resident players Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, Adèle aus der Ohe, Rivé-King, and many others who compare favorably with the best from foreign lands. While fully recognizing the high artistic merit of all these, and acknowledging the great pleasure their performances have given, it may be said without invidious distinction that an artist of such a distinctly pronounced individuality as Paderewski is an exceedingly rare occurrence—indeed phenomenal. The mechanical part of piano-playing has of late years been so systematized, and the methods of acquiring a high degree of skill have been so improved, that the possession of mere technical facility is a foregone conclusion, and has in a great degree lost its interest unless combined with a discriminative and poetical conception and a true musical interpretation. Of two pianists possessing an equal technical equipment the one whose personality is the most intense, and at the same time lovable, will be sure to delight and interest. Music is in its nature emotional, and hence requires intense expression of feeling in its genuine interpretation; but this must be kept within due bounds by the exercise of an intelligent and intellectual conception and a discriminative touch, thus combining in proper degree both the qualities of heart and head. The most successful results will surely follow when a nice balance between the two is established and maintained in due proportion, while an undue preponderance of either will lead to disastrous results, even if the performer be possessed of genius.

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The playing of Paderewski shows a beautiful and happy blending of these essential qualities. He mirrors his Slavonic nature in his interpretations, with its fine and exquisite appreciation of all gradations of tonal effects. His marvelous musical touch, a great, mellow, and tender voice, chameleon-like, takes on the color of the dominant mood. He is a thoroughly earnest and at the same time an affectionate player, and too much stress cannot be laid on the humanism of his style, which is intensely sympathetic, and so eclectic that it embraces all schools. His never-failing warmth of touch and his vivid appreciation of tone gradations and values result in wonderfully beautiful effects. In addition to these qualities, his magnetic individuality puts him at once in sympathy with his hearers, and this magnetism is felt and acknowledged even by those who do not entirely and uniformly approve of all of his readings and interpretations of the great composers.

Since Bach's time, and no doubt long before it, two distinct schools have wrangled over the question of subjectivity and objectivity in the interpretation of great works of art. The discussion as to the musical significance of the various works of Richard Wagner has already begun, notwithstanding the fact of his comparatively recent death, and, this being the case, we can easily understand the difference of opinion as to how Bach and Beethoven should be played. I remember hearing Moscheles play Beethoven's sonatas, as also the preludes and fugues of Bach, especially those from "Das Wohltemperierte Klavier," and his performance of the latter was especially beautiful and satisfying. Discarding all pedantic, austere, and stiff methods, his treatment was simple, graceful, and flowing in design, each voice being distinctly heard, but in due proportion, and not in too assertive a way. The angular fashion of playing Bach must have had its rise from the old German school of organ-playing, in which no variation of registration was permitted; but a fugue was played, as it is now, with full chorus stops from beginning to end. However this may be, Moscheles preferred a feeling and warmly colored interpretation of Bach's works on the pianoforte, and so expressed himself to me in private conversation; and he was much closer to the Bach tradition, as set forth in Forkel's biography, than we are to-day. He could look backward to within a generation of the great Leipsic cantor, and he had listened to Beethoven's playing.

Rubinstein is even more fond, tender, and caressing in his playing of Bach, bringing out all imaginable beautiful shades of tone-color in his rendering of those works. And why should this be otherwise, since Bach's compositions are so full of exquisite melody? Surely such emotional strains should receive a loving and musical rendering. As Moscheles played Bach a half-century ago, and as Rubinstein played him later on, so does Paderewski play him now—with an added grace and color which put these great contrapuntal creations in the most charming frames. It is great, deep musical playing combined with calm, quiet repose and great breadth of style. Paderewski has an advantage over Rubinstein, however, in the fact that he is always master of his resources and possesses power of complete self-control. This remarkably symmetrical balance is entirely temperamental, and may be discerned in the well-shaped contour of Paderewski's head, his steady gaze, and his supreme command of the economies of movement. In Rubinstein there is an excess of the emotional, and while at times he reaches the highest possible standard, his impulsive nature and lack of self-restraint are continually in his way, frequently causing him to rush ahead with such impetuosity as to anticipate his climax, and, having no reserve force to call into action, disaster is sure to follow. He does not economize his strength to good advantage, but uses up his power too soon. Comparisons are not always profitable, but may be permitted in mild form on account of the instruction they convey. Thus, of five prominent pianists, in Liszt we find the intellectual-emotional temperament, while Rubinstein has the emotional in such excess that he is rarely able to bridle his impetuosity. Paderewski may be classified as emotional-intellectual,—a very rare and happy blending of the two temperaments,—and Tausig was very much upon the same plane, while Von Bülow has but little of the emotional, and overbalances decidedly on the intellectual side. There must always be two general classes of pianists—those whose interpretation changes with every mood, while the playing always remains poetic, fervent, artistic, and inspired, because it is impossible for them to do violence to the musical nature which they have received by the grace of God, and others whose playing lacks warmth and abandon, notwithstanding the fact that it is careful, conscientious, artistic, and in the highest degree finished. The performances of the latter are invariably uniform, and are exact to such a degree that one can anticipate with great accuracy each accent, emphasis, nuance, and turning of phrase from beginning to end. Of these classes Rubinstein and Bülow present good illustrations in contrast.

This leads to the consideration of Paderewski's playing of Beethoven, and on this subject I beg leave to repeat, with slight variation, what I said in a recent article in "The Musical Courier." Whenever a pianist makes his first appearance in public as a Beethoven player, he is at once subjected to strictures on all sides by numerous critics who seem to have been lying in wait for this particular occasion, and there immediately arise two parties, each holding positive opinions, of which the one in the negative is usually the more numerous. This is by no means a new fad, but quite an old fashion, dating back, at least as far as the writer's experience goes, something over forty years, and probably much further. Is the ideal player of Beethoven a myth, or does he really exist? If so, who is he, and where is he to be found? In short, are we not looking for something that is much in the imagination? Or, perhaps (be it said with due reverence), are not the compositions themselves responsible in part for this mystified state of things? Forty years ago my teachers, Moscheles, afterward Dreyschöck, and finally Liszt, used to say that Beethoven's piano compositions were not "klaviermässig." This word has no precise English equivalent, but might be translated "piano-fortable." In other words, they are not written in conformity with the nature of the instrument. Musicians generally have agreed all along on this point. Beethoven's musical thoughts were symphonic, so to speak, and require the orchestra for adequate expression. Many of his piano passages lie most awkwardly under the fingers, and certainly would never have been written by a skilled virtuoso who was simply a pianist *per se*.

Moscheles has always been an acknowledged authority as to Beethoven, and he once told me during a lesson that he considered Liszt an ideal, or perhaps his word was a "great," Beethoven player. As is generally known, Liszt had a prevailing tendency in his piano-playing to seek after orchestral effects, and thus found himself all the more at home in these compositions. But when has the world ever found another player of Liszt's magnificent caliber who could so intelligently and ably adapt himself as an interpreter of all kinds of music, who was always and ever master of his resources, and who never fell into the error of anticipating his climax? Or, if perchance he found himself in the least danger of such an event, he would readily arrange and develop a new climax, so that at the conclusion of his performance he was always sure to have worked his audience up to a state of almost crazy excitement and unbounded enthusiasm. He was at this time—1853—forty-two years old and at his best estate. But even Liszt, who possessed in such an unexampled degree all of the

faculties which in the aggregate make up the equipment of a perfect and even phenomenal player, had his limitations in certain directions and details, and, notwithstanding the opinion of Moscheles, many of the critics of the day maintained that he was no Beethoven player, and that his interpretation, instead of being severe, dignified, and austere, was too sensational. His touch was not so musically emotional as it might have been, and other pianists, notably Henselt, Chopin, Tausig, Rubinstein, and now Paderewski and some others, excel him in the art of producing beautiful and varied tone-colors together with sympathetic and singing quality of tone. It seems to me that in this matter of touch Paderewski is as near perfection as any pianist I have ever heard, while in other respects he stands more nearly on a plane with Liszt than any other virtuoso since Tausig. His conception of Beethoven combines the emotional with the intellectual in admirable poise and proportion. Thus he plays with a big, warm heart as well as with a clear, calm, and discriminative head; hence a thoroughly satisfactory result. Those who prefer a cold, arbitrary, and rigidly rhythmical and ex-cathedra style will not be pleased.

Without going closely into detail, there are certain matters concerning Paderewski's mechanical work which deserve the attention of students and others interested in piano technic. In many passages, without altering a note from the original, he ingeniously manages to bring out the full rhythmic and metrical effect, also the emphasis necessary to discriminative phrasing, by means of a change of fingering, effected either by interlocking the hands or by dividing different portions of the runs and arpeggios between them. In this way the accents and emphasis come out distinctly and precisely where they belong, and all of the composite tones are clean-cut, while at the same time a perfect legato is preserved. His pedal effects are invariably managed with consummate skill and in a thoroughly musical way, which results in exquisite tonal effects in all grades and varieties of light and shade. In musical conception he is so objective a player as to be faithful, true, and loving to his author, but withal he has a spice of the subjective which imparts to his performance just the right amount of his own individuality. This lifts his work out of an arbitrary rut, so to speak, and distinguishes his playing from that of other artists.

The glissando octave passages near the end of the C major Sonata, op. 53, he performs as originally designed by Beethoven and with the desired effect, notwithstanding Dr. Hans von Bülow's assertion that this method of execution is impossible on our modern pianos, on account of their heavy and stiff action. Paderewski,

however, has the secret of a thoroughly supple and flexible touch, resulting from a perfectly elastic condition of shoulder, elbow, arm, and wrist, together with the power of keeping certain muscles, either singly or collectively as may be desired, in a state of partial contraction, while all of the others are "devalitized" to a degree which would delight the heart of a disciple of Delsarte.

The heartfelt sincerity of the man is noticeable in all that he does, and his intensity of utterance easily accounts for the strong hold he has over his audiences. He does not give us a remote and austere interpretation of Beethoven, but one which is broad and calm, manly and dignified, while it palpitates with life and is full of love combined with reverence. On this account it sometimes fails to please those who would strip music of its outward vestments,—its flesh, so to speak,—and skeletonize it. Paderewski's playing presents the beautiful contour of a living, vital organism.

Naturally, being a modern pianist, he is in close sympathy with the works of the Romantic school, his poetic personality finding its supreme utterance in the compositions of Schumann and Chopin. He plays Schumann with all the noble, vivid fantasy which that master requires, though perhaps lacking a little sometimes in his reckless humor. In Chopin's music, the finest efflorescence of the Romantic school, Paderewski's original touch is full of melancholy pathos, without sentimental mawkishness, and without finical cynicism. He has his robust moods, and his heroic delivery of the A flat Polonaise, taken in the true and stately polonaise tempo, is tremendously impressive. It possesses that subtle quality expressed in some measure by the German word *Sehnsucht*, and in English as "intensity of aspiration." This quality Chopin had, and Liszt frequently spoke of it. It is the undefinably poetic haze with which Paderewski invests and surrounds all that he plays which renders him so unique and impressive among modern pianists.

Paderewski has one quality which Chopin always lacked in degree—namely, the power of contrast; and, as pertinent to this, I remember that Dreyschock told me that many years ago he, in company with Thalberg, attended one of Chopin's concerts given in Paris. After listening to the delicately exquisite touch of the great Polish artist and to his gossamer arpeggios and dainty tone-embroideries, Thalberg, on reaching the street, began to shout at the top of his lungs. Dreyschock naturally asked the reason for this, and Thalberg's reply was, "I have been listening to a *piano* all the evening, and now must have a *forte*."

Little fear of a *forte* being found lacking in Paderewski's playing, which is at times

orchestral in its sonority, the most violent extremes of color being present when required. Listen to him in the Rubinstein Étude or the Liszt Rhapsodies, with their clanging rhythms and mad fury, and ask what pianist since Liszt has given us such gorgeous, glowing colors—

such explosions of tone, and the unbridled freedom of the Magyar.

Paderewski is an artist by the grace of God, a phenomenal and inspired player, and, like all persons of large natural gifts, a simple, gracious, and loving character.

William Mason.¹

¹ The aid of Mr. J. G. Huneker, rendered in the preparation of this paper at a time when the writer was seriously indisposed, is hereby gratefully acknowledged.

PADEREWSKI: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.



GNACE JAN PADEREWSKI is the son of an old Polish country family whose home is in Podolia, a province of Russian Poland, where he was born in 1860. Although his father was

able to provide in some degree for the education of his children, young Ignace soon found it necessary to support himself. But—better than money—aristocratic instincts, high breeding, high spirit, indomitable will, the love and power of work, those blessed heritages of good blood, were his by birth and training.

The lad owed his musical organization to his mother; his father, who was a gentleman farmer, had no musical tastes.

One class of mankind is born to receive its strongest impressions through the eye, another from words and thoughts, a third from bodily sensations, and a fourth through the ear. If we could follow each class into its mental life, we should find that a large part of its memory, thinking and doing, was dependent on its ruling sense. Paderewski's world is preëminently a world of tone. Every sound he hears makes a clear, abiding mental impression. But he is great because he is symmetrical enough to live also in a world of sights, ideas, and actions.

Our artist passed the early years of childhood in the country. He was motherless, but "Him by the hand kind Nature took." She showed him her gracious silences, her sounds of forest, field, and brook, her stir of living growth, her various skies and motions. To this first, best music lesson his imagination owes much of its objective material.

From earliest infancy he could "hear." At three he stole to the piano to touch the keys and to listen. At six he began to study. The teacher was a fiddler who helped out his living by giving lessons on the piano, which he could not play. It did not even occur to him to bestow upon his pupils that peculiar treasure of his own instrument, the power of recognizing tones. But it was not necessary. Young Ignace knew the pitch of every sound he heard. He could identify not only the notes in every chord, but each separate set of vibrations that goes to

make up that variable compound we call tone. "I must hear them, because I try to color my tone," said he, when the writer put the question; and added, "I do that largely with the pedal."

The creative instinct was alive in him as soon as he could think at all. He did not long to stir his fancy by singing and playing the literature of music, but to make the music himself—to express his ideas and emotions through his own musical forms. After a year or two another teacher was engaged, an old man who came down into the country once a month. He had as little notion of technic as his predecessor. He thought it sufficient to bring with him a collection of four- and six-handed pieces,—pot-pourris from popular operas,—which the little boy and his sister played at sight. There his instruction ended. The children were left to find their own way among the keys, and to stumble as they went. But though genius may stumble, it does not stick in the bog. "Art," says Emerson, "is the path of a creator to his work," and certainly genius is the faculty of making a short cut thither. Within, it possesses the image of the object to be arrived at clear and bright; and it has the woodsman's instinct by which it threads the jungle of ways and means. The young student always knew what he wanted to do; he played, listened, compared, and thought till he found the right way. Paderewski's marvelous tone-quality is an example. Its perfection has been the work of his life, but it has been wholly his own discovery, guided by an exquisitely sensitive ear. When a boy of twelve, Paderewski went to the conservatory at Warsaw. There he studied harmony and counterpoint with Roguski, and took piano lessons (he never studied any other instrument) of Janotha, the father of Natalie. Janotha was then eighty years old. His notions of technic must have been those of his own generation. But how mellow the culture bestowed by contact with this old musician's lifetime of musical experience and tradition, and with his objects of veneration! Paderewski moves among the old forms of music with the freedom of early good musical breeding. The creations of the past are flex-

ible in his hands, because since childhood he has known them to be living, not dead. The boy's physical equipment was happy. That supple, elastic frame, offspring of generations of Polish gentlemen trained to fence, dance, and ride, needed a minimum of discipline for the dexterities of the piano. Nerve, eye, and hand were ready. In his after years no more tireless student of technic ever lived; but as a boy our artist had small appetite for virtuosity. Still, those years of independent music, untrammelled by teachers' traditions or drill, were rich years. The original methods of fingering, habitual to the artist we know, were felt out and found out to a great degree as he played and extemporized.

Warsaw, a city of over half a million inhabitants, is the literary and musical center of Poland. Hugo says that a suffering and oppressed nation always sings. Certainly the musical instinct of Poland is keenly alive. In this atmosphere was much to animate and to mature the young student. The conservatory afforded good instruction in counterpoint and composition. In its excellent musical library the future composer speedily made acquaintance with the masterpieces of his art. To the conservatory of Warsaw he traces the beginning of what may be called the literary side of his musical culture, as well as his love of general education.

At sixteen young Paderewski made a tour through Russia. During this journey he played his own compositions and those of other people; but, as he naively confessed, they were all his own, no matter what he played, for he did not know the music, and as he had little technic and could not manage the hard places, he improvised to fill up the gaps. There was one concerto by Henselt of which he could play the first and second themes, but neither the extensions nor the passages. But he played it before audiences, and got people to listen to it. It must have been a pretty sight. The boy, with his bright hair and delicate, mobile face, sensitive and shy, but trustful in his power to win and charm, gathered about him the audience, often poor and rough, submitting unawares to the old spell of genius,—the genius of the singer,—the very same type of musician that the Greeks understood so well, and gathered up in all its lovely detail into the myth of Orpheus. The journey was of great value. The young artist learned to watch his audiences and to play to them, just as he does to-day. He tested his powers, and his bright boy's eyes noticed every detail of costume, adventure, national holiday or dance. He stored away among his artistic material the characteristic intonations of every dialect and the melody of every folk-song he met.

The tour over, Paderewski went back to

Warsaw. To please his father, he studied, and six months later obtained his diploma from the conservatory. He was eighteen when he became professor of music in the same institution. The noble thirst for knowledge was upon him, and the money he earned was spent on literary studies, which he prosecuted with different masters, principally at night, after the day's teaching was over.

Paderewski has all his life sought people of character and culture for his companions. A few choice intimates, and no admittance to commonplace folk, has been his rule. The man whose influence upon his character was greatest, and whose friendship was most devoted, was the late Professor Chalubinski, Poland's best physician, and one of her greatest men in character and intelligence. As long as he lived Chalubinski felt the keenest interest in the fortunes of his earnest young compatriot. The love the two men felt for each other stood that sharpest of tests—gratitude.

Married at nineteen, a widower at twenty, with hope crushed out of him, Paderewski threw his whole life passionately into music. He went to Kiel in Berlin, and studied composition. Kiel was a wonderful teacher of counterpoint. "You will soon 'hear' very differently," he used to say to his new pupils, as he taught them to braid the strands of polyphony. The one composer who carried into modern life the musical feeling of the preceding century, his own style was simple, unaffected, and noble. No pupil ever left him without new insight into fugue and sensitive feeling for the peculiar beauties of the earlier school. Paderewski declares Bach the "poet of musicians." But it was inevitable that he, whose ardent spirit belongs to our own age, should reject for his own composition the tradition of a past epoch. Paderewski's pure, transparent, and well-balanced fugue playing is probably the best result of Kiel's influence. Kiel died about this time, and a year later, in 1884, our artist was still in Berlin, but under the tuition of Heinrich Urban. As a master of composition this great musician seems to have satisfied every requirement.

At twenty-three Paderewski was professor of music in the conservatory of Strasburg. He was still poor, but poverty could not grind down his spirit, nor narrow his conception of life. It was simply a stimulus to incessant work. He was then accustomed to visit a certain little mountain summer resort frequented by other distinguished artists, among them Mme. Modjeska, and her husband, Count Bozenta Chlapowski. Mme. Modjeska describes him as at this time a polished and genial companion; a man of wide culture; of witty, sometimes biting, tongue; brilliant in table-talk; a man wide

awake to all matters of popular interest, who knew and understood the world, but whose intimacy she and her husband especially prized for the "elevation of his character and the refinement of his mind."

His familiarity with musical literature was already exhaustive. To amuse these same friends he once extemporized exquisitely upon a theme in the characteristic style of every great composer from Palestrina to Chopin. When he had finished they begged him to play it once more according to himself, and that time it was the most beautiful of all. That night they sat down by the piano soon after dinner, and it was five in the morning before he rose. Then, alarmed at his white, haggard face, they dragged him from the stool. Since his juvenile tour his tone and execution had been unconsciously growing, and his technic developing with use. It was already great. But his playing, though interesting as the expression of the composer's ideas, lacked finish, or even security. When one passage was too knotty he still improvised another in its place, easier but more graceful.

Paderewski is a most patient student, heedful of that still small voice as seldom heard in art as in ethics, and he is sensitive to music's truest and most dignified claims. Never has he struck a note to make a popular effect, or descended to a claptrap ornament to excite a vulgar audience. He *plays to his hearers* more than any other artist of his day, but it is with the delicate and sensitive instinct of the great orator who *speaks to his hearers*, not above or beyond them. Vanity, personal or artistic, he has none. He is at once intensely proud, and most humble in his estimate of himself. He is known, everywhere, to remember not only a melody, but a kindness, forever.

Resolving to become a virtuoso, he sought Leschetitzky in 1886, and set to work with his accustomed energy. Find a way, or make one, had always been his motto, and it is characteristic of artists of his type of genius that they more often find than make the way. While determination is surveying, hewing, and building a causeway, they have long since spied a practicable pass and slipped nimbly through to the goal. Hence the repose, harmony, and beauty of their work; a serenity that is the sign of normal development, a revelation of fulfilled natural law.

Such has been Paderewski's whole musical growth. His art is the vivid, instinctive expression of his maturing inner life, which he has constantly turned into music. It has known no sudden transfigurations and spasmodic activities. It has had its roots in his feeling and doing, far from public adulation and concert-room stimulus. To Leschetitzky Paderewski ascribes

"his finish, security, and virtuosity." He was with him only seven months, making his debut in Vienna in 1887. But virtuosity is a matter of manual exercise; he achieved it, but the amount of physical fatigue and endurance involved can hardly be estimated.

We can trace the hand of the great Polish teacher of artists here and there in the playing of his greatest pupil. The limpid run, the delicate staccato, the superb octave, we have seen before in Essipoff. But the tremendous originality of the man stands out in each and every detail of his music, and, like his tone, his technic must be considered as his own, since both depend essentially upon the generative impulse of his artistic conception, and the habitual correction and leading of his ear.

At seven Paderewski wrote his first music, a set of Polish dances. In 1882 he found a publisher in Berlin. His Menuet, Chant du Voyageur, Melodie, Legende, Variations, and Polish Dances, but especially his Concerto, are much valued throughout Europe. The majority of his compositions were already written when, at the age of twenty-five, he went to Vienna.

No one who has heard the mature artist of to-day can doubt where he has won his pathos and his strength. No musician can make counterfeit experience pass current. He may not be able to express all he feels, but he cannot give voice to what he has never felt. An early manhood of sturdy self-respect and industry, a nature sweet, loving, and clean, a heart that has learned many a lesson of suffering, are apparent in every note and phrase.

Lively patriotism, filial responsibility, a married life that ran from joy to despair in less than a year, a fatherhood constantly attuned to sympathy and tenderness for his motherless and invalid boy, have done their gracious work in his music, and taught him the secret cry of human hearts.

With Paderewski practice and study never cease. Before every concert he is accustomed to shut himself up and to practise all night, going carefully over his whole program. No point of phrasing, technic, or execution escapes him. When all is securely thought and worked out, the artist is ready for his hearers. The next day he goes to the piano master of his material, and, free from concern about notes or mechanical means, plays with perfect abandon out of his inner feeling. This, his own statement, is borne out by his vividly expressive face when playing.

The spirit that speaks through Paderewski's music is a spirit of light. We see the reason when we recognize that the great virtuoso of our generation has courage and rectitude not only to work but to live for his high calling.

Fanny Morris Smith.

"HOW PADEREWSKI PLAYS."

I

IF words were perfume, color, wild desire;
If poet's song were fire,
That burned to blood in purple-pulsing veins;
If with a bird-like thrill the moments throbbed to hours;
If summer's rains

Turned drop by drop to shy, sweet, maiden flowers;
If God made flowers with light and music in them,
And saddened hearts could win them;
If loosened petals touched the ground
With a caressing sound;

If love's eyes uttered word
No listening lover e'er before had heard;
If silent thoughts spake with a bugle's voice;
If flame passed into song and cried, "Rejoice! Rejoice!"
If words could picture life's, hope's, heaven's eclipse
When the last kiss has fallen on dying eyes and lips;
If all of mortal woe

Struck on one heart with breathless blow on blow;
If melody were tears, and tears were starry gleams
That shone in evening's amethystine dreams;
Ah, yes, if notes were stars, each star a different hue,
Trembling to earth in dew;
Or if the boreal pulsings, rose and white,
Made a majestic music in the night;
If all the orbs lost in the light of day
In the deep, silent blue began their harps to play;

And when in frightening skies the lightnings flashed
And storm-clouds crashed,
If every stroke of light and sound were but excess of beauty;

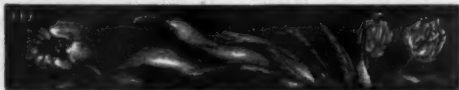
— If human syllables could e'er refashion
That fierce electric passion;
If other art could match (as were the poet's duty)
The grieving, and the rapture, and the thunder
Of that keen hour of wonder,—
That light as if of heaven, that blackness as of hell,—
How Paderewski plays then might I dare to tell.

II

How Paderewski plays! And was it he
Or some disbodied spirit that had rushed
From silence into singing; that had crushed
Into one startled hour a life's felicity,
And highest bliss of knowledge—that all life, grief, wrong
Turns at the last to beauty and to song!

DECEMBER 18, 1891.

R. W. Gilder.



GAY'S ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ANGLOMANIACS," ETC.

I.



HEN Gay Berkeley, a bright-eyed girl in quaint, made-over frocks, took her walks abroad with Great-Aunt Penelope, who was arrayed in a large bonnet with tulle ear-tabs and a shawl of China crape trailing limply over a black silk gown, she used to think there could be no spot on earth in which so many interesting things had happened, and so many interesting people had lived, as old Belhaven. Every house, street, paving-stone, evoked from the maiden aunt's unfailing repertoire a reminiscence. When Miss Pen met on the sidewalk some other large-bonneted lady, they talked together of mysterious has-beens; and before they parted, the lady would generally take the girl's chin in hand to look her in the face, and tell Gay that she was the image of her great-grandmother, or that she had her Uncle Marmaduke's own nose.

Gay, who in those days looked at most things from a Castle of Otranto standpoint, liked the externals of her birthplace, where, early left an orphan, she had always dwelt under the care of her father's aunts. She could appreciate the picturesque value of its grass-grown thoroughfares, bordered with blocks of houses, mostly of red brick faced with white, many of them detached and set comfortably back in brick-walled gardens harboring the sun; its venerable churches, inns, lodges, market-places, remaining there to tell of the great founders of the town; its wide area of surrounding landscape, to which, from a hill beyond the city limits, visiting strangers were proudly introduced. From Shooter's Hill, looking across the caterpillar structure of the Long Bridge, one saw the white gleam of the Capitol dominating the roofs and spires of Washington; the colonnades of Arlington House; the beautiful, broad Potomac as far as Gunston, Mount Vernon, and Belvoir; the lovely valley of Cameron—all these enframed in undulating woods. Whenever Gay heard travelers dilate upon the Rhine, the Tweed, and the Thames, she was conscious of a bridling desire to bid them view the Potomac from the top of Shooter's Hill, and die.

But this much any one could and still can

see. More important in coloring her ideas was the daily intercourse with a community of people who belonged to the semi-feudal and essentially aristocratic side of early American society, even then gliding away like the sands of an hour-glass. Everybody they knew had somewhere touched history; everybody kept traditions rubbed up with chamois leather and set sidewise on shelves. Life flowed so tranquilly. The visits, tea-drinkings, church-goings, benevolent societies, never developed anything newer than the recurrent tragedies of birth and death. Young men who grew up there stretched their limbs, inflated their chests, looked away over at the far horizon, and left the town. Everything in the way of stir or bustle was executed with such genteel deliberation that, like the immortal Joe in Pickwick, it fell asleep *in itinere*.

But to a speculative young person like Miss Gay there was entertainment to be found, and she well knew where to look for it. When not poring over the old books in the Princess Royal street house where she was born, Gay studied human nature in the homes of her aunts' friends. By Miss Penelope, who was a mine of genealogical information, she was continually fed with stories; and when in search of the concrete forms of excitement, what better than to perch on the edge of the kitchen table where black Peggy was rolling out her dough, and to elicit the marvels that the old cook, "when i' the vein," would pour out in accents as rich and soft as oil?

The drawback to Peggy's narratives was her anxiety to assert herself as an eye-witness of all events. In the matter of Washingtoniana, especially, the old woman, accustomed to be questioned by strangers as to the minutest recollections cherished by the town of her most illustrious citizen, was very tenacious of associating herself in every scene described.

"Think of it, Aunt Peggy," Gay said once, when on a visit to the kitchen, "Auntie has been telling me that her grandfather had just finished building this house when George Washington was recruiting his ragged volunteers to march against the French on the Ohio. She says her grandpapa told her the young lieutenant-colonel was a long-legged, gawky fellow, with big hands, and so solemn the Belhaven girls would run away from him whenever he came near. But they sang a different tune when he came back from the wars."

"Wot you tellin' me, chile?" quoth Peggy, contemptuously. "T'ink I ain't heard Miss Lucindy beg Miss Sally many a time to go down in de parlor an' 'ceive Kunnel Wash'n'ton, 'stid o' her? An' Miss Sally say as how she would n' do no sich a t'ing 'less Miss Lucindy promise to let her wear dat blue padu'soy o' hers next Sunday to Christ Church. An' all de while dem gals was a-'sputin', dat poor young feller was a-coolin' his heels in de werry place wher ole Miss got her big arm-cheer dis day."

"Why, Aunt Peggy," exclaimed Gay, "that was in 1754!"

"Who said it wor n't?" queried the old woman, testily.

"It would make you—oh! at least a hundred and twelve years old—"

"How 's I gwine to git my dinnah, like to know?" interrupted Peggy. "Reckon Miss Pen 'll come out cheer an' riz Richa'd Henry roun' my years nex' t'ing. You Cynthy! Hurry an' put dat crock on ice, ef you 'spec' to git de bonnyclabber sot for tea! Mars! Awe, Mars! Nem o' Gord, niggah, t'ink fire burn 'dout wood? Hain't heerd yo' ax strike a lick sence you chop my chickens' hades off. You Trip! String dem snaps 'fo' I bu's' yo' cocoa-nut."

In the sudden whirlwind Gay and her questions vanished from the scene.

No story of the past hidden behind Belhaven house-fronts had quite such power to charm Gay's imagination as that of two stricken sisters who lived at a place called the Poplars, just outside the town, their sole companion a slave-woman, as gray and as misshapen as a gnome. Once a week, for years past, it had been Miss Penelope's custom to walk out to the Poplars, attended by Dennis, her man-servant, carrying a basket of home-made delicacies; oftentimes had Gay begged to be allowed to go with them, and to wait outside the door till her aunt's visit was at an end. Miss Penelope's foot alone was permitted to penetrate the dim hall with the stately fan-light over the front door, where she was received by her friend of childhood, Miss Selina Stith, the younger of the owners of the house. Dennis, relieved of his burden upon the steps, was glad to sneak away to the common opposite, where such cheerful every-day sights as geese stalking in a string, cows grazing, and boys wading in little pools, might restore his equanimity. Gay, less timorous, liked to stroll along the weedy carriageway, with its iron posts and chains, shut off from the street by a high brick wall, and to gaze up at the rows of windows like dead eyes, at the chimneys whence arose so little smoke, at the dreary ivy that had overlapped and strangled every outlet of the melancholy house. When Aunt Penelope came out, it was always with reddened

eyelids, and a cloud upon her usually smiling face.

"No better, Aunt Pen?" Gay would ask.

"No better, my dear child, and never will be this side the grave, poor thing," the good lady would reply.

It had been full twenty years since any one had seen the elder of the Misses Stith. More familiar to neighborhood eyes was Miss Selina, who sometimes, in the dusk of warm evenings, came out of the decaying mansion to wander wraith-like in the streets. The children of the mechanics who lived on the outskirts of the town were accustomed to the apparition, and, when she passed them at their play, gazed curiously after but did not follow the queer little figure in the garb of fifty years before—an "umbrella" frock with leg-o-mutton sleeves, and a poke-bonnet draped with a veil of sprigged black lace.

Now and then she would pause beside some group at play, and two eyebeams of softest blue would shoot athwart the meshes of her veil and rest quietly on the little ones. Sometimes she produced from her reticule odd toys of an unfamiliar pattern, and silently laid them in the lap of some baby in a pet or neglected by its mates. But she never spoke, and as darkness closed would melt into the shadows of the night.

"I wish I could see Miss Selina face to face," sighed Gay, one morning, when returning with Aunt Penelope from the customary pilgrimage. "Major Garnett told me she was the prettiest girl that ever grew up in Belhaven. He says when he was a lad, and used to look up into the organ-loft of Christ Church and see her singing, all in white, he called her St. Cecilia."

"Yes, my dear; a beauty she was, and so gay and merry—her paintings on rice-paper universally admired—and such a finger for the harp! It is one of the mysteries of an inscrutable Providence why she should have followed Celestia and become—ahem—deranged."

"And, O Auntie, Peggy says the curse upon the Stiths may one day be removed by a secret you know of, but that I am not to be told. And I think, considering I'm well past fifteen—do be a dear, and tell me what it is."

"Peggy should certainly be checked," began Aunt Pen, with a rather guilty blush, remembering a nocturnal gossip of her own with the old woman not many days before.

"If I could only go inside the Poplars *once*," pursued Gay, plaintively. "Think of aching all one's life to get behind a door."

"Don't think of it, child. It is too sad for words. There is nothing for you to see," replied Miss Pen, with so woebegone a face that Gay dared not persist.

Everybody knew the old story of the Stiths.

Just before the American revolt against the crown, there had arrived to settle in Belhaven the younger son of an English family, a man handsome, winning, and possessed of sufficient fortune to make people speculate as to why he came. Oxford-bred, and carrying good credentials, he, however, speedily made for himself a place in the affections of the town, and married a beautiful heiress who was the toast of the country-side. Of the cause impelling Mr. Theophilus Stith's emigration to the New World, tradition said that it was a last effort to break the spell of a curse transmitted through several generations of his ancestors to the younger son of his family. Long ago, the English legend ran, there had been of this line a daring youngster, who in a fit of bravado pulled down a ruined chapel upon his estate and built with its stones a banquet-hall, in which, wine-cup in hand, he had been struck dead while reveling. Since then prosperity had forsaken every younger son born to the house of Stith. Belhaven doubters, and there were not a few to greet this myth with mocking, had in time to witness the dark close of a career begun among them under brightest auspices. Let Miss Penelope take up the tale as Gay heard it in her youth.

"Yes, my love; Mrs. Theophilus was the envy of the place. Her husband built and fitted up for her the Poplars, then well out of town; all the furniture came from England, together with a handsome new chariot, to which she drove 'four' along the Rolling Road and elsewhere. For a little while she was as happy as a queen. Then children came very fast, and every corner of the house was full of young faces and voices—ten children had Mrs. Stith. Selina, my contemporary, was the youngest of the flock."

"Well, Auntie?"

"Oh, they had trouble; his habits were not good, I've heard. One day his horse came home to the Poplars without its master; they picked up Mr. Stith stone-dead, and his wife's death followed shortly."

"And then, Auntie?"

"My dear Gay, you know it is one long tragedy. Every member but two of that gifted and promising household came to a sudden or tragic end."

"It is like one of the cycles of Greek plays, where whole families are swept away by death, that Dr. Falconer read me about in our lesson yesterday," said Gay.

"On poor Celestia, who with her sister alone survived, fell the burden; for she had been the little mother of the rest. She and Selina had their youngest brother Richard's only son to bring up, a handsome, wilful boy, called Llewellyn. Celestia was always a reserved, self-

centered nature, but in her way she loved Llewellyn dearly, while Selina lavished on him her full, warm heart. The lad had entered the university, and was doing well, when a dispute arose between him and his older aunt about some matter trifling enough, God knows, to have caused such dreadful results. Celestia was not happy in her way of dealing with the young. Llewellyn declared that he had rather go and dig in a ditch for his living than be dependent on her whims. I forgot to say, my dear, that by this time their fine fortune had melted like snow in the sun, and Celestia had much ado to make two ends meet. Well, Celestia bade him go, and, spite of Selina's tears and prayers, the boy left them one morning, and has never been heard of since—Gay, my dear, we are passing Slater's, and forgetting to match Sister Finetta's gray alpaca—"

"One minute, Auntie. Was it Llewellyn's loss that made Miss Celestia go insane?"

"Who can tell, child? From melancholy she passed into utter aberration; and Selina, though, as you know, less grievously afflicted, has gone under the same cloud. Do you think it would answer to trim it with a piping of gray satin? Would sister think it too smart?"

"Let us pipe it 'unbeknownst,'" said Gay, smiling, "and she won't have the heart to rip it off. Auntie, I can't think Llewellyn Stith had really a good heart, or it would have softened in time to those poor women who loved him so."

"'He will come back,' Selina said, at first repeating it day after day. Then she ceased to speak of him, and, before her poor heart was broken quite, lapsed into merciful oblivion."

"Oh, it was wicked, cruel!" cried Gay. "How I should like to tell him so!"

"My dear," said Miss Penelope, mildly, "that was five and thirty years ago."

II.

In the autumn of 1859, to Gay, then a blooming lassie just beginning to find out her own good looks, occurred an event that in dull Belhaven had power to excite in her a temporary indifference to all human woe. Through an old friend of the family, a leader in the social world of Washington, she received an invitation to meet the party of the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his intended visit to Mount Vernon.

Although the visitor was only a lad, republican maids and matrons along the line of his travels were palpitating to secure such an opportunity as came unsought to our little homespun Gay. To her, in truth, it was less prince, more outing. She had not learned the importance of a hand-shake from budding royalty

under watch of a cordon of tutors and courtiers. Sufficient to fill her cup was the prospect of an entirely new frock made by Viney Piper, and a new ostrich-feather for her hat—one that might perchance—oh, thought of joy!—go entirely around the brim and rest upon the shoulder. Belhaven generally was content with simple tips.

"It is the Queen's eldest son, my dear, and we have always been fond of England," said Miss Penelope, fluttering. "I should n't wonder in the least if your Aunt Finetta should decide to unlock the wardrobe, and look up something of poor Lucilla's that you might wear."

Gay's eyes sparkled. She could never get over the thrill that ensued upon a hint of unlocking the wardrobe. But, in the mean time, there was the little sum set aside with careful consideration to purchase a new muslin, and new trimmings for her hat. And up King street, in Miss Pewee's window, she knew of a hat she meant to copy,—the sweetest wide-brimmed Leghorn encircled with a plume of pale rose-color, and topped with a knot of rose velvet,—a masterpiece of art. There could be no dawdling over the breakfast things that day.

As soon as Miss Penelope had "given out" supplies to Peggy and Susan, who with flour-measures and sugar-bowls and jugs attended her to the store-room, Gay hurried the old lady into her bonnet and shawl and away to the emporium of Miss Pewee, intending afterward to repair to Slater's for the purchase of her gown.

"Let you look at that hat in the window? Why, certainly, Miss Gay," exclaimed Eliza Pewee, cordially. "You'd best try it on, miss, for you can never get an idea—I'll vow, Miss Penelope, ma'am, I've yet to see anything set off Miss Gay like this."

Eliza, a member of Miss Penelope's Bible-class, was well trained in fundamentals; she spoke honest truth. How could any one fail to perceive the enchanting frame it made for Gay's waving locks and dusky, long-lashed eyes, her rose-bloom and her dimples? And, oddly enough, at that very moment, a strange young man stepped into the shop inquiring the way to the bookseller's, and, meeting Miss Gay's brown orbs full on his, blushed, apologized, and retired in great embarrassment.

"Came down on the boat from Wash'n'ton early this mornin'," explained Miss Pewee. "My sister noticed him when he got off. Seems foreign-like, don't you think so, ma'am? Has been pokin' around town all mornin'; quite the gentleman, I'd say. Now, Miss Gay, you really ought to let me send this home. Day before yesterday, when I took it out o' the New York packing-case, says I to Lizzie, it's the very thing

for Miss Gay Berkeley—oh, no trouble in the world, Miss Gay. I've the same untrimmed, certainly; and feathers, too, only not half so long."

While Gay's reluctant fingers turned over the milliner's exhibit of raw material; while Gay, sorely tempted, but aware that the price of the coveted hat would exhaust the money set aside for her complete outfit, tried to wonder how she could be satisfied with two tips and a ribbon bow instead of that lovely plume and the velvet sea-shell made by wonder-working fingers, Aunt Penelope was undergoing the same mental struggle. When Eliza Pewee, searching for the right shade, dived behind a curtain and disappeared back of the shop, Aunt Penelope cleared her throat, and spoke:

"Gay."

"Well, Aunt Pen?"

"My dear, I am not sure whether Sister Finetta would approve. I have always been partial to rose-color, and as this is the first time one of the royal family has visited Mount Vernon since the war, I think Virginians should make a little exertion. My love, if we buy this hat, what could be done about a frock for you?"

"O dearest Aunt Pen," cried the girl, radiantly, "let us have the old muslin washed."

As they were walking home,—Gay in an *après-moi-le-deluge* state of mind,—they ran again upon the strange young man coming out of the bookseller's with a parcel under his arm. They heard afterward (everything got about in Belhaven) that he had been trying to purchase any literature that might contain allusions to the early history of the town and its inhabitants.

"I suppose he is some young journalist from the North," said Miss Penelope. "Naturally enough, such people take interest in our town."

"His cheeks are as pink as my new ribbons," said Gay, "and he looks painfully shy and young. O Aunt Pen, you were a perfect darling to decide me about that hat."

And so the hat came home, was deposited in its bandbox on the Marseilles counterpane of the spare-room bed, was visited by Gay in her nightgown (to try it on again), by the Misses Bassett from next door, by Peggy and Susan and Cynthia from the kitchen, and in time became a proverb in the town.

On the day following, a family conclave gathered in the chill, speckless room wherein Great-Grandpapa Berkeley had given up the ghost, since inhabited in solitary state by his eldest daughter. It was a dusky chamber, with bed- and window-curtains of white dimity, the chief wall space occupied by a massive wardrobe of lustrous mahogany, before which, like a priestess

at the shrine, stood the grim figure of Aunt Finetta, keys in hand. The wide doors of the sanctuary, yet obstinately shut, reflected Gay's rosy face, her dark brows puckered in a frown of intense expectancy, side by side with Aunt Pen's drab puffs of hair and scarcely less anxious visage. In the corridor outside, in an agony of curiosity, hovered a little black girl, who would have given an eye or a tooth to cross the threshold. With a rattle and a clank, Miss Berkeley unlocked the wardrobe doors and swung them back. Forth stole upon pleased olfactories a scent of attar of rose that changed, ere one fairly had sniffed it, into that of Tonquin bean; then a tang of camphor struck the air. They caught visions of squat handboxes covered with flowered wall-paper; of lacquered boxes, boxes of sandalwood, of Tunbridge Wells mosaic, of Italian olive-wood, cabas and bags of leather and satin, and of homelier green baize; of parcels wrapped in rice-paper, in silver-paper, in tissue-paper—all neatly ranged upon the shelves.

Gay's attention was fairly dazzled, roving between Lucilla's Mechlin pinner and the waistcoat with silver sprigs worn by great-grandpapa to the President's levee—between a pelisse of white satin, painted with ragged robins, and a "slip" of pale blue trimmed with tarnished silver fringe, in which Miss Finetta had danced a minuet with Colonel Aaron Burr. She handled a necklace of turquoise disks enframed in golden filigree, and let a long chain of aquamarines glide rippling through her hands, till recalled by an exclamation from Aunt Penelope.

"Sister! While you have the writing-desk in hand, suppose you let Gay see those miniatures of poor Selina and Llewellyn she gave us on the boy's eighteenth birthday. It is a long time since you had them out."

"Is that Miss Selina?" cried Gay, eagerly. "How perfectly lovely she was! O Auntie, there is no one so pretty now. And this—why—how odd—Llewellyn is exactly like the young man we saw buying books at Stringer's yesterday."

"My dear," said Miss Penelope, catching her breath, "you take me by surprise. It is hardly a subject to jest upon. Put away the pictures, child, and pray say nothing more about them. It is long since I have cared to look at either. There, sister, that is the organdie I spoke of—pink convolvulus on a white ground—so beautifully sheer—if Viney can't make it over for Gay, nobody can—pity it's a little yellow. To be sure, the Prince is but a lad, and he might not notice it is off the white."

But Miss Berkeley, standing erect and unsmiling, the filmy fabric flowing from her arms, answered not a word. She was thinking of the dead young sister who in her brief season had

been as full of the pride of youth and the flush of hope as Gay. With a deep sigh, she laid the dress in Miss Pen's lap, and when she spoke again it was to utter some moral reflections upon the duties and responsibilities of a prince, drawn from the fount of her favorite classic, Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas."

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling!" went the front-door bell. It was before visiting hours, and they knew that most of the ladies of their acquaintance were making pickles at the time.

The little black girl, fortified by duty, knocked boldly at the chamber door. When bidden to come in, her eyes wandered wildly on every side at once, trying to take in all she could while delivering her message.

"It's old Major Gyanett, miss; an' he axes to see de ladies mos' partic'lar."

"Penelope, you will go down at once," said Miss Berkeley. "I shall follow when I have put away the things."

Covertly adjusting her cap, Miss Pen obeyed. Gay accompanied her to the blue parlor, where they found the little gentleman walking up and down in great excitement.

"God bless my soul! Miss Penelope, ma'am, here's an extraordinary thing," said the old fellow. "News, after all these years, of Llewellyn Stith, who is married and living in England, and has sent his only surviving son to look us up. I'll declare to you, ma'am, that, in my hurry to let you know, I brought my cane and forgot my hat."

"One moment, David," said tremulous Miss Pen. "You will kindly not tell me any more till my sister comes down. My sister must be first to hear, of course."

So Gay was the seeress, after all. She listened with avidity to the Major's story when, Aunt Finetta arriving, he was free to rid his burning tongue of the strange tale. Llewellyn had gone to Australia in his youth, and there fell in with a relative of the elder branch of his father's family, whose daughter he married, and who, called back to England to inherit a good property, was now succeeded by his son-in-law. But although fortune had smiled on him, Llewellyn had known great sorrow. One member after another of his family had died off, leaving only the youngest son, Berkeley, named in memory of his kind friends in Belhaven, whom he had never ceased to love.

"Always the curse. I always said the curse would not be lifted till the legend of the ring came true—and oh! how can it come true?" interrupted Miss Penelope, at this point.

Gay's ears and eyes opened. What, oh, what was the legend of the ring?

"Penelope, you will oblige me by not interrupting Major Garnett," said Miss Berkeley, frowning.

"Not knowing what members of our families still survive, Llewellyn, who is an invalid, directed his son to make inquiries through the British minister in Washington. Lord L——, who is my very good friend, referred him at once to me, and after an effort to see me yesterday, when I was up the country, the boy returned to town to-day. It appears that poor Llewellyn feels that he cannot die without an effort to ask forgiveness of his aunts. Egad, ma'am, the trouble with me was how to tell the lad the condition of his afflicted relatives."

"Night and day since Llewellyn left her," said Miss Pen, tearfully, "Selina has worn around her neck a shirt-stud found on his dressing-table. Old Juno says she'd as soon think of offering to take it off as of removing the ring from her Miss Celestia's finger."

Again the ring. Gay's mind was intolerably busy with speculation. Why had she never heard of it? In the midst of her wondering came the direful commonplace of a summons from Peggy, to know if Miss Gay was ready to begin on the pickled mangos. She waited to hear Major Garnett add that the lad, who was a pleasant fellow, but shy and awkward, had promised to return to Belhaven within a day or two, and to make him a visit until they could decide upon what to do in the matter of carrying out the injunction of his father.

"To look at young Mr. Stith, one would not have thought he came of such a cold-blooded, hard-hearted father," mused Gay, who felt that she had at last obtained her dues in the matter of a genuine romance.

III.

"It was a beautiful autumn day," said the newspapers of the time, "when nature put on her gayest livery to welcome to the burial-place of Washington the heir to the Georges' throne."

Gay and the Major, who was to be her escort on the drive, were in the hall of the house in Princess Royal street waiting for Timson's hack. The little Major, over his best auburn scratch, wore a well-brushed beaver hat, his blue body-coat was smartly buttoned, his standing collar was snow-white, his black silk stock was tied jauntily, and he carried his great-grandfather's gold-headed stick. Miss Pen, surveying him with lambent tenderness, felt that he was a credit to the day.

Gay, attired in Lucilla's organdie, in Miss Pewee's champion hat, looked bewitching. Running out into the garden, she had picked for her belt a big bunch of "bleeding-hearts," and a smaller posy of the same for the Major's buttonhole. Now all was ready, and still the recreant Timson did not come.

"Tut, tut, tut!" said Miss Penelope. "I

suppose he forgot to have the window mended that rattled so. Well, I always did say I could trust Viney Piper to cut anything, though she was unlucky with my brown lustring a year ago last February, there's no denying it. How odd it seems for you to be going to meet the Prince, child, when one remembers the stand grandpapa took in the Revolution—though, to be sure, grandpapa had fought *with* the English in the French and Indian affairs. I must say it shows a very proper feeling in the Queen to let her son come. Dear, dear! if it should rain, if there's the least moisture in the air, I hope you will think about your feather all the time, child—mind you take particular note of the color of his hair and eyes, and remember all he says about the royal family. Here's good Miss Fanny Bassett, my dear, stepped in to see you dressed. Yes, Miss Fanny; we think our little girl looks very nice—Major, do you reckon anything could have hap—there's Timson at last, and, I declare, if he has n't got the little white horses with long tails, that he drives to the baby funerals!"

Under the oak-trees on the Mount Vernon lawn had gathered a pleasant company. The silver-haired President with his fair, stately niece; Lord Lyons, genial Sir Henry Holland, the imposing Duke of Newcastle—these were most prominent in the *entourage* of the blond boy with courtly manners, who looked as if he would have liked to escape ceremonial, and enjoy Mount Vernon after some fashion of his own devising. Elsewhere, everywhere, were brilliant groups of fashionable folk, lighting up the greensward to the semblance of a Petit Trianon. Gay Berkeley, who had made her little reverence to the Prince, had been rallied and flattered by some of the oldsters of the suite, and was now followed by three or four young fellows eager for her smiles, was enjoying herself with the true gusto of a Virginia belle.

When the little Major came up to her in the box-walled garden to present Mr. Berkeley Stith, Gay found it a decided interruption to her festivities to have to stop to "draw out" this reserved English boy, who colored to the eyebrows when she spoke to him. Romance incarnate although he was, Mr. Stith would have been more in place in Belhaven limits. Somehow he did not harmonize with her high-heeled Spanish *attaché* or with the other glib and gilded youths who made up her train.

"Things are never quite what one expects them to be," mused the young lady, driving home, while the little long-tailed white horses, availing themselves of unprofessional opportunity, trotted briskly along. "It has been all delightful, but—but—I don't get on with Mr. Stith."

"He is very young," ventured the Major.

"That is n't it; I can always manage boys," said Gay, superbly. "If it were not absurd, I should say that he has especial reason to be afraid of me."

"In that hat you are undoubtedly dangerous, my dear," responded the gallant old gentleman.

"No; but really, Major Daisy, I tried so hard. I told him everything I know about Mount Vernon, even the old story about the lady who wept over the ice-house, mistaking it for the tomb. But nothing would cheer him up."

"You will be better friends when he comes to stop with me," said Major Daisy, with confidence.

But Gay held to her opinion; and when, the next afternoon, she heard the door-bell ring, prepared herself for a dull quarter of an hour.

"I seen cote-tails on de fron' po'ch, miss. 'Spec' it's students come to tea," said the little black girl, putting her head into Gay's room and irreverently alluding to the theological visitors most common in Belhaven streets.

"My dear, have you seen anything of my glasses?" said Miss Penelope, coming in with a card in hand. "O Cynthy, are you there? Run, look for my spec's, child, and hurry if you can."

"Dey ain' no use hurryin' 'less Miss Pen hurry too," said the small dark person, pointing her forefinger at the old lady's puffs. "'Ca'se dar dey is, bof pa'rs, certain shua."

"It is Mr. Stith, Auntie," explained Gay, glancing at the card. "If you and Aunt Finetta are ready to go down, do you think I need come quite yet?"

"You will accompany us, my dear. I should like nothing to be lacking in our welcome of the child of an old friend who thought enough of my papa to name his son for him."

When the Misses Berkeley, all prunes and prisms and best silk gowns, entered the blue parlor, Gay in their wake, they found the stranger, holding his hat behind his back, looking at the miniatures that hung in a row above the mantel-shelf. He turned, and, at the first look into his honest blue eyes, the two old women, seeing the unmistakable likeness to the long-absent Llewellyn, melted in kindness to the lad. Placing him between them on the haircloth sofa, they conducted the conversation in alternate rivulets of polite inquiry. Miss Pen, solicitous about his father's failing health, urged on him the propriety of sending at once to England a large supply of her Grandmama Berkeley's preparation of wild-cherry bark, tar, and honey; Miss Berkeley, elaborately unbending, contented herself with propounding oracles concerning the British government, the aristocracy, the Church, and customs of his na-

tive land. Gay, from her taboret in the window-seat, caught the humor of the scene. When, upon being pressed to say how the Queen was looking when he saw her last, Mr. Stith, turning his silk hat nervously, answered that, "It was at a flower-show, you know, and her Majesty was rather hot, and uncommonly red in the face," Gay, observing the shocked expression of her aunts, burst outright into laughter that went trilling through the empty spaces of the house. At which Berkeley Stith's young spirit overleaped conventionalities, and he too laughed. Dennis, coming in with a salver containing cake and wine, relieved the situation for both the lawless ones.

From this date Berkeley was adopted as one of them. He lost his constraint in the presence of their simple cordiality. The pleasant house, with its bare, polished floors, wide halls, old-fashioned furniture and customs, the jolly negro faces in every background, the smell of dried rose-leaves everywhere; the soft voices, to say nothing of the rich Southern beauty of the little maiden who already had him in her chains, made life there seem an afternoon of holiday from school.

They had talked much of the ways and means of introducing Berkeley to his father's aunts. Miss Penelope, indeed, had urged upon the lad the hopelessness of attempting to rouse either of them to recognition; but when, with quiet determination, he assured her that it was impossible for him to return to England, having neglected the effort to do so, Aunt Pen agreed to second him.

Gay had never set foot in the garden of the Poplars. She had seen the horse-chestnuts flower and drop over the high brick walls, and the long arms of distorted fruit-trees let fall, outside, pears and plums too hard and warped for even the milk-teeth of eager children of the street; but all within was a mystery like the contents of the house. When Aunt Penelope, coming to meet them at a door set in the ivy of the wall, unlocked it to admit her with Berkeley Stith and Major Garnett, the girl looked about her, full of awe.

Nothing so dreary as this tangle of neglected vegetation had come within her ken. Elsewhere, at this season, in the gardens of the town, rioted a glorious second crop of blossoms, richer in tint and sweeter of smell than those of summer-time. Here, so long had nature unpruned laid one layer of growth upon another, the foliage underneath was skeletonized and gray. The few flowers that had struggled into bloom were touched with blight. The great old sycamores, mulberries, and "paper-leaves" locked their boughs to make a twilight down below. Under the rotting arches of a grape-arcade there were two long tracks

worn by footsteps, distinct as the "beat" of prisoners in Old World dungeons, where, for half a century, Miss Selina had taken her daily exercise.

"Now, my dear, keep your spirits up," said Aunt Pen, in a cheerful whisper. "It will startle her less, I think, if you and the Major come in with Berkeley. Rain or shine, I've been visiting here this many a year, and I've met with nothing more alarming than mice; so pray, all of you, put off those doleful looks. I find from Juno that poor Celestia is very weak, though she's up and in her chair, as usual, in the room she's never left in twenty years. My plan is to have you come into the upper hall, where in old times the young people used to sit and chat around the bay-window seat, and let Selina find you there."

They mounted the stairs and sat, a silent trio, in the half light that filtered through panes overgrown outside with ivy. The paper of walls almost covered with mezzotints and steel-engravings, now obscured from sight by grime, hung in melancholy garlands; the fiddle-backed chairs ranged in rows around them were whole, but veiled in dust; across the open door of a bedroom opposite a spider had spun its web in full view. Another door was conspicuously closed. Not a sound smote upon their ears in the great voids of the silent house but their own quickened breathing and the buzzing of a blue-bottle fly attempting to escape to outer air.

"Oh, will Aunt Pen never come!" whispered Gay, at last, and Berkeley, who was next to her, took her hand in his, smiling at her wan looks.

The little Major, hat in hand, sat in a brown study, his eyes fixed upon the ground. He was living over a lifetime of joy and sorrow, of which the young things near him had tasted only the first drop. Gay felt herself shivering closer to Berkeley, who kept her hand in his firm clasp, saying not a word.

And then, led by Miss Penelope, who, with her arm around her waist, spoke in a low gentle whisper in her ear, there came to them a small, slight creature clothed in white, her flaxen hair, streaked with gray, hanging upon her neck, her wide, sad eyes looking at vacancy.

"Here are friends who love you, Selina," said Miss Penelope. "Look, my dear, and see if you do not remember David. And this is my little Gay, of whom I've often talked to you, and this is —"

"Llewellyn!" cried the poor lady, a look coming into her eyes, as if a lamp had been set into a dark casement. "Llewellyn, my own boy, you've come back to us at last!"

Berkeley Stith caught in his strong young arms the frail form that swayed toward him. At the same moment was heard from behind

the door of the closed room a shrill scream, and old Juno, running out like a spider from its lair, appeared among them.

"O my poor mistis, she's no mo'. My Miss Celestia's gone!" she cried. "Bress Jesus, dere's one on 'em he's taken to hisself. She's done passed away in sleep."

Miss Penelope looked in alarm at Selina's white face resting on Berkeley's shoulder, but it wore a smile of ineffable content. She had heard nothing, suffered nothing. The brief gleam of reason, giving her the desire of her heart for years, had faded, leaving her at peace.

Miss Selina made no resistance to the removal from her old home into a place where every care was lavished upon the remainder of her days. She was gentle, grateful, obedient; did not seem to realize her sister's death; and at a second meeting with her grandnephew showed no recognition of his presence. That she had, however, secretly visited the chamber of the dead, to remove from Celestia's finger a quaint ring of twisted gold, was proved by her last act before parting with Miss Penelope to go into her retreat.

"You will give this to Llewellyn, with our dear love," she said, laying the ring in her old friend's hand. "Celestia had been keeping it till he should come."

Berkeley could not trust himself to visit again the old house at the Poplars until the week after Miss Selina's departure. Already some people who had been put in charge had opened the deserted mansion to light and air; and with Gay the young man wandered through it, gazing curiously at the scene of the drama of death in life, so recently enacted.

"This will all be yours some day," said Gay. "I hope you will never let coarse, unfeeling people get possession of it, and tell its stories to gaping visitors."

"When this house goes from my hands, it shall go to destruction if I have my way," he answered. "But I can fancy certain conditions under which I should even like to live in it."

What those conditions were Gay did not press him to explain; nor were they apparently realized, since to-day, running close to the site of the old dwelling, destroyed by fire during the war, a railroad intersects the garden, and rows of small frame-houses have taken the place of the tangled bowers where Selina was wont to walk.

But when, some years later, Mr. Berkeley Stith came back to America to claim a bride, the ring used for the ceremony was one of the odd "gimmals" of the seventeenth century, made of blended links held together by a pair of golden hands, which, when separated, caused the circlet to drop into two parts. Within were inscribed these lines:

"When — With — This — Round — Trew — Hartes — Doe — Wedde — Y^e — Curse — Shalle — Pass — From — Stithe — Hysse — Hedde."

"So we are the legend of the ring?" said Gay, fingering it curiously, upon her bridal eve.

"Yes. At least my poor father, who in his last days took hold of the fancy with surprising persistence, made me promise to induce you to wear it at our marriage. I must own, however, that I believe in it just as much as I believe in our fabled curse, and as most people believe in their respectable old family ghosts."

"Take care! Peggy declares that it was this scoffing spirit on the part of the previous Stiths that brought about their woes."

"Our luck has turned since the day I saw

the dearest little girl in the world admiring herself in a milliner's looking-glass. I'll own to you now, Gay, that I fell so hopelessly in love with that hat that I was afraid to look you in the face next day, for fear of letting out my secret."

"Oh, I am so glad!" the girl cried gleefully. "To have been loved at first sight, and to be married with a legendary ring, realizes all my youthful dreams. I shall never be silly any more; but it is a final tribute to my foolish old romance."

If Gay had consulted Aunt Pen (now Mrs. David Garnett) and her husband, who gave the bride away, they might have told her that all of life's romance is not in the dreams of youth. But this, perhaps, in her happy married life, she has found out for herself.

Constance Cary Harrison.



MY ENEMY.

I.

MY foe was dark, and stern, and grim
I lived my life in fear of him.
I passed no secret, darkened nook
Without a shuddering furtive look,
Lest he should take me unawares
In some one of his subtle snares.
Even in broad noon the thought of him
Turned all the blessed sunlight dim,
Stole the rich color from the rose,
The perfume from the elder-blows.

I saw him not, I heard no sound;
But traces everywhere I found
Of his fell plotting. Now, the flower
Most prized lay blasted by his power;
From the locked casket, rent apart,
The jewel dearest to my heart
Was stolen; or, from out the dark,
Some swift blow made my heart its
mark.

Sweet eyes I loved grew glazed and
dim
That had but caught a glimpse of him;
And ears, were wont to hear each sigh
Of mine, were deafened utterly,
Even to my shrieks; and lips I pressed
Struck a cold horror to my breast.

This hath he done, my enemy.
From him, O God, deliver me!

II.

I reached but now this place of gloom
Through yon small gateway, where is room
For only one to pass. This calm
Is healing as a Sabbath psalm.
A sound, as if the hard earth slid
Down-rattling on a coffin-lid,
Was in mine ears. Now all is still,
And I am free to fare at will —
Whither? I seem but tarrying
For one who doth a message bring.

Who meets me in the way, whose face
Is radiant with an angel's grace?
Smiling, he saith in underbreath:
"I am thy foe long dreaded — Death."
"O Death, sweet Death, and is it *thou*
I called mine enemy but now?"
I place my trusting palms in his,
And lift my chill lips for his kiss.
"Press close, be near me to the end,
When all are fled, my one true friend!"
"Yea, *friend*," he answereth. "All, and more
Than all I took, do I restore.
Blossom and jewel, youth and hope,
And see, this little key doth ope
The shining portal that we see,
Beyond which — *love* awaiteth thee."

"O blinded eyes! Ah, foolish heart!
Adieu, dear Death — one kiss! We part."

Alice Williams Brotherton.

MIDDLE GEORGIA RURAL LIFE.

IT has been asked why comparatively so many published character-sketches of the South have originated in the State of Georgia. In the opinion of the writer of this article, other causes besides accidental ones have operated in this behalf, and he purposes to suggest some of them.

Middle Georgia (for such contributions have come almost without exception from this region), settled by immigrants from the older States, chiefly Virginia and North Carolina, was found to be as salubrious as fertile. Its undulations of wide uplands and narrow lowlands watered by swiftly running small rivers and creeks, its thick forests beneath which was a soil radiant with redness and teeming with fecundity, made it as pleasant an abode for man as any in the whole South. Therein families of various degrees of culture and property got homesteads, not many less than two hundred, and fewer more than one thousand, acres. Almost every one owned one or two, almost none more than fifty, slaves. Fewer distinctions were among their dwelling-houses. The salubrity of the climate made settlements almost everywhere equally secure. Therefore those of all conditions became close neighbors of one another, and intimacies necessarily arose destined to produce important results variant, not only from those in other Southern States, but from those in the low-lying wire-grass and seaboard region of Georgia, wherein societies, constituted of English, Highland Scotch, and Salzburger, owing mainly to geographic and climatic conditions, kept for a century the distinctions that obtained at their establishment.

In a community constituted like that of Middle Georgia whatever was striking in individuality found unobstructed development in social intercourse that was untrammelled except by unwritten laws that excluded only what was indecent and unmanly. There were manifestations of the exuberant freedom of the rustic in that happy region that made him interesting enough to become the hero of a brief story of life and manners. He differed from the rustic of the seaboard as much as any French Switzer differs from the Italian or the German beyond the impassable mountain between them. Illustrative

of this difference, General Duncan L. Clinch, of Withlacoochee fame in the Seminole war, used to tell this anecdote. Accompanying the wagon of an up-country merchant going to Savannah for goods was a youth who felt that he might indulge himself for a few weeks with the sight of strange countries. What interested the traveler even more than the shipping were the inlets below the city that with the rising and ebbing tides flowed in contrary directions.

"And you call them things creeks, do you," he asked with disgust, "a-runnin' bofe ways? Well, my laws! the sooner I git back home the better for me and all parties."

His words being repeated to an ancient Salzburger, the latter said:

"He must be vone fool. If de vater run but vone way, it vill soon all run out, un den dey vill be not creek dere."

This seaboard man and his likes were to continue through a generation or two to be as they



DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.
A GEORGIA GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

were, while the hill-country greenhorn, through contact with benign influences, must make the development possible to his powers.

The Middle Georgian, always a politician, a free, often clamorous, sometimes a fighting



THE LAWYER.

voter, seldom aspired to the legislature or other positions wherein, besides being ridiculous, he might have proved a nuisance. His social rivalries began in country, commonly called "old-field," schools. Children of all conditions attended them during their formative years until a few left for college, and the rest for the plow and the hoe, or for the working-tools of the artisan. Here began intimacies and affections that no subsequent differences in culture or fortune were destined to change. Indeed the first settlers in Middle Georgia, although among them were some as well-born as any who ever came from the old States, or remained therein, organized society on a scale of simplest democracy. In general, every neighbor used to sit at every other neighbor's board, neither feeling that he was imparting or receiving favors other than such as flow from the needs and enjoyments of social existence,

proud of nothing so much as living in a region specially blessed by Heaven. Alexander H. Stephens used to recite a speech made at a dinner in Washington whereat were gentlemen from several States, among them a Georgian not accustomed to such occasions. He had already become embarrassed by listening to the toasts in compliment of the other States, and the graceful responses made by a citizen of each, and when Georgia was announced, vexed that nobody was there more competent to do justice to the theme, he rose with a feeling much like anger, and shouted:

"Gentlemen, dod-fetch it all! I can't make a speech; but that ain't goin' to hender me from drinkin' to the State o' Georgie. I'll do it, and I'll do it free. Here's to her! She come from nobody, she ain't beholden on nobody, and you better believe she don't care a continental cent for nobody!"

It was a speech characteristic of the life that was led in that happy region fifty and sixty years ago, when the names and images of ancestors were counted of little importance compared with other things needed for the make-up of sound pioneer communities. A people so composed must put forth many an interesting specimen of individuality, with best opportunities for development. Hardy and industrious, yet they learned early the worth of leisure, and various were the devices for its entertainment. The books would be legion that should record the multifarious doings in old-field schools and other theaters wherein blossomed individualisms the fruit of which was a humor racy and abundant: as on the bench of a justice of the peace, on the witness-stand in the superior court, at the head of a battalion on the muster-field, where officers and men knew almost nothing, not only of the order and discipline, but of the words of military parade; above all, in the courtships of young men and maidens, bachelors and widows, with widowers to come in everywhere. Unrestrained intercourse among those of all conditions, the evenness with which life in general ran,—men of culture not only living but talking like their rude neighbors,—tended to inspire the more ignorant with ambition, always more pronounced in those least gifted to imitate the manners of refinement. In this connection it seems fit to remark that positions of petty prominence were sought in general by those whose behavior in the discharge of official functions was the more ludicrous according as they magnified their importance, and essayed to preside with corresponding gravity. As for courtships, they were as swift as fond. The Middle Georgia boy was a lover at ten, or thereabout, an announced suitor at sixteen, often a bridegroom at eighteen. In general he was not acquainted with the Muses, nor had he the winning phrase

of knight or troubadour; yet, feeling more intensely, because vaguely, the need to lay aside for the nonce his rude speech, he would pour forth, sometimes with tongue, sometimes on foolscap, volleys of fiery polysyllables, at whose audacious novelty his sweetheart might laugh till tears came to her eyes. Still she would lis-

regions from which the people had come. It may seem amiss to praise a vernacular so often regardless of the queen's English; yet it is certainly true that many of its peculiarities, arbitrary words, curt abbreviations, maxims and saws, substitution of the plural for the singular in nouns, assigning gender—especially the femi-



DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

"A BRIDEGROOM AT EIGHTEEN."

ten, and she would read, and she would endure to be entreated; for if she knew not for herself, wiser people than she would easily recognize that in spite of such wild efforts to surmount Parnassus, the possession of her would develop a manhood as sound as ever drew woman to lay her head upon a manly breast.

It was a saying of Aristotle that those who are to be leaders in societies should think like wise men, but speak as the common people. It is probable that in few if any communities has this maxim been pursued more closely than in Middle Georgia. In a society variously composite,—energetic pioneers coalescing for the purposes of this new life,—the speech of the common people, greatly in excess of numbers, must be the speech of all. Into this had been injected provincialisms according to the various

nine—to things inanimate, various modulations of tones and accentuations, made it not only pleasing to the ear, but very expressive. Not only in early, but in late periods, the ablest and most cultured men in the State, especially lawyers, employed it habitually in intercourse, not only with their clients, but with one another, just as in Scotland a century ago, when the most eminent judges and barristers in seasons of leisure were found to lapse into the *patois* of the people.

The tendencies of such social conditions, as they concern the question now being considered, were toward a thorough acquaintance among men of culture, particularly in the legal profession, with the peculiarities to which they themselves had contributed in giving development. A faithful sketcher of rural life in those times

must have known to intimacy and loved and admired this people, and in boyhood must have been as green as the greenest in order to be put into sympathy indispensable to the just performance of his task. Such were the raconteurs among the reunions of the bar at village taverns during the terms of courts. Young lawyers of to-day, even in Middle Georgia, know nothing, except by tradition, of the frolics of their predecessors, who used to follow in sulkies the judges of the Northern and Ocmulgee circuits, with their ten or twelve counties apiece, sojourning at taverns the capacities and appointments of which were wholly inadequate for their accommodation. A story is told of Judge Dooly of the Northern Circuit. A certain pig, of the species there called Landpike, whose generic leanness had not been overcome sufficiently to make him specially tempting, had been roasted whole, and for several days he lay untouched in his dish on the dinner-table. A severe judge was this habitually, yet he could be merciful on occasion. A day or two before adjournment, while at dinner, he was observed to look compassionately for some time at the deceased, and then, turning to the sheriff, who was sitting near, said softly:

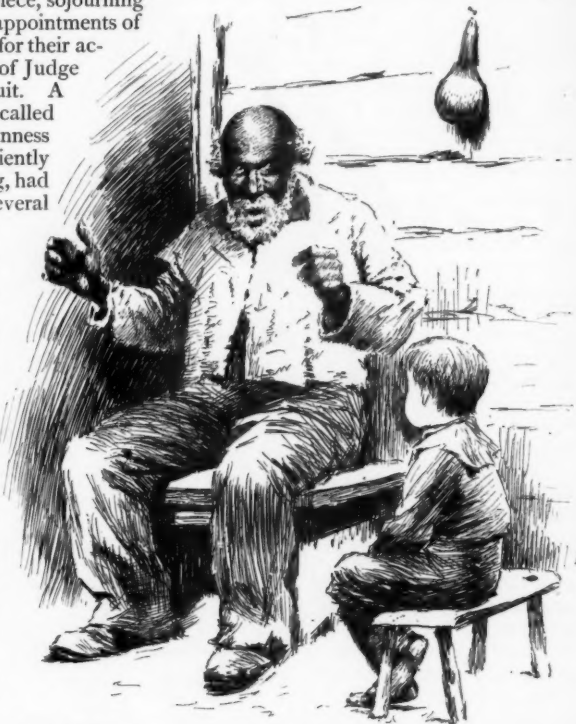
"Mr. Sheriff, that pig has been faithful in his attendance upon the court ever since the beginning of the term, and has deported himself with such modesty and general propriety that this Court feels constrained to order his discharge upon his own recognizance."

The lawyers, accepting the situation cheerily, spent the long evenings in story-tellings about their neighbors, friends, one another, and even themselves, to be followed by shouts that when on the long piazza, and even sometimes when in the tavern hall, would be heard throughout the village, driving pious elderly ladies to wonder aghast, and perhaps to declare: "It do seem like them lawyers, big and little, little and big, keers for nothin' nor nobody. A body can't scarcely say their pra'ers, and git to sleep before midnight, when them ongodly people is here." Yet afterward, when told by their husbands or sons some of the jokes, they would laugh as heartily themselves.

The States of Alabama and Mississippi, with many large portions of Texas, are daughters of Middle Georgia, wherein was born

(they or their parents) a majority of those who are now leaders in public and private. These love the traditions, and fondly quote the sayings, of their rural forefathers, among whom were so many practical jokes, merry jestings, and the absurd drolleries that spring forth out of the exuberance of life in body, soul, and spirit.

What has been said about white people may be applied within degree to negro slaves. Their dwellings, almost without exception, were within call of their owners', and this contiguity



DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

THE STORY-TELLER.

gave facilities for as great improvement as was possible to their condition. The young children of both races worked, played, wrestled, hunted, and fished together, and numberless were the affectionate relationships that, beginning in childhood, continued not only until emancipation, but beyond it. The slave of the average Middle Georgian regarded his master as the greatest and best of mankind, and loved him with a love that neither time nor war with its impoverishments and prostrations could subdue. Such relationships could not have existed in regions wherein masters and slaves dwelt apart. In this the influences exerted were benign to the bond and to the free.

To the latter they served to impart the ennobling that always attends manful regard for the being of the dependent, and they tempered the rudeness of the former in many ways, among them in leading to efforts, humble as they were, often most laughable, to imitate the graces of manner and speech of those upon whom they depended. No man who knows negroes well will believe that, with opportunities of reasonable fairness, in simple affectionateness, in readiness to make sacrifices, yes, in gratitude for just, humane treatment, they are below the standard of other races. It was owing to the relationships above mentioned that the State of Georgia, particularly its middle region, began so soon to recover from the desolation wrought by the late war between the States. The freedman there, after the first intoxication into which his simple being had been cast by the new feeling of his freedom, was quick—and but for unwelcome influences, particularly among native white people, would have been quicker—to recover his ancient poise, because he could not be driven to believe, like his kindred on the seaboard and in the river-bottoms, that emancipation had brought the millennium, and was destined apace to turn the world in general upside down. Therefore the two races could rejoin the forces that had been rent asunder, and move on harmoniously in their new careers. On many a plantation in Middle Georgia freedmen and their families are dwelling now as they dwelt before the war. The writer at this moment is thinking of a case touching for the memories of the old-time affectionateness it invokes. A gentleman in one of the old counties, once prosperous, now greatly reduced and in weak health, is maintained by one who was formerly his slave, is dressed by him in better clothes than he himself wears, and is treated with the same deference as of yore. To those who inquire the reasons for such action, he answers that his master is a gentleman, and that he shall not live other than as a gentleman ought to live as long as he can help it.

Conditions such as have been related made possible the creation of *Uncle Remus*. They made the negro more intelligent, more individual, and more interesting than most of his race elsewhere. A historian of him as he was must come from this very region, or one like it, and before these latter changing times were over; and if there ever was a rhapsodist to whom a people's love had descended to be fitly told, it was *Uncle Remus*. The negro is a born musician, and in his way a poet. He loves to see visions and to dream dreams, and to tell of them in solemn, mumbling, mysterious tones and words. *Uncle Remus* is a representative of the old-time negro whose master, when a good man, satisfied his ideas of human greatness.

Many times that little white child had sat before his cabin door, or by the log fire within, and listened, sometimes amused, oftener with awe, to tales of far-away times when the black man's ancestors, dwelling by the side of the corn-field amidst the humbler animals of the forest, became familiar with their domestic life and learned their various language. In the creation of this character not only genius and art were requisite, but oft-recurring opportunities to make acquaintance with the interior of this lowly life, goodness to sympathize with it, judgment to admire it, religiousness to reverence it. It was on the plantation of a good man in Putnam County, undulating among the lesser streams leading to the Oconee, that this country-born child learned what has so delighted the English-speaking world. Only there, or on some similar plantation, could the materials have been gathered in such profusion. Only an artist thoughtful and skilful, fond and native-born, could have rehearsed these in sequence so befitting. Only a gentle mind could have imparted the pathos, their chief excellency. *Uncle Remus* shows here and there that, like the aged minstrel in Newark Castle, he feels that he is among the last of his tribe to tell of the old order which he honors so well. Recollections in the midst of great political and social changes have fallen sadly upon his heart. Continuing at his work with an anxiety about results that formerly he did not have, realizing the uselessness of much faultfinding with some things that please him not, unable to put himself in full sympathy with all doings in the Church, yet he feels in his old age the need of being as religious as he can afford to be, considering the times. At night, when the child of those he loves best visits him as he sits and muses, tender fondness comes over his being, and he tells him the weird things the ancientness and significance of which the world knows not. None were more surprised than the author at the favor accorded by the public to his work. Although it was to him an actual embodiment culled out of his childhood among the red hills of Putnam, Joel Chandler Harris did not foresee how the learned and thoughtful everywhere would delight and marvel at the vividness of the reproduction.

Among the old-time negroes in the region that we have been considering was much of a humor very interesting. Their speech, by constant contact with the white man's, which it sought to imitate, had a curtness and vivacity never heard on large seaboard and river plantations. In the lightness of the negro's heart, with an imagination that never sought to be curbed, his words and his deportment often had a fun as racy as any lover of that article reasonably could wish to see. Even his complain-

ings, oftener than otherwise, were put forth with a resentment so peculiar as to provoke as well laughter as sympathy. Witness the following anecdote of the return to his old master, not very long ago, of one of his former slaves after having served another person for a year.

"Why, Jim, how happens it that you quit Perkins?" asked the gentleman.

"Well now, Marse Jack, I gwine up en tell you jes how 't is. I wuck fer dah man all las' year, en I wuck hard, en I make him a good crop. Well, now, de troof is, I did git f'om him a few, but, min' you, jes only a few, merlasses en tobarker, en one hat, en a pa'r o' shoes, en one little thing en 'nother. Well, den, Chris'mus come, en he say, 'Jim, I gwine make out our 'count.' En den he tuck he piece o' paper, en he pen, en he ink-vial, en he 'gin a-settin' down, en when he thoo wid dat job, he 'gin a-addin' up, en a-put'n' down, en a-kyar'n'; en he kyar'd, en he kep' on a-kyar'n', ontwel, bless your soul en body! Marse Jacky, when he got thoo, he done kyar's off' all what was a-comin' to me! En so I makes up my min', I does, to leff dar, en pewoose myself back to you, whar I knows dey not gwine be no sich kyar'n' as dem." Then he joined heartily in the laugh raised by what had just occurred to him as being a good practical joke.

The country lawyer who, fifty years ago, traveled the judicial circuits aforementioned, met many a character as interesting as original. Not only were such specimens different, even in some matters of dialect, in various circuits, but militia districts in each had their *sui generis* representatives. Some of these, if they had been well known to him, must have suspended for a while the ever-flowing tears of the weeping philosopher.

When the lawyer traveled in a southerly or a southwesterly direction into the wire-grass region bordered by the Canoochee and the Ohoopée, he found other originals that have been sketched only rarely and briefly—interesting indeed, but neither so variant nor so racy, because, as is herein asserted with confidence, society there, besides consisting of a different people, was organized upon bases quite unlike that of the hill-country, and the few men of culture owning possessions there, who by a free intercourse might have developed, understood, and afterward described individualisms, lived in comparative seclusion, or had their residences in the large towns on the Savannah.

Sometimes public men from Georgia have been wondered at, perhaps sharply criticized,

for their carelessness of speech otherwheres than when seriously discussing before national tribunals subjects of national import. We have seen the causes of such apparent ignorance or obliviousness. It may be termed condescension the familiarity with which the greatest men of the State associated with their inferiors in natural



DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

THE FIDDLER.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

gifts, hereditary names, and educational advantages, to such degree of intimacy as to grow to love not only them, but their dialect and some of their manners, it was not felt so to be on the part either of one class or of the other. Did such condescension serve to let down one set from the standard which polite society likes to keep ever erect and exalted? Society leaders a generation ago did not thus complain of the elder Colquitt, Longstreet, Dawson, Jenkins, Cobb, Toombs, Stephens, and others of their time. The relaxations indulged at the Sunday dinners given by Mr. Stephens in his rooms at the National Hotel, Washington, were enjoyed not less by others, however eminent, than by the Georgians, some of whom were always sure to be there. Yet, during the meal, and afterward with cigars and a moderate circulation of the bottle, not only the dramatic but the narrative parts of anecdotes of Georgia production would be recited in the dear old dialect of which, even in his extreme age, none were more fond than the host.

R. M. Johnston.

OL' PAP'S FLAXEN.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND,

Author of "Main Traveled Roads," "Jason Edwards," etc.

ANS, the next time you twist hay fer the fire, I wish 't you'd dodge the damp spots," said the cook, rising from a prolonged scrutiny of the stove and the bread in the oven.

"Cooks are always grumblin'," calmly remarked Anson, drawing on his gloves preparatory to going out to the barn; "but seein' 's this is Chris'mus, I 'll go out an' knock a barrel to pieces. I want them biscuit to be O. K. See?"

"Yes; I see."

"Say, Bert!"

"Well?"

"Can't we have some sugar-'lasses on our biscuits, seein' it 's Chris'mus?"

"Well, I s'pose we can, Ans'; but we 're gittin' purty low on the thing these days, an' they ain't no tellin' when we 'll be able to git more."

"Well, jes as you say, not as I care." Anson went out into the roaring wind with a shout of defiance, but came back instantly, as if to say something he had forgotten. "Say, wha' d' ye s'pose is the trouble over to the Norsks? I hain't seen a sign o' smoke over there fer two er three days."

"Well, now you speak of it, Ans', I 've be'n thinkin' about that myself. I 'm afraid he 's out o' coal, er sick, er somethin'. It 'u'd be mighty tough fer the woman an' babe to be there without fire, an' this blizzard whoopin' her up. I guess you 'd better go over an' see what 's up. I was goin' to speak of it this mornin', but fer-got it. I 'm cook this week, so I guess the job falls on you."

"All right. Here goes."

"Better take a horse."

"No; I guess not. The snow is driftin' purty bad, an' he could n't git through the drifts, anyway."

"Well, look out fer yerself, ol' man. It looks purty owly off in the west. Don't waste any time. I 'd hate like thunder to be left alone on a Dakota prairie fer the res' o' the winter."

Anson laughed back through the mist of snow that blew in the open door, his greatcoat and cap allowing only a glimpse of his cheeks.

The sky was bright overhead, but low down

around the horizon it did look "owly." The air was frightfully cold,—far below zero,—and the wind had been blowing almost every day for a week, and was still strong. The snow was sliding fitfully along the sod with a stealthy, menacing motion, and far off in the west and north a dense, shining cloud of frost was hanging.

The plain was almost as lone and level and bare as a polar ocean, where death and silence reign undisputedly. There was not a tree in sight, the grass was mainly burned, or buried by the snow, and the little shanties of the three or four settlers could hardly be said to be in sight, half buried as they were in drifts. A large white owl seated on a section stake was the only living thing to be seen.

The boom had not yet struck Buster County. Indeed it did not seem to Bert Gearheart at this moment that it would ever strike Buster County. It was as cold, dreary, and unprofitable an outlook as a man could face and not go utterly mad.

Bert watched his partner as he strode rapidly across the prairie, now lost to sight as a racing troop of snow-waves, running shoulder-high, shot between, now reappearing as the wind lulled.

"This is gittin' pretty monotonous, to tell the honest truth," muttered the cook as he turned from the little window. "If that railroad don't show up by March, in some shape or other, I 'm goin' to give it up. Gittin' free land like this is a little too costly fer me. I 'll go back to Wiscons', an' rent land on shares."

Bert was a younger-looking man than his bachelor companion; perhaps because his face was clean-shaven and his frame much slighter. He was a silent, moody young fellow, hard to get along with, though of great good nature. Anson Wood succeeded in winning and holding his love even through the trials of masculine housekeeping. As Bert kept on with the dinner, he went often to the little window facing the east and looked out, each time thawing a hole in the frost on the window-panes. The wind was rising again, and the night promised to be wild, as the two preceding nights had been. As he moved back and forth setting out their scanty meal, he was thinking of the old life



DRAWN BY GEORGE W. COHEN.

AMUSING FLAXIE.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

back in Wisconsin in the deeps of the little *coulée*; of the sleigh-rides with the boys and girls; of the Christmas doings; of the damp, thick-falling snow among the pines, where the wind had no terrors; of musical bells on swift horses in the fragrant deeps where the snowflakes fell like caresses through the tossing branches of the trees.

By the side of such a life the plain, with its sliding snow and ferocious wind, was appalling—a treeless expanse and a racing-ground for snow and wind. The man's mood grew darker while he mused. He served the meal on the rude box which took the place of table, and still his companion did not come. He looked at his watch. It was nearly one o'clock, and yet there was no sign of the sturdy figure of Anson.

The house of the poor Norwegian was about two miles away, and out of sight, being built in a gully; but now the eye could distinguish a house only when less than a mile away. A man could not at times be seen at a distance of ten rods, though occasional lulls in the wind permitted Bert to see nearly to the "First Moccasin."

"He may be in the swale," muttered the watcher as he stood with his eye to the loop-hole. But the next time he looked the plain was as wild and lone as before, save under the rising blast the snow was beginning to ramp and race across the level sod so fast that at times it looked like a sea running white with foam and misty with spray.

At two o'clock he said: "Well, I s'pose Ans' has concluded to stay over there to dinner, though what the Norsk can offer as inducement I swear I don't know. I'll eat, anyhow; he can have what's left."

He sat down to his lonely meal, and ate slowly, getting up two or three times from his candle-box in a growing anxiety for Ans', using the heated poker now to clear a spot on the pane. He expressed his growing apprehension, manlike, by getting angry.

"I don't see what the fool means by stayin' so late. It'll be dark by four o'clock, er jes as soon as that cloud over there strikes us. You could n't beat sense into some men's heads with a club."

He had eaten his dinner now, and had taken to pacing up and down the little room, which

was exactly six paces long and three wide, and just high enough to permit Anson to walk erect in the highest part.

"Nice fix to leave a man in, ain't it? All alone here, an' a blizzard comin' on! If I ever git out o' this country alive, I 'll bet I 'll know enough not to come back," he broke out, stamping his foot in a rage. "I don't see what he means by it. If he 's caught in that blow, his life ain't worth a cent."

At half-past two the feelings of the silent watcher began to change. He thought more about his partner out there in the rising wind and thickening snow. The blast roared round the little cabin with a deep, menacing, rising moan, and laid to the stovepipe a resounding lip, wailing and shouting weirdly. Bert's nervous walk accelerated, and he looked so often through the pane that the frost had not time to close up. Suddenly, out of the blinding, sweeping snow, not ten rods distant, the burly form of Anson burst, head down, blindly staggering forward into the teeth of the tempest. He walked like a man whose strength was almost gone, and he carried a large bundle in his arms.

Gearheart flung the door open, and called in a cheery voice to guide the struggling man to the house:

"Here ye are, ol' man! Right this way! Keep yer head down."

Then, seeing that Anson hardly made headway against the wind, he rushed out and, bare-headed as he was, caught and hurried him in, and shut the door. Reeling blindly, his breath roaring like a furnace, his eyebrows hung with icicles, his face masked with crusted snow, Anson staggered, crying hoarsely, "Take her!" then slid to the floor, where he lay panting for breath. Bert caught the bundle from his arms. A wailing, half-smothered cry came from it.

"What is it, Ans'?" he asked.

"A kid; warm it," said the giant, trying with his numbed fingers to undo the shawl which wrapped the bundle. Bert hurriedly unwound the shawl, and a frightened child, blue-eyed and flaxen-haired,—flossy as unfrosted corn-silk,—was disclosed like a nubbin of corn after the husks are stripped off.

"Why, it's little Flaxen! Wha' d' ye bring her over fer?"

"Sh!" said Anson, hoarsely. "Mind how ye get her warm! Don't ye see she 's froze?"

The little creature was about five, or possibly six, years old, scantily clad, but neat and pretty. As her feet began to get warm before the fire, she wailed with pain, which Bert tried to stop by rubbing.

"Put her hands in yer hair, hold her feet in yer hands—don't rub 'em," commanded Ans', who was stripping the ice from his eyelashes

and from his beard, which lay like a shield upon his breast. "Stir up the fire; give her some hot coffee an' some feed. She hain't had anythin' to eat."

Bert tried to do all these things at once, and could n't, but managed finally to get the child a piece of bread and a cup of coffee, and to allay her fears. Ans' began to recover from his horrible journey.

"Ol' man," he said solemnly and tenderly, "I came jes as near stayin' in that last gully down there as a man could an' not. The snow was up to my armpits, an' let me down wherever the weeds was. I had to waller; if it had n't be'n fer Flaxen, I guess I 'd 'a' give up; but I jes grit my teeth, an' pulled through. There, guess ye had n't better let her have any more; I guess she 'll go to sleep now she 's fed an' warmed. Jes le' me take her now, ol' man."

"No; you get rested up."

"See here, it 'll rest me to hold that little chap. I 'm all right. My hands is frosted some, an' my ears, that 's all, but my breath is git'in' back. Come on, now."

Bert surrendered the child, who looked up into the bearded face of the rough fellow, then rested her head on his breast, and went to sleep at last. It made his heart thrill as he felt her little head against his breast. He never had held a child in his arms before.

"Say, Bert, reckon I 'm purty fair picture of a family man, now, eh? Throw in a couple o' twists more o' hay—"

"Say, now the little one is off, what 's up over to the Norsk's? Wha' d' ye bring the child fer?"

"'Cause she was the only livin' soul in the shanty."

"What!"

"Fact."

"Where 's the Norsk?"

"I don't know. On the prairie somewhere."

"An' the mother?"

"She 's—" Here the little one stirred slightly as he leaned forward, and Ans' said, with a wink, "She 's asleep. Be a little careful what ye say—jes now; the little rat is listenin'. Jes say relative when ye mean her—the woman, ye know."

"Yes, sir," he resumed after a moment; "I was scart when I saw that house—when I knocked, an' no one stirred er come to the door. They was n't no tracks around, an' the barn and house was all drifted up. I pushed the door open; it was cold as a barn, an' dark. I could n't see anythin' fer a minute, but I heard a sound o' cryin' from the bed that made my hair stand up. I rushed over there, an' there lay the mother on the bed, with nothin' on but some kind of a night-dress, an' everythin'—dress,

shawl, an' all — piled on an' around that blessed child."

"She was dead?"

"Stone-dead. I could n't believe it at first. I raved around there, split up a chair an' the shelves, an' made a fire. Then I started to rub the woman's hands an' feet, but she was cold an' hard as iron. Then I took the child up an' rubbed her; tried to find somethin' fer her to eat—not a blessed thing in that house! Finally I thought I better bolt fer home—"

"Lucky ye did. Hear that wind! Great heavens! We are in fer another two-days' blow of it. That woman of course stripped herself to save the child."

"Yes; she did."

"Jes like a woman! Why did n't she rip down the shelf an' split up the chairs fer fuel, er keep walkin' up an' down the room?"

"Now, there it is. She had burnt up a lot o' stuff, then took to bed with the child. She rolled her up in all the quilts an' shawls an' dresses they was in the house, then laid down by the side o' her, an' put her arm over her—an' froze—jes like a mother—no judgment!"

"Well, lay her down now, an' eat somethin', while I go out an' look after the chores. Lord! it makes me crawl to think of that woman layin' there in the shanty all alone. Say, did ye shut the door?"

"Yes; an' it shuts hard. The wind ner wolves can't open it."

"That 's good. I could n't sleep 'nights if I thought the coyotes could get in."

By four o'clock it was dark, and the lamp was lighted when Bert came in, bringing an immense load of hay-twists. The ferocious wind, as if exulting in its undisputed sway over the plain, raved in a ceaseless fury around the cabin, and lashed the roof with a thousand stinging streams of snow. The tiny shanty did not rock; it shuddered as if with fright. The drifts rose higher on the windows, and here and there through some unseen crevice the snow, fine as bolted flour, found its way like oil, seeming to penetrate the solid boards; and to the stovepipe the storm still laid hoarse lip, piping incessantly, now dolorously, now savagely, now high, now low.

While the two men sat above the fire that night, discussing the sad case of the woman, the child slept heavily, muttering and sobbing in her sleep.

"The probabilities are," said Anson, in a matter-of-fact way, "the Norsk took his oxen an' started fer Summit fer provisions, an' got caught in this blizzard an' froze to death somewhere—got lost in some gully, probably."

"But why did n't he come an' tell us to look after his famly?"

"Well, I s'pose he was afraid to trust us. I don't wonder, as I remember the treatment that women git from the Yankees. We look a good 'eal worse than we are, besides; an' then the poor cuss could n't talk to us, anyhow, an' he 's be'n shy ever since he came, in October."

After a long silence, in which Gearheart went over and studied the face of the sleeper, Anson said: "Well, if he 's dead, an' the woman 's dead too, we 've got to look after this child till some relative turns up. An' that woman 's got to be buried."

"All right. What 's got to be done had better be done right off. We 've only one bed, Ans', an' a cradle has n't appeared necessary before. How about the sleepin' to-night? If you 're goin' into the orphan-asylum business, you 'll have to open up correspondence with a furniture-store."

Ans' reddened a little. "It ain't mine any more 'n yours. We 're pardners in this job."

"No; I guess not. You look more like a dad, an' I guess I 'll shift the responsibility of this thing off on to you. I 'll bunk here on the floor, an' you take the child an' occupy the bed."

"Well, all right," answered Anson, going over in his turn and looking down at the white face and tow-colored hair of the little stranger. "But say, we ain't got no night-clothes fer the little chap. What 'll we do? Put her to sleep jes as she is?"

"I reckon we 'll have to to-night. Maybe you 'll find some more clothes over to the shanty. The woman would n't burn up any of the baby's duds—bet yer life!"

"Say, Bert," said Ans' later.

"Well?"

"It 's too darn cold fer you to sleep on the floor there. You git in here on the back side, an' I 'll take the child on the front. She 'd be smashed flatter 'n a pancake if she was in the middle. She ain't bigger 'n a pint o' cider, anyway."

"No, ol' man. I 'll lay here on the floor, an' kind o' heave a twist in once in a while. It 's goin' to be cold enough to freeze the tail off a brass bull by daylight."

Ans' bashfully crept in beside the sleeping child, taking care not to waken her, and lay there thinking of his new rôle of father. At every shiver of the cowering cabin, and rising shriek of the wind, his heart went out in love toward the helpless little creature whose dead mother lay in the cold and deserted cabin, and whose father was wandering perhaps breathless and despairing on the plain, or lying buried in the snow in some deep ravine beside his patient oxen. He tucked the clothing in carefully about the child, felt to see if her little feet were cold,

and covered her head with her shawl, patting her lightly with his great paw.

"Say, Bert!"

"Well, Ans', what now?"

"If this little chap should wake up an' cry fer its mother, what in thunder would I do?"

"Give it up, ol' boy," was the reply from the depths of the buffalo-ropes before the fire. "Pat her on the back, an' tell her not to cry, er somethin' like that."

"But she can't tell what I say."

"Oh, she 'll understand if ye kind o' chuckle an' goo like a fam'ly man." But the little one slept on, and when, about midnight, Bert got up to feed the fire, he left the stove door open to give light, and went softly over to the sleepers. Ans' was sleeping with the little form close to his breast, and the poor troubled face safe under his shaggy beard.

And all night long the blasting wind, sweeping the sea of icy sands, hissed and howled round the little sod cabin like surf beating on a half-sunken rock. The wind and the snow and the darkness possessed the plain; and Cold (whose other name is Death) was king of the horrible carnival. It seemed as though morning and sunlight could not come again, so absolute was the sway of night and death.

When Anson woke the next morning, he found the great flower-like eyes of the little waif staring straight into his face with a surprise too great for words or cries. She stared steadily and solemnly into his open eyes for a while, and when he smiled she smiled back; but when he lifted his large hand and tried to brush her hair she grew frightened, pushing her little fists against him, and began to cry for "mooder."

This roused Gearheart, who said: "Well, pap, what are ye goin' to do with that child? This is your mornin' to git breakfast. Come, roll out. I've got the fire goin' good. I can't let ye off; it 'll break up our system."

Anson rolled out of the bunk, and dressed hurriedly in the cold room. The only sound was the roar of the stove devouring the hay-twist.

"Thunder an' black cats, ain't it cold! The wind has died down, er we'd all be froze stiffer 'n a wedge. It was mighty good in ye, ol' man, to keep the stove goin' durin' the night. The child has opened her eyes brighter 'n a dollar, but I tell ye I don't like to let her know what 's happened to her relatives."

The little one began to wail in a frightened way, being alone in the dim corner.

"There she goes now; she 's wantin' to go home. That 's what she 's askin', jes like 's not. Say, Bert, what the devil can I do?"

"Talk to her, Ans'; chuckle to her."

"Talk! She 'll think I 'm threatenin' to knock

her head off, er somethin'. There, there, don't ee cry! We 'll go see papa soon—confound it, man, I can't go on with this thing! There, there! See, child, we 're goin' to have some nice hot pancakes now; goin' to have breakfast now. See, ol' pap 's goin' to fry some pancakes. Whoop! see!" He took down the saucepan, and flourished it in order to make his meaning plainer.

"That 's as bad as your fist. Put that down, Ans'. You 'll scare the young one into a fit; you ain't built fer a jumpin'-jack."

The child did indeed set up a louder and more distracting yell. Getting desperate, Anson seized her in his arms and, despite her struggles, began tossing her on his shoulder. The child saw his design, and ceased to cry, especially as Gearheart began to set the table, making a pleasant clatter, whistling the while. The glorious light of the morning made its way only dimly through the thickly frosted window-panes; the boards snapped in the horrible cold; out in the barn the cattle were bellowing and kicking with pain.

"Do you know," said Bert, impressively, "I could n't keep that woman out o' my mind. I could see her layin' there without any quilts on her, an' the mice a-runnin' over her. God! it 's tough, this bein' alone on a prairie on such a night."

"I knew I 'd feel so, an' I jes naturally covered her up an' tucked the covers in, the child a-lookin' on. I thought she 'd feel better, seein' her ma tucked in good an' warm. Poor little rat!"

"Did you do that, ol' man?"

"You bet I did! I could n't have slept a wink if I had n't."

"Well, why did n't ye tell me, so 't I could sleep?"

"I did n't think ye 'd think of it that way, not havin' seen her."

The child now consented to sit in one of the chairs and put her feet down by the stove. She wept silently now, with that infrequent, indrawn sob, more touching than wails. She felt that these strangers were her friends, but she wanted her mother. She ate well, and soon grew more resigned. She looked first at one and then at the other of the men as they talked, trying to understand their strange language. Then she fell to watching a mouse that stole out from behind the flour-barrels, snatching a crumb occasionally and darting back, and laughed gleefully once, and clapped her hands.

"Now the first thing after the chores, Ans', is that woman over there. Of course it 's out o' the question buryin' her, but we 'd better go over an' git what things there is left o' the girl's, an' fasten up the shanty to keep the wolves out."

"But then—"

"What?"

"The mice. You can't shut them out."

"That's so. I never thought o' that. We've got to make a box, I guess; but it's goin' to be an awful job fer me, Ans', to git her into it. I thought I would n't have to touch her."

"Le' me go; I've seen her once, an' you hain't."

"Heaven an' earth! what could I do with the babe? She'd howl like a coyote, an' drive me plumb wild. No; you're elected to take care o' the child. I ain't worth a picayune at it. Besides, you had your share yesterday."

And so, in the brilliant sunshine of that bitterly cold morning, Gearheart crunched away over the spotless snow, which burned under his feet—a land mocking, glorious, pitiless. Far off some slender columns of smoke told of two or three hearth-fires, but mainly the plain was level and lifeless as the polar ocean, appallingly silent, no cry or stir in the whole expanse.

It required strong effort on the part of the young man to open the door of the cottage, and he stood for some time with his hand on the latch, looking about. There was perfect silence without and within, no trace of feet or hands anywhere. All was as peaceful and unbroken as a sepulcher.

Finally, as if angry with himself, Gearheart shook himself and pushed open the door, letting the morning sun stream in. It lighted the bare little room and fell on the frozen face and rigid, half-open eyes of the dead woman, with a strong, white glare. The thin face and worn, large-jointed hands lying outside the quilt told of the hardships which had been the lot of the sleeper. Her clothing was clean, and finer than one would expect to see.

Gearheart stood looking at her for a long time, the door still open, for he felt reinforced, in some way, by the sun. If any one had come suddenly and closed the door on him and the white figure there, he would have cried out and struggled like a madman to escape, such was his unreasoning fear of the dead.

At length, with a long breath, he backed out, and closed the door. Going to the barn, he found a cow standing at an empty manger, and some hens and pigs frozen in the hay. Looking about for some boards to make a coffin, he came upon a long box in which a reaper had been packed, and this he proceeded to nail together firmly, and to line with pieces of an old stovepipe at such places as he thought the mice would try to enter.

When it was all prepared, he carried the box to the house and managed to lay it down beside the bed; but he could not bring himself to touch the body. He went out to see if some one was not coming. The sound of a human voice would

have relieved him at once, and he could have gone on without hesitation. But there was no one in sight, and no one was likely to be; so he returned, and, summoning all his resolution, took one of the quilts from the bed, and placed it in the bottom of the box. Then he removed the pillow from beneath the head of the dead woman, and placed that in the box. Then he paused, the cold moisture breaking out on his face. Like all young persons born far from war, and having no knowledge of death even in its quiet forms, he had the most powerful repugnance toward a corpse. He kept his eye on it as though it were a sleeping horror, likely at a sudden sound to rise and walk. More than this, there had always been something peculiarly sacred in the form of a woman, and in his calmer moments the dead mother appealed to him with irresistible power.

With a sort of moan through his set teeth, he approached the bed, and threw the sheet over the figure, holding it as in a sling; then, by a mighty effort, he swung it stiffly off the bed into the box.

He trembled so that he could hardly spread the remaining quilts over the dead. The box was wide enough to receive the stiff, curved right arm, and he had nothing to do but to nail the cover on, which he did in feverish haste. Then he rose, grasped his tools, rushed outside, slammed the door, and set off in great speed across the snow, pushed on by an indescribable horror.

As he neared home, his fresh young blood asserted itself more and more; but when he entered the cabin he was still trembling, and dropped into a chair like a man out of breath. At sight of the ruddy face of Anson, and with the aid of the heat and light of the familiar little room, he shook off part of his horror.

"Gi' me a cup o' coffee, Ans'. I'm kind o' chilly an' tired."

Before drinking he wiped his face and washed his hands again and again at the basin in the corner, as though there were something on them which was ineffably unclean. The little one, who had been weeping again, stared at him with two big tears drying on her hollow cheeks.

"Well?" interrogated Anson.

"I nailed her up safe enough fer the present. But what're we goin' to do next?"

"I can't see 's we can do anythin' as long as such weather as this lasts. It ain't safe fer one of us to go out an' leave the other alone. Besides, it's thirty below zero, an' no road, Moccasin's full of snow, an' another wind likely to rise at any time. It's mighty tough on this little one, but it can't be helped. As soon as it moderates a little, we'll try to find a woman an' a preacher, an' bury that—relative."

"The only woman I know of is ol' Mrs.

Cap Burdon, down on the Third Moccasin, full fifteen miles away."

For nearly two weeks they waited, while the wind alternately raved and whispered over them as it scurried the snow south or east, or shifted to the south in the night, bringing "the north end of a south wind," the most intolerable and cutting of winds. Day after day the restless snow sifted or leaped across the waste of glittering crust; day after day the sun shone in dazzling splendor, but so white and cold that the thermometer still kept down among the thirties.

These were long days for the settlers. They would have been longer for Anson and Bert had it not been for little Elga, or "Flaxen," as they took to calling her. They racked their brains to amuse her, and, in the intervals of tending the cattle and of cooking, or of washing dishes, rummaged through all their books and pictures, taught her "cat's-cradle," played "jack-straws" with her, and with all their resources of song and pantomime strove to fill up the little one's lonely days, happy when they succeeded in making her laugh.

"That settles it!" said Bert one day, whanging the basin back into the empty flour-barrel.

"What's the matter?"

"Matter is, we've reached the bottom o' the flour-barrel, an' it's got to be filled; no two ways about that. We can get along on biscuit an' pancakes in place o' meat, but we can't put anythin' in the place o' bread. If it looks favorable to-morrow, we've got to make a break fer Summit, an' see if we can't stock up."

Early the next morning they brought out the shivering team and piled into the box all the quilts and robes they had, and, bundling little Flaxen in, started across the trackless plain toward the low line of hills to the east, twenty-five or thirty miles away. From four o'clock in the morning till nearly noon they toiled across the sod, now plowing through the deep snow where the unburned grass had held it, now scraping across the bare, burned earth, now wandering up or down the swales, seeking the shallowest places, now shoveling a pathway through. The sun rose unobscured as usual, and shone down with unusual warmth, which afforded the men the satisfaction of seeing little Flaxen warm and merry. She chattered away in her own tongue, and clapped her little hands in glee at sight of the snowbirds running and fluttering about. As they approached the low hills, the swales got deeper and more difficult to cross, but about eleven o'clock they came to Burdon's ranch, a sort of half-way haven between their own claim and Summit, the end of the railroad.

Captain Burdon was away, but Mrs. Burdon, a big, slatternly Missourian, with all the kindness of a universal mother in her swarthy

face and flaccid bosom, ushered them into the cave-like dwelling set in the sunny side of Water Moccasin.

"Set down; set down. Young uns, git out some o' them chairs, an' let the strangers set. Purty tol'able tough weather? A feller don't git out much such weather as this 'ere 'thout he 's jes naturally 'bleeged to. Suse, heave in another twist, an' help the little un to take off her shawl."

After Mrs. Burdon's little flurry of hospitality was over, Anson found time to tell briefly the history of the child.

"Heavens to Betsey! I wan' to know!" she cried, her fat hands on her knees and her eyes bulging. "Wal, wal! I declare, it beats the Dutch! So that woman jes frizzed right bur-side the babe! Wal, I never! An' the ol' man he ain't showed up? Wal, now, he ain't likely to. I reckon I saw that Norsk go by here that very day, an' I says to Cap'n, says I, 'If that feller don't reach home inside an hour, he 'll go through heaven a-gitt'n' home,' says I to the Cap'n."

"Well, now," said Anson, stopping the old woman's garrulous flow, "I've got to be off fer Summit, but I wish you 'd jes look after this little one here till we git back. It's purty hard weather fer her to be out, an' I don't think she ought to."

"Yaas; leave her, o' course. She 'll enj'y playin' with the young uns. I reckon ye did all ye could for that woman. Ye can't burry her now; the ground 's like linkum-vitæ."

But as Anson turned to leave, the little creature sprang up with a torrent of wild words, catching him by the coat, and pleading strenuously to go with him, her accent unmistakable.

"You wan' to go with Ans'?" he inquired, looking down into the little tearful face with a strange stirring in his bachelor heart. "I believe on my soul she does."

"Sure 's yer born!" replied Mrs. Burdon. "She 'd rather go with ye than to stay an' fool with the young uns; that 's what she 's tryin' to say."

"Do you wan' to go?" asked Ans' again, opening his arms. She sprang toward him, lifting her eager little hands as high as she could, and when he lifted her she twined her arms around his neck.

"Poor little critter! she ain't got no pap ner mam now," the old woman explained to the ring of children, who still stared silently at the stranger almost without moving.

"Ain't he her pa-a-p?" drawled one of the older girls, sticking a finger at Anson.

"He is now," laughed Ans', and that settled the question over which he had been pondering for days. It meant that as long as she wanted to stay she should be his Flaxen and

he would be her "pap." "And you can be Uncle Bert, hey?" he said to Bert.

"Good enough," said Bert.

THEY never found any living relative, and only late in the spring was the fate of the poor father revealed. He and his cattle were found side by side in a deep swale, where they had foundered in the night and tempest.

As for little Flaxen, she soon recovered her cheerfulness, with the buoyancy natural to childhood, and learned to prattle in broken English very fast. She developed a sturdy self-reliance that was surprising in one so young, and long before spring came was indispensable to the two "old baches."

"Now, Bert," said Ans' one day, "I don't wan' to hear you talk in that slipshod way any longer before Flaxen. You know better; you've had more chance than I have—be'n to school more. They ain't no excuse fer you, not an ioty. Now I 'm goin' to say to her, 'Never mind how I talk, but talk like Bert does.'"

"Oh, say, now look here, Ans', I can't stand the strain. Suppose she 'd hear me swearin' at ol' Barney er the stove?"

"That 's jes it. You ain't goin' to swear," decided Anson; and after that Bert took the education of the little waif in hand, for he was a man of good education, his use of dialect and slang being simply due to carelessness.

But all the little fatherly duties and discipline fell to Anson, and much perplexed he often got. For instance, when he bought her a new outfit of clothing at the store, they were strange to her and to him, and the situation was decidedly embarrassing.

"Now, Flaxie, I guess this thing goes on this side before, so 's you can button it, see? If it went on so, you could n't reach around to button it, see? I guess you 'd better try it so. An' this thing, I judge, is a shirt, an' goes on under that other thing, which I reckon is called a shimmy. Say, Bert, should n't you call that a shirt?" holding up a garment.

"W-e-l-l, yes" (after a close scrutiny).
"Yes; I should."

"And this a shimmy?"

"Well, now you 've got me, Ans'. It seems to me I 've heard the women folks at home talk about shimmies, but they were always kind o' private about it, so I don't think I can help you out. That little thing goes underneath, sure enough."

"All right, here goes, Flax; if it should turn out to be hind side before, no matter."

Then again little Flax would want to wear her best dress on week-days, and Ans' was unable to explain. Here again Bert came to the rescue.

"Git her one dress fer ev'ry day in the week,

an' make her wear 'em in rotation. Hang 'em up, an' put a tag on each one, Sunday, Monday, an' so on."

"Good idea."

And it was done. But the embarrassments of attending upon the child soon passed away; she quickly grew independent of such help, dressed herself, and combed her own hair, though Anson enjoyed doing it himself when he could find time, and she helped out not a little about the house. She seemed to have forgotten her old life, awakening as she had from almost deathly torpor into a new home—almost a new world—where a strange language was spoken, where no woman was, and where no mention of her mother, father, or native land was ever made before her. The little waif was at first utterly bewildered, then reconciled, and by the time spring came over the prairie was almost happy in the touching way of a child ignorant of childish things.

Oh, how sweet spring seemed to those snow-weary people! Day after day the sun crept higher up in the sky; day after day the snow gave way a little on the swells, and streams of water began to trickle down under the huge banks of snow filling the ravines; and then came a day when a strange warm wind blew from the northwest. Soft and sweet and sensuous it was, as the breeze sweeping some tropic bay filled with a thousand isles—a wind like a vast warm breath blown upon the land. Under its touch the snow did not melt; it vanished. It fled in a single day from the plain to the gullies. Another day, and the gullies were rivers. It was the "chinook," which old Lambert, the trapper and surveyor, said came from the Pacific Ocean.

The second morning after the chinook began to blow, Anson sprang to his feet from his bunk, and, standing erect in the early morning light, yelled:

"Hear that?"

"What is it?" asked Bert.

"There! Hear it!" Anson smiled, holding up his hand joyfully, as a mellow "Boom—boom—boom" broke through the silent air. "Prairie-chickens! Hurrah! Spring has come! That breaks the back o' winter short off."

"Hurrah! de 'pring ees come!" cried little Flaxen, gleefully clapping her hands in imitation.

No man can know what a warm breeze and the note of a bird can mean to him till he is released, as these men were released, from the bondage of a horrible winter. Perhaps still more moving was the thought that with the spring the loneliness of the prairie would be broken, never again to be so dread and drear: for with the coming of spring came the tide of land-seekers pouring in; teams scurried here

and there on the wide prairie, carrying surveyors, land-agents, and settlers. At Summit trains came rumbling in by the first of April, emptying thousands of men, women, and children upon the sod, together with cattle, machinery, and household articles, to lie there roofed only by the blue sky. Summit, from being a half-buried store and a blacksmith's shop, bloomed out into a town with saloons, lumber-yards, hotels, and restaurants; the sound of hammer and anvil was incessant, and trains clanged and whistled night and day.

Day after day the settlers got their wagons together and loaded up, and then moved down the slope into the fair valley of the sleepy James. Mrs. Cap Burdon did a rushing business as a hotel-keeper, while Cap sold hay and oats at rates which made the land-seekers gasp.

"I'm not out here fer my health," was all he would vouchsafe.

Soon all around the little shanties of Anson and Bert other shanties were built and filled with young, hopeful, buoyant souls. The railroad surveyors came through, locating a town about three and another about twelve miles away, and straightway the bitter rivalry between Boomtown and Belleplain began. Belleplain being their town, the partners of our story swore by Belleplain, and correspondingly derided the claims of Boomtown.

With the coming of spring began the fiercest toil of the pioneers — breaking the sod, building, harvesting, plowing; then the winter again, though not so hard to bear; then the same round of work again. So the land was settled, the sod was turned over; sod shanties gave way to little frame-houses; the tide of land-seekers passed on, and the real workers, like Wood and Gearheart, went patiently, steadily on, founding a great State.

Hamlin Garland.

(To be continued.)



THE SILVER THAW.

THERE came a day of showers
Upon the shrinking snow;
The south wind sighed of flowers,
The softening skies hung low.
Midwinter for a space
Foreshadowing April's face,
The white world caught the fancy
And would not let it go.

In reawakened courses
The brooks rejoiced the land;
We dreamed the spring's shy forces
Were gathering close at hand.
The dripping buds were stirred,
As if the sap had heard
The long-desired persuasion
Of April's soft command.

But antic Time had cheated
With hope's elusive gleam;
The phantom spring defeated
Fled down the ways of dream.
And in the night the reign
Of winter came again,
With frost upon the forest
And stillness on the stream.

When morn in rose and crocus
Came up the bitter sky,
Celestial beams awoke us
To wondering ecstasy.
The wizard winter's spell
Had wrought so passing well
That earth was bathed in glory
As though God's smile were nigh.

The silvered saplings bending
Flashed in a rain of gems;
The statelier trees attending
Blazed in their diadems.
White fire and amethyst
All common things had kissed,
And chrysolites and sapphires
Adorned the bramble stems.

In crystalline confusion
All beauty came to birth;
It was a kind illusion
To comfort waiting earth —
To bid the buds forget
The spring so distant yet,
And hearts no more remember
The iron season's dearth.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

THE NATURE AND ELEMENTS OF POETRY.¹

I. ORACLES OLD AND NEW.



POETRY of late has been termed a force, or mode of force, very much as if it were the heat, or light, or motion known to physics. And, in truth, ages before our era of scientific reductions, the *energia*—the vital energy—of the minstrel's song was undisputed. It seems to me, in spite of all we hear about materialism, that the sentiment imparting this energy—the poetic impulse, at least—has seldom been more forceful than at this moment and in this very place.

Our American establishments—our halls of learning and beauty and worship—are founded, as you know, for the most part not by governmental edict; they usually take their being from the sentiment, the ideal impulses, of individuals. Your own institute,² still mewing like Milton's eagle its mighty youth, owes its existence to an ideal sentiment, to a most sane poetic impulse, in the spirit of its founder, devoted though he was, through a long and sturdy lifetime, to material pursuits. Its growth must largely depend on the awakening from time to time, in other generous spirits, of a like energy, a similarly constructive imagination.

Amongst all gracious evidences of this ideal-ity thus far calendared, I think of few more noteworthy, of none more beautiful, than those to which we owe the first endowed lectureship of poetry in the United States; the second foundation strictly of its kind, if I mistake not, throughout the universities of the English-speaking world.

Whenever a university foundation is established for the study of elemental matters,³ of scientific truth or human ideality,—we return to motives from which the antique and the medieval schools chiefly derived their impulse, if not their constitution. The founders would

restore a balance between the arbitrary and the fundamental mode of education. The resulting gain is not the overflow of collegiate resources, not the luxury of learning; not decoration, but enhanced construction. We have a fresh search after the inmost truth of things, the verities of which the Anglo-Florentine songstress was mindful when she averred that poets are your only truth-tellers; of which, also, Lowell, in his soliloquy of "Columbus," was profoundly conscious when he made the discoverer say:

For I believed the poets; it is they
Who utter wisdom from the central deep,
And, listening to the inner flow of things,
Speak to the age out of eternity.

Within these verities new estates originate; moreover, they perpetually advance the knowledge and methods of the time-honored professions. The present and future influences of a school are more assured when it enters their realm. If I did not believe this with my noon-day reason and common sense, it would be an imposture for me to discourse to you upon our theme. The sovereignty of the arts is the imagination, by whose aid man makes every leap forward; and emotion is its twin, through which come all fine experiences, and all great deeds are achieved. Man, after all, is placed here to live his life. Youth demands its share in every study that can engender a power or a delight. Universities must enhance the use, the joy, the worth of existence. They are institutions both human and humane: not inevitable, except in so far as they become schools for man's advancement and for the conduct of life.

We now have to do with the most ideal and comprehensive of those arts which intensify life and suggest life's highest possibilities. The name of poetry, like that of gentleman, is "soiled with all ignoble use"; but that is because its

of students, faculty, and townspeople. These lectures were also delivered in the Berkeley Lyceum in New York during the following winter, in connection with Columbia College.

It seemed particularly appropriate that the magazine which had the honor of first publishing Mr. Stedman's well-known works on the "Victorian Poets" and the "Poets of America" should introduce to the general public the present series of lectures. In preparing them for the press, the author has followed good precedent in retaining, instead of eliminating, the oral quality.—EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

² Johns Hopkins University.

¹ The series of essays here begun formed the initial course, delivered in March, 1891, of the Percy Turnbull Memorial Lectureship of Poetry, founded at Johns Hopkins University by Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull of Baltimore. The founders thus commemorate the name of their son Percy Graeme Turnbull, who died in 1887. In accordance with the terms of the gift, a course of lectures is to be delivered annually by some one who has gained distinction as a writer of poetry, or as a critical student of the poetic art.

Mr. Stedman purposely made this opening course of Turnbull lectures direct and elementary. They were delivered in Levering Hall, and were listened to with genuine and unusual interest by a crowded audience

province is universal, and its government a republic, whose right of franchise any one can exercise without distinction of age, sex, color, or (more 's the pity) of morals, brains, or birth-right. The more honor, then, to the founders of this lectureship, whose recognition of poetry at its highest is not disturbed by its abuse, and whose munificence erects for it a stately seat among its peers.

Under the present auspices, our own approach can scarcely be too sympathetic, yet none the less free of illusion and alert with a sense of realities. We may well be satisfied to seek for the mere ground-plot of this foundation. I am privileged, indeed, if I can suggest a tentative design for the substructure upon which others are to build and decorate throughout the future of your school. Poetry is not a science, yet a scientific comprehension of any art is possible and essential. Unless we come to certain terms at the outset, if only to facilitate this course, we shall not get on at all.

ENTER the studio of an approved sculptor, a man of genius, and, if you choose, poetic ideal-ity. He is intent upon the model of a human figure, a statue to be costumed in garments that shall both conceal and express the human form. Plainly he has in his mind's eye the outside, the ultimate appearance, of his subject. He is not constructing a manikin, a curious bit of mechanism that imitates the interior—the bones, muscles, arteries, nerves—of the body. He is fashioning the man *as he appears to us*, giving his image the air, the expression, of life in action or repose. But you will perceive that even the rude joinery on which he casts his first clay is a structure suggesting a man's interior framework. Ere long the skeleton is built upon; the nude and very man is modeled roughly, yet complete, so that his anatomy shall give the truth, and not a lie, to the finished work. Not until this has been done will the sculptor superadd the drapery—the costume which, be it the symbol of our fall or of our advancement, distinguishes civilized man from the lower animals. At all events, it is a serious risk for the young artist to forego this progressive craftsmanship. Even a painter will rudely outline his figures according to primitive nature before giving them the clothing, which, however full of grace and meaning, is not *themselves*. Otherwise he will be a painter of dead garments, not of soul-possessing men and women. An artist of learning and experience may overleap this process, but only because his hand has become the trained slave of his creative vision, which sees clearly all that can lie beneath.

To the anatomic laws, then, of the human form the sculptor's and the figure-painter's

arts are subservient. The laws of every art are just as determinate, even those pertaining to the evasive, yet all-embracing art of poesy, whose spirit calls other arts to its aid and will imitate them, as art itself imitates nature; which has, in truth, its specific method and also the reflex of all other methods. I do not speak of the science, even of the art, of verse. Yet to know the spirit of poetry we must observe, with the temper of philosophers, its preëssentials in the concrete. Even its form and its method of work must be recognized as things of dignity: the material symbols and counterparts, as in Swedenborg's cosmos, of the spirit which is reality.

And thus, I say, we must obtain at least a serviceable definition of the word poetry for our present use. In beginning this course, it is well to let the mists rise, at least to have none of our own brewing. The sentimentalists invariably have befogged our topic. I ask you to divest your minds, for the moment, of sentimentalism, even of sentiment, and to assume, in Taine's phrase, that we are to begin by realizing "not an ode, but a law." Applied criticism—that which regards specific poets and poems—is a subsequent affair. Let us seek the generic elements that are to govern criticism by discovering and applying its standards. If you ask, To what end? I reply, That we may avoid dilettantism. We are not a group of working artists, but they possess something we can share; to wit, the sincere and even ascetic mood that wishes no illusions and demands a working basis. But again, to what purpose? Surely not for the development of a breed of poets! Consider the tenuous voices of minnesingers far and near, whose music rises like the chirping of locusts by noonday and of meadow-frogs at night. Each has his faultless little note, and while the seasonal chorus blends, it is humored by some and endured by most, quite as a matter of course, and the world goes on as usual. Human suffering may have been greater when the rhapsodist flourished and printing was unknown, when one was waylaid at the corners of the market-place, and there was no escape but in flight or assassination. And if our object were to train poets, and a past-master were on the rostrum, his teachings would be futile unless nature reassorted her averages. Fourier accounted for one poet in his phalanstery of a thousand souls; yet a shrewder estimate would allow but one memorable poet to a thousand phalansteries, in spite of the fact that even nature suspends her rules in countenance of youth's prerogative, and unfailingly supplies a laureate for every college class. With respect to training, the catalogues term a painter the pupil of Bonnat, of Duran, of Cabanel; a musician, pupil of Rubinstein or Liszt. But

the poet studies in his own atelier. He is not made, his poetry is not made, by *a priori* rules, any more than a language is made by the grammarians and philologists, whose true function is simply to report it. I assume, then, that the poet's technical modes, even the general structure of a masterwork, come by intuition, reading, experience; and that too studious consideration of them may perchance retard him. I suspect that no instinctive poet bothers himself about such matters in advance; he doubtless casts his work in the form and measures that come with its thought to him, though he afterward may pick up his dropped feet or syllables at pleasure. If he ponders on the Iambic Trimeter Catalectic, or any of its kin, his case is hopeless. In fact, I never have known a natural poet who did not compose by ear, as we say: and this is no bad test of spontaneity. And as for rules,—such, for example, as the Greeks laid down,—their efficacy is fairly hit off in that famous epigram of the Prince de Condé, when the Abbé d'Aubignac boasted that he closely observed the rules of Aristotle: "I do not quarrel with the Abbé d'Aubignac for having so closely followed the precepts of Aristotle; but I cannot pardon the precepts of Aristotle that occasioned the Abbé d'Aubignac to write so wretched a tragedy." We do see that persons of cleverness and taste learn to write agreeable verses; but the one receipt for making a poet is in the safe-keeping of nature and the foreordaining stars.

On the other hand, the mature poet, and no less the lover of poetry, may profitably observe what secrets of nature are applied to lyrical creation. The first Creator rested after his work, and saw that it was good. It is well for an artist to study the past, to learn what can be done and what cannot be done acceptably. A humble music-master can teach a genius not to waste his time in movements proved to be false. Much of what is good is established, but the range of the good is infinite; that which is bad is easily known. If there be a mute and to-be-glorious Milton here, so much the better. And for all of us, I should think, there can be no choicer quest, and none more refining, than, with the Muse before us, to seek the very well-spring and to discover the processes of her "wisdom married to immortal verse."

We owe to the artist's feeling that his gift is innate, and that it does produce "an illusion on the eye of the mind" which, he fears, too curious analysis may dispel: to this we doubtless owe his general reluctance to talk with definiteness concerning his art. Often you may as well ask a Turk after his family, or a Hindu priest concerning his inner shrine. I have put to several minstrels the direct question, "What is poetry?" without obtaining a

categorical reply. One of them, indeed, said, "I can't tell you just now, but if you need a first-class example of it, I'll refer you to my volume of 'Lyrics and Madrigals.'" But when they do give us chips from their workshop,—the table-talk of poets, the stray sentences in their letters,—these, like the studio-hints of masters, are both curt and precious, and emphatically refute Macaulay's statement that good poets are bad critics.

Even a layman shares the artist's hesitation to discourse upon that which pertains to human emotion. Because sensation and its causes are universal, the feeling that creates poetry for an expression, and the expression itself, in turn exciting feeling in the listener, are factors which we shrink from reducing to terms. An instinctive delicacy is founded in nature. To overcome it is like laying hands upon the sacred ark. One must be assured that this is done on the right occasion, and that, at least for the moment, he has a special dispensation. A false handling cheapens the value of an art—puts out of sight, with the banishment of its reserve, what it might be worth to us. All have access to the universal elements: they cost nothing, are at the public service, and even children and witlings can toy with and dabble in them. So it is with music, poetry, and other general expressions of feeling. Most people can sing a little, any boy can whistle—and latterly, I believe, any girl who would defy augury, and be in the fashion. Three fourths of the minor verse afloat in periodicals or issued in pretty volumes correspond to the poetry of high feeling and imagination somewhat as a boy's whistling to a ravishing cavatina on the Boehm flute. As a further instance, a knack of modeling comes by nature. If sculptor's clay were in every road-bank, and casts from the antique as common as school readers and printed books of the poets, we probably should have reputed Michelangelos and Canovas in every village instead of here and there a Ward, a St. Gaudens, or a Donoghue.

But it is precisely the arts in which anybody can dabble that the elect raise to heights of dignity and beauty. Those who realize this indulge a pardonable foible if they desire to reserve, like the Egyptian priests, certain mysteries, if only *pro magnifico*. Besides, there are periods when the utility of artistic analysis is not readily accepted by those who make opinion. Economics and sociology, for example, largely absorb the interest of one of our most scholarly journals. Its literary and art columns are ably conducted. The chief editor, however, told me that he knew little of esthetics, and cared to know less; and in such a way as to warrant an inference that, though well disposed, he looked upon art and song and poetry

very much as Black Bothwell regarded clerkly pursuits—that they were to him what Italian music seemed to Dr. Johnson, in whose honest eyes its practitioners were but fiddlers and dancing-masters. This undervaluation by a very clever man is partly caused, if not justified, one must believe, by the vulgarization of the arts of beauty and design. Yet these arts belong as much to the order of things, and indirectly make as much for wealth, as the science of economics, and they make as much for social happiness as the science of sociology—if, indeed, they are to be excluded from either.

Can we, even here, take up poetry as a botanist takes up a flower, and analyze its components? Can we make visible the ichor of its protoplasm, and recognize a something that imparts to it transcendence, the spirit of the poet within his uttered work? Why has the question before us been so difficult to answer? Simply because it relates to that which is at once inclusive and evasive. There is no doubt what sculpture and painting and music and architecture seem to be; the statements of critics may differ, but the work is visible and understood. Do you say with the philosophers that poetry is a sensation, that its quality lies in the mind of the recipient, and hence is indefinite? The assertion applies no less to the plastic arts and to music, yet the things by which those excite our sensations are well defined, and what I seek is the analogous definition of the spoken art. It has been said that "one element must forever elude researches, and that is the very element by which poetry is poetry." I confess we cannot define the specific perfume of a flower; but there is a logical probability that this conveys itself alike to all of us, that the race is as but one soul in receiving the impression. I believe we can seize upon all other conditions that make a flower a flower or a poem a poem.

Edgar Poe, catching an idea from Joubert, avowed his faith in the power of words to express all human ideas. Nor have I any doubt that for every clear thought, even for every emotion, words have been, or can be, found, as surely as there is a conquest of matter by the spirit; that speech, the soul's utterance, shares the subtleties of its master. Where it seems to fail, the fault is in the speaker. As a race goes on, both its conceptions and its emotions are clearer and richer, and language keeps pace with them. The time may come, indeed, when thought will not be "deeper than all speech," nor "feeling deeper than all thought." If we still lag in emotional expression, we can excite feelings similar to our own by the spells of art. I do not see why the primary elements of poetry in the concrete should not be stated without sophistication, and as

clearly as those of painting, music, or architecture. They have, in fact, been stated fragmentarily by one and another poet and thinker, most of whom agree on certain points. True criticism does not discredit old discovery in its quest for something more. Its office, as Mill says of philosophy, is not to set aside old definitions, but it "corrects and regulates them." It does not differ for the sake of novelty, but formulates what is, and shall be, of melody and thought and feeling, and what no less has been since first the morning stars sang together. I must ask you, then, to permit me, in this opening lecture, very swiftly to review familiar and historic utterances, from which we may combine principles eminently established, and, if need be, to add some newly stated factor, in our subsequent effort to formulate a definition of poetry that shall be scientifically clear and comprehensive, and also to establish limits beyond which speculation is foreign to the design of this lecture-course.

VARIOUS poets and thinkers, each after his kind, have contributed to such a definition. I have mentioned Aristotle. He at least applied to the subject a cool and level intellect, and his formula, to which in certain essentials all must pay respect, is an ultimate deduction from the antique. It fails of his master Plato's spirituality, but excels in precision. Aristotle regards poetry as a structure whose office is imitation through imagery, and its end delight—the latter caused not by the imitation, but through workmanship, harmony, and rhythm. The historian shows what has happened, the poet such things as might have been, devoted to universal truth rather than to particulars. The poet—the *ποιητής*—is, of course, a maker, and his task is invention. Finally, he must feel strongly what he writes. Here we have the classical view. The Greeks, looking upon poetry as a fine art, had no hesitation in giving it outline and law.

Naturally an artist like Horace assented to this conception. Within his range there is no more enduring poet, yet he excludes himself from the title, and this because of the very elements which make him so modern—his lyrical grace and personal note. With Aristotle, he yielded the laurel solely to heroic dramatists and epic bards. His example is followed by our brave old Chapman, Homer's bold translator, who declares that the *energia* of poets lies in "high and hearty Invention." Dryden also accepts the canon of Imitation, but avows that "Imaging is, in itself, the height and life of it," and cites Longinus, for whom poetry was "a discourse which, by a kind of enthusiasm, or extraordinary emotion of the soul, makes it seem to us that we behold those things which the poet paints." Landor, the

modern Greek, whose art was his religion, repeats that "all the imitative arts have delight for their principal object; the first of these is poetry; the highest of poetry is the tragic." But recognition of only the structure of verse, without its soul, deadened the poetry of France in her pseudo-classical period, from Boileau to Hugo, so that it could be declared, as late as A. D. 1838, that "in French literature that part is most poetry which is written in prose." Even the universal Goethe repressed his "noble rage" by the conception of poetry as an art alone, so that Heine, a pagan of the lyrical rather than of the inventive cast, said that this was the reason why Goethe's work did not, like the lesser but more human Schiller's, "beget deeds." "This is the curse," he declared, "of all that has originated in mere art." Like Pygmalion and the statue, "His kisses warmed her into life, but, so far as we know, she never bore children." Goethe's pupil, the young Matthew Arnold, accepted without reserve the antique notion of poetry. "Actions, human actions," he cried, are "the eternal objects of the muse." In after years, as we shall see, he formed a more sympathetic conception.

Other poets have thrown different and priceless alloys into the crucible from which is to flow the metal of our seeking, adding fire and sweetness to its tone. The chiefs of the romantic movement, so near our own time, believed Passion to be the one thing needful. Byron was its fervent exemplar. In certain moods, it is true, he affected to think that he and his comrades were upon a wrong system, and he extolled the genius and style of Pope. But this was after all had got the seed of his own flower. It was plainly an affectation of revolt from his own affectation, with haply some prophetic sense of naturalism as a basis for genuine emotion. His summing up is given in "Don Juan":

Thus to their extreme verge the passions brought
Dash into poetry, which is but passion,
Or at least was so, ere it grew a fashion.

Moore, light-weight as he was, aptly stated the Byronic creed: "Poetry ought only to be employed as an interpreter of feeling." This is certainly true, as far as it goes, and agrees with Mill's later but still limited canon, that poetry is emotion expressed in lyrical language. But a complete definition distinguishes the thing defined from everything else; it denotes, as you know, "the species, the whole species, and nothing but the species." Bascom and Ruskin follow Mill, but Ruskin adds other elements, saying that poetry is the suggestion, by the "imagination," of noble "thoughts" for noble emotions. This does not exclude painting and other emotional and imaginative arts. In truth, he is simply defining art, and takes poetry,

as Plato might, as a synonym for art in all its forms of expression.

An elevated view, on the whole, is gained by those who recognize more sensibly the force of Imagination. Here the twin contemplative seers, Wordsworth and Coleridge, lift their torches, dispersing many mists. They saw that poetry is not opposed to prose, of which verse is the true antithesis, but that in spirit and action it is the reverse of science or matter of fact. Imagination is its pole-star, its utterance the echo of man and nature. The poet has no restriction beyond the duty of giving pleasure. Nothing else stands between him and the very image of nature, from which a hundred barriers shut off the biographer and historian. Wordsworth admits the need of emotion, but renounces taste. Coleridge plainly has the instinct for beauty and the spell of measured words. The chief contributions of the Lake School to our definition are the recognition of the imagination and the antithesis of science to poetry. The pessimist Schopenhauer, who wrote like a musician on music, like a poet on poetry, yet with wholly impassive judgment, also avows that poetry is "the art of exciting by words the power of the imagination," and that it must "show by example what life and the world are."

From the attributes of invention, passion, and imagination may perhaps be deduced what seems to others the specific quality of the poet, the very quintessence of his gift. What should I mean, save that which Aristotle's master considered the element productive of all others and a direct endowment from heaven—the Inspiration governing creative, impassioned, imaginative art? The poet's soul was, according to Plato, in harmonic relation with the soul of the universe. It is true that in the "Republic" he supplies Aristotle with a technical basis; furthermore, as an idealist playing at government, he is more sternly utilitarian than even the man of affairs. The epic and dramatic makers of "imitative history" are falsifiers, dangerous for their divine power of exciting the passions and unsettling the minds of ordinary folk. He admires a poet, and would even crown him, but feels bound to escort him to the side of the ship Republic and to drop him overboard, as the Quaker repulsed the boarder, with the remark, "Friend, thee has no business here!" But this is Plato defying his natal goddess in a passing ascetic mood; Plato, in whose self the poet and philosopher were one indeed, having ever since been trying, like the two parts of his archetypal man, to find again so perfect a union. In his more general mood he atones for such wantonness, reiterating again and again that the poet is a seer, possessed of all secrets and guided by an inspiring spirit; that

without his second sight, his interpretation of the divine ideas symbolized by substance and action, his mission would be fruitless.

Those who take this higher view revere the name of Plato, though sometimes looking beyond him to the more eastern East, whence such occult wisdom is believed to flow—to such sayings as that ascribed to Zoroaster,¹ "Poets are standing transporters; their employment consists in speaking to the Father and to Matter, in provoking apparent copies of unapparent natures, and thus inscribing things unapparent in the apparent fabric of the world."

Cicero, deeply read in Plato, could not conceive of a poet's producing verse of grand import and perfect rhythm without some heavenly inbreathing of the mind. The soul's highest prerogative was to contemplate the order of celestial things and to reproduce it. Transcendental thinkers—such as Lord Bacon in his finest vein—recognize this as its office. While Bacon's general view of poetry is that all "Feigned History" (as he terms it), prose or verse, may be so classed, he says the use of it "hath been to give some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it"; and again, that it is thought to "have some participation of divineness because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shews of things to the desires of the mind." Sidney's flawless "Apologie for Poetrie" exalts the prophetic gift of the vates above all art and invention. In our day Carlyle clung to the supremacy of inspiration, in art no less than in action. But no one since Plotinus has made it so veritably the golden dome of the temple as our seer of seers, Emerson, in whose belief the artist does not create so much as report. The soul works through him. "Poetry is the perpetual endeavor to express the spirit of the thing." And thus all the Concord group, notably Dr. Harris, in whose treatises of Dante and other poets the spiritual interpreting power of the bard is made preëminent. The subtlest modern poet of life and thought, Browning, has left us only one prose statement of his art, but that is the lion's progeny. The poet's effort he saw to be "a presentment of the correspondency of the universe to the Deity, of the natural to the spiritual, and of the actual to the ideal." Spiritual progress, rather than art, is the essential thing. A similarly extreme view led Carlyle (himself, like Plato, a poet throughout) to discountenance the making of poetry as an art. Carried too far, the Platonic idea often has vitiated the work of those minor transcendentalists who reduce their poetics to didactics, and inject the drop of prose that precipitates their rarest elixir. Their creed, however,—with its inclu-

sion of the bard as a revealer of the secret of things,—while not fully defining poetry, lays stress upon its highest attribute.

Thus we see that many have not cared to speak absolutely, and more have failed to discriminate between the thing done and the means of doing. Poetry is made a Brahma, at once the slayer and the slain. A vulgar delusion, that of poetasters, is to confound the art with its materials. The nobler error recognizes the poetic spirit, but not that spirit incarnate of its own will in particular and concrete form. The outcome is scarcely more exact and substantial than the pretty thesis caroled by "one of America's pet Marjories" in her tenth year, and long since become of record. This child's heart detected "poetry, poetry everywhere!" and proclaimed that:

You breathe it in the summer air,
You see it in the green wild woods,
It nestles in the first spring buds.

'T is poetry, poetry everywhere—
It nestles in the violets fair,
It peeps out in the first spring grass—
Things without poetry are very scarce.

That our naïve little rhymer was a sibyl, and her statement hardly more vague than the definitions of poetry offered by older philosophers, who will deny? All in all, various writers connected with the art movement of the present century have most sensibly discussed the topic. They recognize poetry as an entity, subject to expressed conditions. Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt logically distinguished between it and poetic feeling, and believed one to be the involuntary utterance of the other, sympathetically modulating the poet's voice to its key. Shelley, the Ariel of songsters, came right down to the ground of our enchanted isle, laying stress upon the dependence of the utterance on rhythm and order—on "those arrangements of language, and especially metrical language, which are created by that imperial faculty whose throne is contained within the invisible nature of man." More recently the poet-critic Watts, in the best modern essay upon the subject, says that "absolute poetry is the concrete and artistic expression of the human mind in emotional and rhythmical language." Here we certainly are getting out of the mists. In these formulas an effort for precision is apparent, and the latest one would be satisfactory did it insist more definitely, within itself, upon the office of the imagination, and upon the interpretative gift which is the very soul of our art.

The ideas presented by many of the poets seem in the main conformed to their own respective gifts, and therefore in a sense limited.

¹ Cited by F. B. Sanborn in a paper on Emerson.

Thus, years after Schlegel had termed poetry "the power of creating what is beautiful, and representing it to the eye or ear," our disciple of taste, Poe, who avowed that poetry had been to him "not a purpose; but a passion," amended Schlegel's terms with the adjective needed to complete his own definition—"the *Rhythmical Creation of Beauty*." Never did a wayward romancer speak with a sincerer honesty of the lyrical art, and he clenched his statement by adding that its sole arbiter was Taste. If you accept beauty in a comprehensive sense, including all emotions, truths, and ethics, accept this definition as precise and unflinching. But Poe confines its meaning to the domain of esthetics, which of itself he thought opposed to vice on account of her deformity; furthermore, he restricts it to what he terms supernal beauty, the note of sadness and regret. This was simply his own highest range and emotion. His formula, however, will always be tenderly regarded by refined souls, for Beauty, pure and simple, is the *alma mater* of the artist; her unswerving devotee is absolved—many sins are forgiven to him who has loved her much.

But often a poet, great or small, has burnished some facet of the jewel we are setting. Milton's declaration that poetry is "simple, sensuous, passionate," is a recognition of its most effective attributes.¹ Lowell has sprinkled the whole subject with diamond-dust, and he, of all, perhaps could best have given a new report of its tricky spirit. Arnold's phrase, "a criticism of life, under the conditions fixed for such a criticism by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty," is of value, yet one of those definitions which themselves need a good deal of defining. With the exception of Mr. Watts, we see that not even the writers of our logical period have condensed into a single clause a statement that establishes, practically and inclusively, the basis on which our art sustains its enrapturing vitality, and Mr. Watts's statement leaves something for inference and his after-explanation. Before endeavoring, in the next lecture, to construct a framework that may serve our temporary needs, I wish to consider briefly the most suggestive addition which this century has made to the elements previously observed. I refer to the assertion of Wordsworth and Coleridge that poetry is "the antithesis of science."

¹ Milton's phrase has become familiar as a proverb since Coleridge used it with great force in the prelude to his lectures on Shakspeare and on the Drama, but it is seldom quoted with its context, as found in the tractate "On Education," addressed to Samuel Hartlib, A. D. 1644. The poet there speaks of "Rhetoric" as an art To which poetry would be made subsequent, or indeed rather precedent, as being less subtle and fine, but more simple, sensuous, and passionate. I mean not here the

WHAT does this assertion mean, and how far does its bearing extend? The poet has two functions, one directly opposed to that of the scientist, and avoided by him, while of the other the scientist is not always master. The first is that of treating nature and life as they *seem*, rather than as they are; of depicting phenomena, which often are not actualities. I refer to physical actualities, of which the investigator gives the scientific *facts*, the poet the *semblances* known to eye, ear, and touch. The poet's other function is the exercise of an insight which pierces to spiritual actualities, to the meaning of phenomena, and to the relations of all this scientific knowledge.

To illustrate the distinction between a poet's, or other artist's, old-style treatment of things as they *seem* and the philosopher's statement of them as they are, I once used an extreme, and therefore a serviceable, example; to wit, the grand Aurora fresco in the Rospigliosi palace. Here you have the childlike, artistic, and phenomenal conception of the antique poets. To them the Dawn was a joyous heroic goddess, speeding her chariot in advance of the sun-god along the clouds, with the beauteous Hours lackeying her scattered many-hued blossoms down the eastern sky. For the educated modern there is neither Aurora nor Apollo; there are no winged Hours, no flowers of diverse hues. His sun is an incandescent material sphere, alive with magnetic forces, engirt with hydrogenous flame, and made up of constituents more or less recognizable through spectrum analysis. The colors of the auroral dawn—for the poet still fondly calls it auroral—are rays from this measurable incandescence, refracted by the atmosphere and clouds, under the known conditions that have likewise put to test both the pagan and biblical legends of that prismatic nothing, the rainbow itself. The stately blank-verse poem, "Orion," which the late Hengist Horne published at a farthing half a century ago, is doubtless our most imaginative rendering of the legend which placed the blind giant in the skies. The most superb of constellations represents even in modern poetry a mythical demigod. In science it was but the other day that the awful whirl of nebulae developed by the Lick telescope revealed it to us almost as a distinct universe in itself.

But to show the distinction as directly af-

prosody of a verse, which they could not but have hit on before among the rudiments of grammar; but that sublime art which in Aristotle's poetics, in Horace, . . . teaches what the laws are of a true epic poem, what of a dramatic, what of a lyric, what decorum is, which is the grand masterpiece to observe. This would make them soon perceive what despicable creatures our common rhymers and playwrights be; and show them what religious, what glorious and magnificent, use might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things.

fecting modes of expression, take the first of countless illustrations that come to hand; for instance, the methods applied to the treatment of one of our recurrent coast storms. The poet says:

When descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the Equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges
Laden with sea-weed from the rocks.

Or take this stanza by a later balladist:

The East Wind gathered, all unknown,
A thick sea-cloud his course before:
He left by night the frozen zone,
And smote the cliffs of Labrador;
He lashed the coasts on either hand,
And betwixt the Cape and Newfoundland
Into the bay his armies pour.

All this impersonation and fancy is translated by the Weather Bureau into something like the following:

An area of extreme low pressure is rapidly moving up the Atlantic coast, with wind and rain. Storm-center now off Charleston, S. C. Wind N.E. Velocity, 54. Barometer, 29.6. The disturbance will reach New York on Wednesday, and proceed eastward to the Banks and Bay St. Lawrence. Danger-signals ordered for all North Atlantic ports.

We cannot too clearly understand the difference between artistic vision and scientific analysis. The poet in his language and the painter with his brush are insensibly and rightly affected by the latter. The draughtsman, it is plain, must depict nature and life as they seem to the eye, and he needs only a flat surface. The camera has proved this, demonstrating the fidelity in outline and shadow of drawings antedating its use. The infant, the blind man suddenly given sight, see things in the flat as we do, but without our acquired sense of facts indicated by their perspective. We have learned, and experience has trained our senses to instant perception, that things have the third dimension, that of thickness, and are not equally near or far. The Japanese, with an instinct beyond that of some of his Mongolian neighbors, avoids an extreme flat treatment by confining himself largely to the essential lines of objects, allowing one's imagination to supply the rest. He carries suggestiveness, the poet's and the artist's effective ally, to the utmost. Still, as Mr. Wores says, he has no scruples about facts, "for he does not pretend to draw things as they are, or should be, but as they seem." Now, it is probable that the Aryan artist is born with a more analytic vision than that of the Orient;

if not, that he does instinctively resist certain inclinations to draw lines just as they appear to him. But this natural resistance unquestionably was long ago reinforced by his study of the laws of perspective. The generally truer and more effective rendering of outline and shadow by Western masters cannot be denied, and furnishes an example of the aid which scientific analysis can render to the artist. In just the same way, we may see, empirical knowledge is steadily becoming a part of the poet's equipment, and, I have no doubt, is by inherited transmission giving him at birth an ability to receive from phenomena more scientifically correct impressions. For his purposes, nevertheless, the portrayal of things as they seem conveys a truth just as important as that other truth which the man of analysis and demonstration imparts to the intellect. It is the *methods* that are antithetical.

The poet's other function, which the scientist does not avoid, but which research alone does not confer upon him, is that of seizing the abstract truth of things whether observed or discovered. It has been given out, though I do not vouch for it, that Edison obtains some of his ideas for practical invention from the airy flights of imagination taken by writers of fiction. In any case, it is clear that with respect to inventive surmise, the poet is in advance: the investigator, if he would leap to greater discoveries, must have the poetic insight and imagination—be, in a sense, a poet himself, and exchange the mask and gloves of the alchemist for the soothsayer's wand and mantle. Those of our geologists, biologists, mechanicians, who are not thus poets in spite of themselves must sit below the seers who by intuition strike the trail of new discovery. For beyond both the phantasmal look of things and full scientific attainment there is a universal coherence—there are infinite meanings—which the poet has the gift to see, and by the revelation and prophecy of which he illumines whatever is cognizable.

The so-called conflict of science and religion, in reality one of fact and dogma, has been waged obviously since the time of Galileo. Its annals are recorded. It was the sooner inevitable because science takes nothing on faith. The slower, but equally prognosticable, effect of exact science on poetry, though foreseen by the Lake School, was not extreme until recently—so recently, in fact, that a chapter which I devoted to it in 1874 was almost the first extended consideration that it received. Since then it has been constantly debated, and not always radically. That the poets went on so long in the old way, very much like the people who came after the deluge, was due to two conditions. First, their method was so ingrained in

literature, so common to the educated world, that it sustained a beauteous phantasmagory against all odds. Again, the poets have walked in lowly ways, and each by himself; they have no proud temporal league and station, like the churchmen's, to make them timid of innovation, of any new force that may shake their roof-trees. They have been gipsies, owning nothing, yet possessed of everything without the care of it. At last they see this usufruct denied them; they are bidden to surrender even their myths and fallacies and inspiring illusions. With a grace that might earlier have been displayed by the theologians, they are striving to adapt art to its conditions, though at the best it is a slow process to bring their clientage to the new idealism. Though the imagery and diction which have served their use, and are now absurd, must cease, the creation of something truer and nobler is not the work of a day, and of a leader, but of generations. So there is a present struggle, and the poets are sharing the discomfort of the dogmatists. The forced marches of knowledge in this age do insensibly perturb them, even give the world a distaste for a product which, it fears, we must distrust. The new learning is so radiant, so novel, and therefore seemingly remarkable, that of itself it satiates the world's imagination. Even the abashed idealists, though inspired by it, feel it becoming to fall into the background. Some of them recognize it with stoical cynicism and stern effect. In Balzac's "The Search for the Absolute," Balthazar's wife, suffering agonies, makes an attempt to dissuade him from utterly sacrificing his fortune, his good name, even herself, in the effort to manufacture diamonds. He tenderly grasps her in his arms, and her beautiful eyes are filled with tears. The infatuated chemist, wandering at once, exclaims: "Tears! I have decomposed them: they contain a little phosphate of lime, chloride of sodium, mucin, and water." Such is the last infirmity of noble minds to-day.

We latterly find our bards alive to scientific revelations. It has been well said that a "Paradise Lost" could not be written in this century, even by a Milton. In his time the Copernican system was acknowledged, but the old theory of the universe haunted literature and was serviceable for that conception of "man's first disobedience," and the array of infernal and celestial hosts, to which the great epic was devoted. In our own time such a poet as Tennyson, to whom the facts of nature are everything, does not make a lover say, "O god of day!" but

Move eastward, happy earth, and leave
Yon orange sunset, waning slow.

Browning, De Banville, Whitman, Emerson
earliest and most serenely,—in fact, all modern

intellectual poets,—not only adapt their works to physical knowledge, but, as I say, often forestall it. Even as we find them turned savants, we find our Clerk Maxwells, Roods, Lodges, Rowlands, poets in their quick guesses and assumptions. Imaginative genius is such that often one of its electric flames will come through what is ordinarily a non-conductor. That term, however, cannot be applied to an American scientist¹ who enjoys the distinction of being at once a master of abstruse mathematics and a brilliant writer of very poetic novels, and to whom I put the same question I have addressed to poets—simply, What is poetry? He repaid me with a letter setting forth in aptest phrase his own belief in the kindred imaginations of the physicist and the poet. Naturally he considers the physical discoverer just now more triumphant and essential. "His study," he says, "is relations. When he cannot discover them, he invents them—strings his facts on the thread of hypothesis." After some illustrations of this, he sets present research above past fancy, and exclaims: "Compare the wings of light on which we ascend with a speed to girdle the earth eight times a second, to sift the constitution of stars, with the stead of Mohammed and its five-league steps and eyes of jacinth! What a chapter the Oriental poet could give us to-day in a last edition of Job—founding the conception of the Unknown on what we *know* of his works, instead of on our ignorance of them. I want a new Paul to re-write and restate the doctrine of immortality."

But here the poet may justly break in and say, It is not from investigators, but from the divine preachers, that we inherit this doctrine of immortality. Being poets, through insight they saw it to be true, and announced it as revealed to them. Let science demonstrate it, as it yet may, and the idealists will soon adjust their imagery and diction to the resulting conditions. It is only thus they *can* give satisfaction and hold their ground. The prolongation of worn-out fancy has been somewhat their own fault, and it is just they should suffer for it. Still, although we may shift externals, the idealists will be potent as ever; their strength lies not in their method, but in their sovereign perception of the relations of things. Even the theologians no longer dismiss facts with the quotation, "Canst thou by searching find out God?" The world has learned that at all events we can steadily broaden and heighten our conception of him. We are beginning to verify Lowell's prophetic statement:

Science was faith once; Faith were science now
Would she but lay her bow and arrows by
And arm her with the weapons of the time.

¹ Prof. A. S. Hardy of Dartmouth.

Theology, teaching immortality, now finds science deducing the progressive existence of the soul as an inference from the law of evolution. Poetry finds science offering it fresh discovery as the terrace from which to essay new flights. While realizing this aid, a temporary disenchantment is observed. The public imagination is so intent upon the marvels of force, life, psychology, that it concerns itself less with the poet's ideals. Who cares for the ode pronounced at the entrance of this Exposition, while impatient to reach the exhibits within the grounds? Besides, fields of industrial achievement are opened by each investigation, enhancing human welfare, and absorbing our energies. The soldiers of this noble war do not meditate and idealize; their prayer and song are an impulse, not an occupation.

My romancer and scientist goes on to say, "In all this the poet loses nothing. It is fundamental fact that the conquest of mystery leads to greater mystery; the more we know the greater the material for the imagination." This I too believe, and that the poet's province is, and ever must be, the expression of the manner in which revealed truths, and truths as yet unseen but guessed and felt by him, affect the emotions and thus sway man's soul.

Therefore his final ground is still his own, and he well may say, as Whitman chanted thirty years ago:—

Space and Time! now I see it is true, what I guessed at.

I accept Reality, and dare not question it, Materialism first and last imbuing.

Gentlemen, to you the first honors always! Your facts are useful, and yet they are not my dwelling,

I but enter by them to an area of my dwelling. Less the reminders of properties told my words, And more the reminders they of life untold.

Insight and spiritual feeling will continue to precede discovery and sensation. In their footprints the investigator must advance for his next truth, and at the moment of his advance become one with the poet. In the words of Tyndall on Emerson, "Poetry, with the joy of a bacchanal, takes her grave brother by the hand, and cheers him with immortal laughter." Meanwhile the laws of change, fashion, ennui, that breed devotion first to one exercise of man's higher faculty, and anon to another, will direct the public attention alternately to the investigator and to the poet. In lulls or fatigue of discovery, there will be an eager return to the oracles for their interpretation of the omens of the laboratory and ward. The services of the temple are confined no more to the homily and narrative than to song and prayer.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

OUR TOLSTOI CLUB.



I SHOULD be glad to tell a story if I only knew one, but I don't. Some people say that one experience is as interesting as another, and that any real life is worth hearing about; but I think it must make some little difference who the person is. But if I really must tell one, and since you all have told yours, and such nice ones, and anything is better than nothing when we are kept in all the morning by a pouring rain, with nothing to do, because we came only for a week and did not expect it to rain, I will try and tell you about our Tolstoi Club, because that was rather like a story—at least it might have been like one if things had turned out a little differently.

You know I live in a suburb of Boston, and a very charming, delightful one it is. I cannot call it by its real name, because I am going to be so very personal; so I will call it "Baby-

land," which indeed people often do in fun. There never was such a place for children. The population is mostly under seven years old, for it was about seven years ago that young married people began to move into it in such numbers, because it is so healthy; but it was always a great place for them even when it was small. The old inhabitants are mostly grandfathers and grandmothers now, and enjoy it very much; but they usually go into town in the winter, with such unmarried children as they have left, to get a little change; for there is no denying that there is a sameness about it—the sidewalks are crowded with perambulators every pleasant day, and at our parties the talk is apt to run too much on nursery-maids, and milkmen and their cows, and drains, to be very interesting to those who have not learned how terribly important such things are. So in winter we—I mean the young married couples, of whom I am half a one—are left pretty much to our own devices.

Though we are all so devoted to our infant families, we are not so much so as to give up

all rational pleasures or intellectual tastes; we could not live so near Boston, you know, and do that. Our husbands go into town every day to make money, and we go in every few days to spend it, and in the evenings, if they are not too tired, we sometimes make them take us in to the theaters and concerts. We all have a very nice social circle, for Babyland is fashionable as well as respectable, and we are asked out more or less, and go out; but for real enjoyment we like our own clubs and classes the best. We feel so safe going round in the neighborhood, because we are so near the children, and can be called home any time if necessary. There is our little evening dancing-club, which meets round at one another's houses, where we all exchange husbands—a kind of grown-up "puss-in-the-corner"; only, as the supply of dancing husbands is not quite equal to that of wives, we have to get a young man or two in if we can; and for the same reason we don't ask any girls, who, indeed, are not very eager to come. Then there is the musical club, and the sketching-club, and we have a great many morning clubs for the women alone, where we bring our work (and it is splendid to get so much time to sew), and read or are read to, and then talk over things. Sometimes we stay to lunch, and sometimes not; and we would have an essay club, only we have no time to write the papers.

Now, many of these clubs meet chiefly at Minnie Mason's—Mrs. Sydney Mason's. She gets them up, and is president: you see, she has more time, because she has no children—the only woman in Babyland who has n't, and I don't doubt she feels dreadfully about it. She was not strong, and had to lie on the sofa most of the time, and that was another reason why we met there so often; and then she lives right in the midst of us all, and so close to the road that we can all of us watch our children, when they are out for their airings, very conveniently. Minnie is very kind and sympathetic, and takes such an interest in all our affairs, and if she is somewhat inclined to gossip about them, poor dear, it is very natural, when she has so few of her own to think about.

Well, in the autumn before last, Minnie said we must get up a Tolstoi Club; she said the Russians were the coming race, and Tolstoi was their greatest writer, and the most Christian of moralists (at least, she had read so), and that everybody was talking about him, and we should be behindhand if we could not. So we turned one of our clubs, which had nothing particular on hand just then, into one; and, besides Tolstoi, we read other Russian novelists, Turgenieff and—that man whose name is so hard to pronounce, who writes all about convicts and—other criminals. We did not read

them all, for they are very long, and we can never get through anything long; but we hired a very nice lady "skimmer," who ran through them, and told us the plots, and all about the authors, and read us bits. I forget a good deal, but I remember she said that Tolstoi was the supreme realist, and that all previous novelists were romancers and idealists, and that he drew life just as it was, and nobody else had ever done anything like it, except indeed the other Russians; and then we discussed. In discussion we are very apt to stray off to other topics, but that day I remember Bessie Milliken saying that the Russians seemed very queer people; she supposed that if every one said these authors were so true to life, they must be, but she had never known such an extraordinary state of things. Just as soon as ever people were married,—if they married at all,—they seemed wild to make love to some one else, or have some one else make love to them.

"They don't seem to do so here," said Fanny Deane.

"We certainly do not," said Blanche Livermore. "I think the reason must be that we have no time. I have scarcely time to see anything of my own husband, much less to fall in love with any one else's."

We all laughed, but we felt that it was odd. In Babyland all went on in an orderly and respectable fashion. The gayest girls, the fastest young men, as soon as they were married and settled there, subsided at once into quiet, domestic ways. At our dances each of us secretly thought her own husband the most interesting person present, and he returned the compliment, and after a peaceful evening of passing them about we were always very thankful to get them back to go home with. Were we, then, so unlike the rest of humanity?

"Are we sure?" asked Minnie Mason, always prone to speculation. "It is not likely that we are utterly different from the rest of the world. Who knows what dark tragedies lie hidden in the recesses of the heart? Who knows all her neighbor's secret history?" This was being rather personal, but no one took it home, for we never minded what Minnie said; and as many of the club were, as always occurred, detained at home by domestic duties, we thought it might apply to one of them. But I can't deny that we, and especially Minnie, who had a relish for what was sensational, and was pleased to find that realistic fiction, which she had always thought must be dull, was really exciting, felt a little ashamed at our being so behind the age—"provincial," as Mr. James would call it; "obsolete," as Mr. Howells is fond of saying—at Babyland as not to have the ghost of a scandal among us. None of us wished to give cause for the scandal ourselves; but I

think we might not have been as sorry as we ought to be if one of our neighbors had been obliging enough to do so. We did not want anything very bad, you know. Of course none of us could ever have dreamed of running away with a fascinating young man,—like Anna Karenina,—because in the first place we all liked our husbands, and in the next place, who could be depended upon to go into town to do the marketing, and to see that the children wore their india-rubbers on wet days? But anything short of that we felt we could bear with equanimity.

That same fall we were excited, though only in our usual harmless, innocent way, by hearing that the old Grahame house was sold, and pleased—though no more than was proper—that it was sold to the Williamses. It was a pretty, old farm-house which had been improved upon and enlarged, and had for many years been to let; and being as inconvenient as it was pretty, it was always changing its tenants, whom we despised as transients, and seldom called upon. But now it was bought, and by none of your new people, who, we began to think, were getting too common in Babyland. We all knew Willie Williams: all the men were his old friends, and all the women had danced with him, and liked him, and flirted with him; but I don't think it ever went deeper, for somehow all the girls had a way of laughing at him, though he was a handsome fellow, and had plenty of money, and was very well behaved, and clever too in his way; but we could not help thinking him silly. For one thing, he would be an artist, though you never saw such dreadful daubs as all his pictures were. It was a mercy he did not have to live by them, for he never sold any; he gave them away to his friends, and Blanche Livermore said that was why he had so many friends, for of course he could not work off more than one apiece on them. He was very popular with all the other artists, for he was the kindest-hearted creature, and always helped those who were poor, and admired those who were great; and they never had anything to say against him, though they could not get out anything more in his praise than that he was "careful and conscientious in his work," which was very likely true. Then he was vain; at least he liked his own good looks, and, being esthetic in his tastes, chose to display them to advantage by his attire. He wore his hair, which was very light, long, and was seldom seen in anything less fanciful than a boating-suit, or a bicycle-suit, though he was not given to either exercise, but wanted an excuse for a blouse, and knee-breeches, and tights, and a soft hat—and these were all of a more startling pattern than other people's; while as to the velvet painting-jackets, and brocade dressing-

gowns, in which he indulged in his studio, I can only say that they made him a far more picturesque figure than any in his pictures. It was a shame to waste such materials on a man. Then he lisped when he was at all excited, which he often was; and he had odd ways of walking, and standing, and sitting, which looked affected, though I really don't think they were.

He made enthusiastic but very brief love to all of us in turn. I don't know whether any of us could have had him; if one could, all could; but supposing we could, I don't believe any of us would have had the courage to venture on Willie Williams. But we expected that his marriage would be romantic and exciting, and his wedding something out of the common. Opinions were divided as to whether his ardent love-making would induce some lovely young Italian or Spanish girl of rank to run away from a convent with him, or whether he would rashly take up with some artist's model, or goose-girl, or beggar-maid. We were much disappointed when, after all, he married in the most commonplace manner a very ordinary girl named Loulie Latham.

We all knew Loulie too; she went to school at Miss Woodbury's, in the class next below mine; and she was a nice girl, and we all liked her well enough, but there never was a girl who had less in her. She was not bad-looking, but no beauty; not at all the kind of looks to attract an artist. Blanche Livermore said that he might have married her for her red hair if only there had been more of it. The Lathams were very well connected, and knew everybody, and she went about with the other girls, and had a fair show of attention at parties; but she never had friends or lovers. She had not much chance to have any, indeed, for she married very young.

She was a very shy, quiet girl, and I used to think that perhaps it was because she was so overcrowded by her mother. Mrs. Latham was a large, striking-looking if not exactly handsome, lady-like though loud, woman, who talked a great deal about everything. She was clever, but eccentric, and took up all manner of fads and fancies, and though she was a thoroughly good woman, and well born and well bred, she did know the very queerest people—always hand in glove with some new crank. Hygiene, as she called it, was her pet hobby. Fortunately she had a particular aversion to dosing; but she dieted her daughter and herself, which, I fear, was nearly as bad. All her bread had husks in it, and she was always discovering that it was hurtful to eat any butter or drink any water, and no end of such notions. She dressed poor Loulie so frightfully that it was enough to take all the courage out of a girl: with all

her dresses very short in the skirt, and big at the waist, and cut high, even in the evening, and thick shoes very queerly shaped, made after her own orders by some shoemaker of her own, and loose cotton gloves, and a mushroom hat down over her eyes. Finally she took up the mind-cure, and Loulie was to keep thinking all the time how perfectly well she was, which, I think, was what made her so thin and pale. Mrs. Latham always said that no one ever need be ill, and indeed she never was herself, for she was found dead in her bed one morning without any warning.

This happened at Jackson, New Hampshire, where they were spending the summer. Of course poor Loulie was half distracted with the shock and the grief. There was no one in the house where they were whom she knew at all, or who was very congenial, I fancy, and Willie Williams, whom they knew slightly, was in the neighborhood, sketching, and was very kind and attentive, and more helpful than any one would ever have imagined he could be. He saw to all the business, and telegraphed for some cousin or other, and made the funeral arrangements; and the end of it was that in three months he and Loulie Latham were married, and had sailed for Europe on their wedding tour.

This was ten years ago, and they had never come back till now. They meant to come back sooner, but one thing after another prevented. They had no children for several years, and they thought it a good chance to poke round in the wildest parts of southern Europe,—Corsica, and Sardinia, and the Balearic Isles, and all that,—and made their winter quarters at Palermo. Then for the next six years they lived in less out-of-the-way places. They had four children, and lost two; and one thing or another kept them abroad, until they suddenly made up their minds to come home.

We had not heard much of them while they were gone. Loulie had no one to correspond with, and Willie, like most men, never wrote letters; but we all were very curious to see them, and willing to welcome them, though we did not know how much they were going to surprise us. Willie Williams, indeed, was just the same as ever—in fact, our only surprise in him was to see him look no older than when he went away; but as for Mrs. Williams, she gave us quite a shock. For my part, I shall never forget how taken aback I was, when, strolling down to the station one afternoon with the children, with a vague idea of meeting Tom, who might come on that train, but who did n't, I came suddenly upon a tall, splendidly shaped, stately creature, in the most magnificent clothes; at least they looked so, though they were all black, and the dress was only cashmere, but it was

draped in an entirely new way. She wore a shoulder-cape embroidered in jet, and a large black hat and feather set back over great masses of rich dark auburn hair; and though so late in the season, she carried a large black lace parasol. To be sure, it was still very warm and pleasant. I never should have ventured to speak to her, but she stopped at once, and said, "Perhaps you have forgotten me, Mrs. White?"

"No—oh, no," I said, trying not to seem confused; "Mrs.—Mrs. Williams, I believe?"

"You knew me better as Loulie Latham," she said, pleasantly enough; but I cannot say I liked her manner. There was something in it, though I could not say what, that seemed like condescension, and she hardly mentioned my children,—and most people think them so pretty,—though I saw her look at them earnestly once or twice.

Willie was the same good-hearted, hospitable fellow as ever, and begged us to come in, and go all over his house, and see his studio that he had built on, and his bric-à-brac. And a lovely house it was, full of beautiful things, for he knew them, if he could not paint them, and indeed he had a great talent for amateur carpentering. We wished he would come to our houses and do little jobs to show his goodwill, instead of giving us his pictures; but we tried to say something nice about them, and the frames were most elegant. Of course we saw a good deal of Mrs. Williams, but I don't think any of us took to her. She was very quiet, as she always had been, but with a difference. She was perfectly polite, and I can't say she gave herself airs, exactly; but there was something very like it in her seeming to be so well satisfied with herself and her position, and caring so little whether she pleased us or not. Of course we all invited them, and they accepted most of our invitations when they were asked together, though she showed no great eagerness to do so; but she would not join one of our morning clubs, and had no reason to give. It could not be want of time, for we used to see her dawdling about with her children all the morning, though we knew that she had brought over an excellent, highly trained, Protestant North German nurse for them. When we asked her to the dancing-class, she said she never danced, and we had better not depend on her, but Mr. Williams enjoyed it, and would be glad to come without her. We did not relish this indifference, though it gave us an extra man, and Minnie Mason said that it was not a good thing for a man to get into the way of going about without his wife.

"Why not?" said Mrs. Williams, opening her great eyes with such an air of utter ignorance that it was impossible to explain. It was easy to see that she need not be afraid of trust-

ing her husband out of her sight, for a more devoted and admiring one I never saw, whether with her, or away from her, talking of "Loulou" and her charms, as if sure of sympathy. But we had our doubts as to how much she returned his attachment, and Minnie said it was easy to see that she only tolerated him; and we all thought her unappreciative, to say the least. He was very much interested in her dress, and spent a great deal of time in choosing and buying beautiful ornaments and laces and stuffs for her, which she insisted on having made up in her own way, languidly remarking that it was enough for Willie to make her a fright on canvas, without doing so in real life. Blanche Livermore said she must have some affection for him, to sit so much to him, for he had painted about a hundred pictures of her in different styles, each one worse than the last. You would have thought her hideous if you had only seen them; but Willie's artist friends, some of them very distinguished, had painted her too, and made her into a regular beauty. Opinions differed about her looks; but those who liked her the least had to allow that she was fine-looking, though some said it was greatly owing to her style of dress. We all called it shockingly conspicuous at first, and then went home and tried to make our things look as much like hers as we possibly could, which was very little; for, as we afterward found out, they came from a modiste at Paris who worked only for one or two private customers, and whose costumes had a kind of combination of the fashionable and the artistic which it seemed impossible for any one here to hit. We used to wonder how poor Mrs. Latham would feel, could she rise from her grave, to behold her daughter's gowns, tight as a glove, and in the evening low and long to a degree, her high-heeled French shoes, and everything her mother had thought most sinful. Her hair had grown a deeper, richer shade abroad, and she had matched it to perfection, and one of Willie's pictures of her, with the real and false all down her back together, looked like the burning bush. She was in slight mourning for an old great-uncle who had left her a nice little sum of money; and we thought, if she were so inimitable now, what would she be when she put on colors?

We did better in modeling our children's clothes after hers, and I must say she was very good-natured about lending us her patterns. She had a boy and girl, beautiful little creatures, but they looked rather delicate, which she did not seem to realize at all; she was very amiable in her ways to them, but cool, just as she was to their father.

It must be confessed that we spent a great deal of time at our clubs in discussing her, especially at the Tolstoi Club; for, as Minnie

remarked, she seemed very much in the Russian style, and it was not disagreeable, after all, to think that we might have such a "type," as they call it, among us.

Just as we had begun to get accustomed to Mrs. Williams's dresses, and her beauty, and her nonchalance, and held up our heads again, she knocked us all over with another ten-strike. It was after a little dinner given for them at the Millikens', and a good many people had dropped in afterward, as they were apt to do after our little dinners, to which of course we could not ask all our set, however intimate. Mrs. Reynolds had come out from Boston, and as she was by way of being very musical, though she never performed, she eagerly asked Willie Williams, when he mentioned having lived so long in Sicily, whether he had ever seen Giudotti, the great composer, who had retired to the seclusion of his native island in disgust with the world, which he thought was going, musically speaking, to ruin. We listened respectfully, for most of us did not remember hearing of the great Giudotti, but Willie replied coolly:

"Oh, yes; we met him often; he was my wife's teacher. Loulou, I wish you would sing that little thing of Mickiewicz, '*Panicz i Dziewczyna*,' which Giudotti set for you."

Loulie was leaning back on a sofa across the room, lazily swaying her big black lace fan. She had on a lovely gown of real black Spanish lace, and a great bunch of yellow roses on her bosom, which you would not have thought would have looked well with her red hair; but they suited her "Venetian coloring," as her husband called it—

"Ni blanche ni cuivrée, mais dorée
D'un rayon de soleil."

Willie's strong point, or his weak point, as you may consider it, was in quotations. She did not seem any too well pleased with the request, and replied that she hardly thought people would care to hear any music; it seemed a pity to stop the conversation—for all but herself were chattering as fast as they could. But of course we all caught at the idea, and the hostess was pressing, and after every mortal in the room had entreated her, she rose, still reluctantly, and walked across the room to the piano, saying that she hoped they really would not mind the interruption.

It sounded fine to have something specially composed for her, but we were accustomed to hear Fanny Deane, the most musical one among us, sing things set for her by her teacher—indeed, rather more than we could have wished; and I thought now to hear something of the same sort—some weak little melody all on a few notes, in a muffled little voice, with a word

or two, such as "weinend," or "veilchen," or "frühling," or "stella," or "bella," distinguishable here and there, accordingly as she sang in German or Italian. So you may imagine how I, as well as all the rest, was struck when, without a single note of prelude, her deep, low voice thrilled through the whole room:

"Why so late in the wood,
Fair maid?"

I never felt so lonely and eery in my life; and then in a moment the wildly ringing music of the distant chase came, faint but growing nearer all the time, from the piano, while her voice rose sweeter and sadder above it, till our pleasure grew more delicious as it almost melted into pain. The adventures of the fair maid in the wood were, to say the least, of a very compromising description; but we flattered ourselves that our course of realistic fiction had made us less provincial and old-fashioned, and we knew that nobody minded this sort of thing abroad, especially the Russians, of whom we supposed Mickiewicz was one till somewhat languidly set right by Mrs. Williams.

After that her singing made a perfect sensation all about Boston, the more because it was so hard to get her to sing. Her style was peculiar, and was a good deal criticized by those who had never heard her. She never sang anything any one else did—that is, anybody you might call any one, for I have heard her sometimes sing something that had gone the rounds of all the hand-organs, and make it sound new again; but many of her songs were in manuscript, some composed for her by Giudotti, and others old things that he had picked up for her—folk-songs, and ballads, and such. She always accompanied herself, and never from any notes, and very often differently for the same song. Sometimes she would sing a whole verse through without playing a note, and then improvise something between. She always sang in English, which we thought queer, when she had lived so long abroad; but she said Giudotti had told her always to use the language of her audience, and Willie, who had a pretty turn for versifying, used to translate for her. We felt rather piqued that she should ignore the fact that we too had studied languages, but we all agreed that she knew how to set herself off, and indeed we thought she carried her affectation beyond justifiable limits. She had to be asked by every one in the room, and was always saying that it was not worth hearing, and that she hoped people would tell her when they had enough of it, though, indeed, she could rarely be induced to sing more than twice. If her voice was praised, she said she had none; and when she was asked to play, she would say she could not—she could

only accompany herself. A likely story—as if any one who could do that as she could, could not play anything!—and we used to hear her, too, when she was in her own house, with nobody there but her husband. As for him, he overflowed with pride and delight in her music, and evidently much more than pleased her, and sometimes he even made her blush—a thing she rarely did—by his remarks, such as that if we really wanted to know how Loulou could sing, we must hide in the nursery. It was while singing to her baby, it appeared, that the great Giudotti had chanced to hear her, and immediately implored the privilege of teaching her, for anything or nothing.

Minnie Mason said it was impossible that a woman could sing like that unless she had a history; and she spent much of her time and all of her energy for several weeks in finding out what the history could be. It was wonderful how ingeniously she put this and that together, until one day at the club she told us the whole story, and we wondered that we had never thought of it before. It seems that before Louie Latham was married there had been a love-affair between her and Walter Dana. It is not known exactly how far it went, but her feelings were very much involved. She was too young, poor thing, and too simple, to know that Walter Dana was not at all a marrying man; he could not have afforded it, if he had wanted to ever so much. He was the sort of young man, you know, who never does manage to afford to marry, though in other respects he seemed to get on well enough. He had passed down through several generations of girls, and was now rather attentive, in a harmless, general sort of way, to the married women, and came to our dances.

"And then," said Minnie, "when he did not speak, and she was so suddenly left alone, and nearly penniless, after her mother's death, and Willie Williams was so much in love with her, and so pressing—though I don't believe he was ever in love with her more than he was with a dozen other girls, only the circumstances were such, you know, that he could hardly help proposing, he's so generous and impulsive. But he is not exactly the sort of man to fall in love with, and his oddities have evidently worn upon her; and now she feels with bitter regret how different her life might have been if she could have waited till her uncle left her this money. Walter has got on better, and might be able to marry her now, and she is young still—only twenty-nine. It is the wreck of two lives, perhaps of three. Willie is most unsuspecting, but should he ever find out—"

We all shuddered with pleasurable horror at the thought that we were to be spectators of a Russian novel in real life.

"I have seen them together," went on Minnie, "and their tones and looks were unmistakable. Surely you remember that Eliot Hall german he danced with her, the winter before her mother's death—the only winter she ever went into society; and I recollect now that he seemed very miserable about something at the time of her marriage, only I never suspected why then."

"How very sad!" murmured Emmie Richards, a tender-hearted little thing.

"It is sad," said Minnie, solemnly; "but love is a great and terrible factor in life, and elective affinities are not to be judged by conventional rules."

For my own part, I thought Willie Williams a great deal nicer and more attractive than Walter Dana, except, to be sure, that Walter did talk and look like other people. Perhaps, I said, things were not quite so bad as Minnie made them out. It was to be hoped that poor Loulie would pause at the brink. A great many such stories, especially American ones, never come to anything, except that the heroine lives on pining, with a blighted life; and I thought, if that were all, Willie was not the kind of man who would mind it much. Very likely he would never know it.

Blanche Livermore said the idea of a woman pining all her days was nonsense. All girls had affairs, but after they were married the cares of a family soon knocked them all out of their heads. To be sure, Blanche's five boys were enough to knock anything out; but Minnie told us all afterward, separately, in confidence, that it was a little jealousy on her part, because she had been once rather smitten with Walter Dana herself. This seemed very realistic; and I must say my own observations confirmed the truth of Minnie's story. Mrs. Williams did look at times conscious and disturbed. One night, too, Tom and I called on them to make arrangements about some concert-tickets. Willie welcomed us in his usual cordial fashion, saying Loulou would be down directly; and in ten minutes or so down she came, in one of her loveliest evening dresses, white embroidered crape, with a string of large amber beads round her throat.

"I am afraid you are going out, Mrs. Williams; don't let us detain you."

"Not at all," she said, with her usual indifference. "We are not going anywhere. I was waiting up-stairs to see the children tucked up in their beds."

It seemed like impropriety of behavior in no slight degree to fag out one's best clothes at home in that aimless way, but when in ten minutes more Mr. Walter Dana walked in, her guilt was more plainly manifest, and I shuddered to think what a tragedy was weaving round us.

Only a day or two after, I met her alone, near nightfall, hurrying toward her home, and with something so odd about her whole air and manner that I stopped short and asked, rather officiously perhaps, if Mr. Williams and the children were well.

"Oh, yes; very—very well indeed!" she threw back, in a quick, defiant tone, very unlike her usual self; and then, as I looked at her, I perceived to my dismay that she was crying bitterly. I felt so awkward that I did not know what to say, and I stood staring, while she pulled down her veil with a jerk, and hurried on. I could not help going into Minnie's to ask her what she thought it could mean. Minnie, of course, knew all about it.

"She has been in here, and I have been giving her a piece of my mind. I hope it will do her good. Crying, was she? I am very glad of it."

"But, Minnie! how could you? how did you dare to? how did you begin?" I asked in amazement, heightened by the disrespectful way in which Minnie had dealt with elective affinities.

"Oh, very easily. I began about her children, and said how very delicate they looked, and that we all thought they needed a great deal of care."

"But she does seem to take a great deal of care of them. She has them with her most of the time."

"Yes; that's just it. She always has them, because she wants to use them for a cover. I am sure she takes them out in very unfit weather, and keeps them out too long, just for a pretext to be strolling about with him."

"You certainly have more courage than I could muster up," I said. "What else did you say?"

"I did not say anything else out plainly; but I saw she understood perfectly well what I meant."

"I don't see how you ever dared to do it."

"It is enough to make one do something to live next door to her as I do. You know that Walter Dana has not been at either of the last two dancing-classes. Well, it is just because he has been there, spending the whole evening with her alone. I have been kept at home myself, and have seen him with my own eyes going away before Mr. Williams gets home. I can see their front gate from where I sit now, and the electric light strikes full on every one who comes and goes."

I thought this was about enough, but we were to have yet more positive proof. One evening, soon after, we were all at the Jenkses'. It was a large party, and the rooms were hot and crowded. The Williamses were there, and Walter Dana; but he did not go near Loulie; he paid her no more attention in company than

anybody else,—from motives of policy, most probably,—and she was even quieter than usual, and seemed weary and depressed. Mrs. Jenks asked her to sing, and she refused with more than her ordinary decision. "She had rather not sing to-night, if Mrs. Jenks did not mind," and this refusal she repeated without variation. But Mrs. Jenks did mind very much; she had asked some people from a distance, on purpose to hear Mrs. Williams, and when she had implored in vain, and made all her guests do so too, she finally, in despair, directed herself to Mr. Williams, who seemed in very good spirits, as he always did in company. It was enough for him to know that Professor Perkins and Judge Wheelwright depended on hearing his wife, to rouse his pride at once, and I heard him say to her, coaxingly:

"Come, Loulou, don't you think you could sing a little?"

Loulou said something in so low a tone that I could not catch a word.

"Yes, dear, I know; but I really don't think there's any reason for it—and they have all come to hear you, and it seems disobliging not to."

Again Loulie's reply was inaudible, all but the last words, "Cannot get through with it."

"Oh, yes, you will. Come, darling, won't you? Just once, to oblige me. It won't last long."

Loulie still looked most unwilling, but she rose, more as if too tired to contest the point than anything else, and walked over to the piano. Her cheeks were burning, but I saw her shiver as she sat down. Her husband followed her, looking a little anxious, and I wondered if they had been having a scene. Surely the course of dissimulation she was keeping up must have its inevitable effect on her nerves and temper, but her voice rang out as thrilling and triumphant as ever. She sang an English song to the old French air "Musette de Nina." It was a silly, sentimental thing, all about parted loves and hopeless regrets; but the most foolish words used to sound grandly expressive as she gave them. When she came to the last line, "The flowers of life will never bloom more," at "never" her accompaniment stopped, her voice shook, struggled with the next words, paused, and a look of despair transformed her whole face. I followed the direction of her eyes, and caught sight of Walter Dana, just visible in the doorway, and, like every other mortal in the room, gazing on her in rapt attention. It was like looking on a soul in torture, and we all shuddered as we saw it. What must it have been for him? He grew crimson, and made an uneasy movement, which seemed to break the spell; for Loulie, rousing herself with an effort, struck a ringing chord, and tak-

ing up the words on a lower note, carried them through to the end, her voice gaining strength with the repetition that the air demanded. No one asked her to sing again; and when she rose Walter Dana had disappeared, and the Williamses left very soon afterward.

Things had come to such a pass now that we most sincerely repented our desire for a Tolstoi novel among us; and if this was life as it was in Russia, we heartily wished it could be confined to that country. We felt that something shocking was sure to happen soon, and so it did; but if you go through with an earthquake, I am told, it never seems at all like what you expected, and this came in a most unlooked-for way. It was on a day when our Tolstoi Club met at Minnie Mason's, and she looked really ill and miserable. She said she had enough to make her so; and when we were all assembled, she asked one of us to shut all the doors, lest the servants should hear us, and then took out, from a locked drawer in her desk, a newspaper. It was the kind of paper that we had always regarded as improper to buy, or even to look at, and we wondered how Minnie had ever got hold of it; but she unfolded it nervously, and showed us a marked passage.

It is rumored that proceedings for a divorce will soon be taken by a prominent Boston artist whose lovely wife is widely known in first-class musical circles. The co-respondent is an old admirer of the lady's, as well as an intimate friend of her husband's.

We all read these words with horror, and Emmie Richards began to cry.

"We ought to have done *something* to prevent it," said Blanche, decidedly.

"What could we do?" said I.

"Poor Willie has n't a relation who could look after those children," murmured Bessie Milliken.

We all felt moved to offer our services upon the spot, but just then there came a loud ring at the door-bell. We all started. It could not be a belated member of the club, for we always walked right in. Minnie had given orders, as usual, to be denied to any chance caller; but in a moment the door opened, and the maid announced that Mr. Williams was in the hall, and wished to see Mrs. Mason.

"Ask Mr. Williams, Ellen, if he will please to leave a message; tell him I am engaged with my Tolstoi Club."

"I did, ma'am; but he says he wishes to see the club. He says it is on very particular business, ma'am," as Minnie hesitated, and looked for our opinion. Our amazement was so great that it deprived us of words, and Minnie, after a moment, could only bow her head in silent affirmation to the girl, who vanished directly.



DRAWN BY A. S. WENZELL.

"I HAVE BEEN GIVING HER A PIECE OF MY MIND."

Could Mrs. Williams have eloped, and had her husband rushed round to claim the sympathy of his female friends, among whom were so many of his old flames? It was a most eccentric proceeding, but we felt that if any man were capable of it, it was poor Willie. But even this conjecture failed, and our very reason seemed forsaking us, as Mr. Williams walked into the room, followed by Mr. Walter Dana, who looked rather awkward on the occasion, while Willie, on the contrary, was quite at his ease, and was faultlessly dressed in a London walking-suit of the newest cut; for he had plenty of such things, though he hated to wear them. He carried a large note-case in his hand.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Mason," he began, "good-morning—" with a bow that took us all in; and without an invitation, which Minnie was too confused to give, he comfortably settled himself on a vacant chair, which proceeding Mr. Dana imitated, though with much less self-assurance, while his conductor, as he ap-

peared to be, went on: "I beg your pardon for disturbing you; but I am sorry to find that you have been giving credence, if not circulation, to some very unpleasant and utterly false rumors concerning my wife's character. I do not know, nor do I care to know, how they originated, but I wish to put a stop to them; and as Mr. Dana is the other person chiefly concerned in them, I have brought him with me."

I believe we felt as if we should like to sink into the earth; nay, it seemed to me that we must have done so, and come out in China, where everything is different. Willie Williams, without a lisp, without a smile, grave as a judge, and talking like a lawyer opening a case—it was a transformation to inspire any one with awe. He saw that we were frightened, and proceeded in a milder tone, but one equally strange in our ears.

"Don't think I mean to blame you. I know women will talk, and I do not believe any of you meant the least harm, or dreamed of things



DRAWN BY A. B. WENZELL.

"THE FLOWERS OF LIFE WILL NEVER BLOOM MORE."

going as far as they have. Indeed, Louise[!] attaches no importance to it whatever. She says it is only idle gossip, and will die out if let alone, and she did not wish me to take any notice of it; but I felt that I must do so on my own account, if not on hers. I don't care what trash gets into such journals as that," and he looked scornfully at the unhappy newspaper, which we wished we had never touched with a pair of

tongs; "but I do not want our friends and neighbors to think more meanly of me than I deserve, when I have it in my power to put a stop to it at once. Mr. Dana, is it true that you and Mrs. Williams were ever in love with each other?"

"It is not," replied Mr. Dana, who began to take courage under the skilful peroration of his chief. "I was never on any terms with Mrs. Williams, when she was Miss Latham, but

those of the very slightest and, of course, most respectful acquaintance. I don't believe we ever exchanged a dozen words."

"I believe you," murmured Blanche Livermore, who sat next to me, and whose unruly tongue nothing could long subdue; and indeed we had none of us supposed that Louie Latham conducted her love-affairs by means of conversation.

"Did you dance the german with her at the Eliot Hall Assembly on January 4, 188-?"

"I regret very much that I never had the pleasure of dancing the german with Mrs. Williams. At the party to which you refer I danced with Miss Wilmerding."

We all remembered Alice Wilmerding and her red hair, just the shade of Louie Latham's, but which had not procured her an artist for a husband; indeed, it had not procured any at all, for she was still single.

"Neither," pursued Willie Williams, "is there any truth in the report that Louise was obliged to marry me for a support. She had no need to do so, being possessed of very sufficient means of her own, as I can show by her bank-account at that date."

How he had got hold of every scrap we had said to one another, and even of all we had thought, we could not imagine then, but we afterward found out that he had procured every item from the editor of that horrid paper, under threats of instant personal and legal attack; and as to how this person happened to know so much, I can only advise you not to say or think anything you would be ashamed to have known while there are such papers in existence.

"The only reason that Loulou and I married each other," went on Loulou's husband, "is that we loved each other; and we love each other now, if possible, twice as much as we did then. If you think she does not care for me because she is not demonstrative in company, you are mistaken. She gives me as much proof of it as I want. We all have our peculiarities, and I know I have a great many which she puts up with better than most women would. Of course I don't expect her to be without hers either; but they don't trouble me any more than mine do her, and, besides, most of what has struck you as singular in her behavior can be easily explained. You have thought she was conceited about her music, but it's no such thing; she has not an atom of conceit in her; indeed, she thinks too humbly of herself. She has heard so much music of the highest class that she thinks little of any drawing-room performance, her own or anybody else's, and her reluctance to sing is genuine, for she has a horror of being urged or complimented out of mere politeness. You are not pleased, I hear" [*how could he know that?*], "that she refused to join

all your clubs and classes; one reason was that she really did not care to. Every one has a right to one's own taste; she has met a great deal of artistic and literary society abroad, and has become accustomed to live among people who are doing something; and it is tedious to her to go about so much with people who are always talking about things, as we are given to do here. She is really fond of hard reading, as but few women are; and she likes better, for instance, to stay at home and spend her time in reading Dante by herself in the original, than to go to a club and hear him talked over, with a little skimming from a translation interspersed. She dresses to please me and herself, and not to be envied or admired; and if she has a fondness for pretty clothes for their own sake, that is not surprising, when she had so little chance to indulge it when she was a girl."

Here he paused, and it was high time, for we were growing restive under the catalogue of his wife's virtues; but in a moment he resumed.

"There is another reason, too, why she has not been more sociable with you all. You don't know how unhappy Loulou is about her children; but you do know, perhaps, that we have lost two,"—here his voice faltered slightly, with some faint suggestion of the Willie Williams of our old acquaintance,— "and she is terribly afraid that the others will not live to grow up. I don't think them as fragile as she does; but they do look delicate, there's no denying it. We came home, and here, very much on their account; but yours are all so healthy and blooming that it's almost too much for poor Loulou sometimes, especially when people—" he was considerate enough not to look at Minnie—"tell her that they look poorly, and that she ought to be more careful of them. How can she be? She is always with them—more than is good for her; but she has an idea that they won't eat as much as they ought, or go to sleep when they should, without her; and she never leaves them at lunch, which is, of course, their dinner. I think she is a little morbid about them, but I can't torment her to leave it off; and I hope, as they get older and stronger, she'll be more cheerful. It is this that makes her out of spirits sometimes, and not any foolish nonsense about being in love with anybody else."

"*Mon âne parle, et même il parle bien!*" whispered the incorrigible Blanche, and though I don't think it fair to call Willie Williams an ass at any time, our surprise at his present fluency was nearly as great as the prophet's. He seemed now to have made an end of what he wished to say, but Mr. Dana, whose presence we had nearly forgotten, looked at him meaningly, as if in request.

"Oh, yes — I had forgotten — but it is only due to Mr. Dana to say that he has been coming to my house a good deal lately on business. I would tell you all about it, but it's rather private." But, humbled as we were, we could not hear this without a protesting murmur, disclaiming all vulgar curiosity. I did, indeed, wonder for a moment if he were painting Walter's portrait; if he were, I did not think it strange that the latter looked a little sheepish about it; but I afterward found out through Tom that it concerned some good offices of them both for an old friend in distress. "When he came to my house in the evening when I was out, it was to meet another person, and Mrs. Williams, half the time, never saw either of them. As to that song at Mrs. Jenks's party, which, I hear, created so much comment, she was feeling very unhappy that night because little Violet had a cold, and she thought she might have made a mistake in trying to keep her out, and toughen her, as you do your children here. Perhaps that heightened her expression; but as to breaking down on the last line of the song, that effect was one of Giudotti's lessons, and he taught her how to give that look. He always said she had the making of a great tragic actress in her. She does try to look at the wall," went on Willie, simply, "but it was so crowded there that she could not, and Mr. Dana could not help standing in the way of it. I think I have said all I need say — and I hope you won't mind it or think I am very impertinent, but I could not bear to have this thing going on; and I hope we shall all be as good friends as we were before, and that it will all be very soon forgotten." And he bowed and departed, followed by Mr. Dana, with alacrity.

We were doubtful as to these happy results. We could all admire Willie Williams for standing up so gallantly for his wife, but we did not like her any the better for being so successfully stood up for, and we felt we could never forget the unpleasant sensation he had given us. It took a long course of seeing him in his old

shape and presentment among us — working, in the same flamboyant clothes, at paintings as execrable as ever; with the same lisp, and the same trip and jerk, and the same easy good nature, and trifling enthusiasms — to forget that he had ever inspired us with actual fear, and might again, though he never has. We came also, in course of time, to like Loulou better, though it was rather galling to see how little she heeded the matter that cost us all so much remorse; but she lost her reserve in great measure as her children grew healthier and more like other people's. I think the hatchet was fairly buried for good and all when, in another year, she had another baby, a splendid boy weighing nine pounds and three quarters, at whose birth more enthusiasm was manifested in Babyland than on any similar occasion before, and who was loaded with the most beautiful presents, one in particular from Minnie Mason, who was much better, for her recovery of health dates from that sudden incursion into our Tolstoi Club, and the shock it gave her.

I should have said as to that, that after the men had left us Blanche Livermore exclaimed, "Well, girls, I think we are pretty sufficiently crushed!"

This was generous of Blanche, when she was the only one among us who had ever expressed any incredulity as to the "Russian novel," as we called it. "The fact is," she went on, "I have come to the conclusion that we have not yet advanced to the realistic period here; we are living in the realms of the ideal; and, what is worse, I fear I am so benighted that I like it best; don't you?" And, encouraged by an inarticulate but affirmative murmur from all of us, she proceeded:

"Let us all agree to settle down contentedly behind the age in our provinciality; and, that we may keep so, let us cut the realists in fiction, and take up something they don't approve of. I vote that we devote the rest of the season to a good thorough course of Walter Scott!"

And so we did.

Dorothy Prescott.

LOVE AND LIFE.

"GIVE me a fillet, Love," quoth I,
 "To bind my sweeting's heart to me,
 So ne'er a chance of earth or sky
 Shall part us ruthlessly.
 A fillet, Love; but not to chafe
 My sweeting's soul, to cause her pain,
 But just to bind her close and safe
 Through snow and blossom and sun and rain.

A fillet, boy!"
 Love said, "Here's joy."

"Give me a fetter, Life," quoth I,
 "To bind to mine my sweeting's heart,
 So Death himself must fail to pry
 With bitter Time the two apart.
 A fetter, Life, that each shall wear,
 Whose precious bondage each shall know.
 I prithee, Life, no more forbear —
 Why dost thou wait and falter so?

Haste, Life; be brief!"
 Said Life, "Here's grief."

Julie M. Lippmann.



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(SEE "OPEN LETTERS.")

THE VILLAGE ROMANCE.

MRS. CATHERINE PEMBROKE, a stout young matron, sat in the vine-checked shade of her own back gallery, watching Uncle Ned stake the pease in the garden.

"You 'll have to cut some more brush for that back row," she was just saying, when Fanny, Uncle Ned's yellow granddaughter, bounced around the corner of the house, and stood in the path, at the foot of the steps, dilating with excitement.

"La, Miss Cat'rine, I jes hyarn de awfus news, an' it's true, plumb true. I jes now run up to Miss Marg'et Martin's to git dat cape jassamine she done promise—yes 'm; I 'm a-tellin' you as fas' as I kin. I dat out of bref—dey is all in turrible state up dere. Yes 'm; 't is about Miss Mary Bell. She done say—jes now, not an hour ago—dat she wone git mah'ed nex' Thosd'y at all; she wone git mah'ed no time, she say. Dey donestop bakin' de cake. No 'm; dey say ain't been no qua'l at all. Mars Nelson he come up dere jes little while ago to see 'bout sumpin', an' Miss Mary Bell she jes sent 'im down a note statin' dat she got no 'ten-tion of mah'in' 'm. He prett' nigh wil', dey say, an' de ole Squiah he dat bu'stin' wid mad dey 'fraid he fall in fit. Miss Mary Bell done lock huhse'f up in huh 'oom, an' wone say nuffin' to nobody, 'cept jes dat she wone git mah'ed."

When everything that Fanny knew about the unprecedented situation of the Martin family had been extracted from her, Miss Catherine resumed her dignity by saying:

"Fanny, you always talk too much about white people's business, anyhow, and I won't have you coming from Miss Marg'ret's and setting the whole town afire. You come into the house now, and go finish winding them carpet-rags. Miss Marg'ret did n't say anything about my coming up there, did she?" she weakly added, as Fanny was sullenly sitting down to her task.

"No 'm," was the over-prompt reply; "I hyarn her say she hope she not got to look a soul in de face for a monf."

"Wind that there ball tighter 'n that, or



DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

UNCLE NED AND FANNY.

you 'll have to do it over," said the mistress, and resolutely put on her sunbonnet, and stepped firmly across the street to the house of her husband's cousin, Mrs. Kitchens.

Such a state as Strathboro' was in that day!

No sooner was Miss Catherine's back turned than all the negroes in the "yard"—there were a dozen of them, big and little—gathered on the gallery and its steps to discuss through the window the news Fanny had brought and for which she had been so ill rewarded.

Before night everybody in Strathboro' knew the little all that was to be known of Mary Bell's unparalleled fickleness; for a girl to break an engagement, that was nothing, but to do it when the "invites" to her wedding were out, and the cake was a-baking, and some of the Allison County kin were actually in the house—there was nothing to do but to watch for chance

visitors from the country to whom the whole story could once more be recited.

Time added few details to it. The Martin family were terribly afflicted, but they bore the prominence thrust upon them dumbly; the stout, grim Squire "took" to his farm; Mrs. Martin, a dim, faded beauty, stayed away from church one Sunday, but gathered herself up and came the next, Mary Bell by her side, and the impassivity of the Sphinx upon her face.

No one was allowed to refuse to see a visitor in Strathboro', but no barbarity of custom could cope with Mrs. Martin's genius for silence, and no one left her a whit the wiser as to facts or feelings regarding the tragedy within her realm. Mary Bell had not inherited her mother's prettiness,—this fact was generally assumed to enhance her mother's present grief,—but she had perhaps chosen the better part in making the maternal gift of silence her own. She now presented Strathboro' with an even more monumental form of it. All this was presently appreciated as really enhancing the interest of the situation, though for the time being it was grievous.

"I tell you," said Mrs. Pembroke to Mrs. Kitchens, "no one knows what that poor girl is going through."

"Pore gyurl" was precisely what Miss Catherine said, and I am constrained to mention it both because it conveys to my ear a superior degree of compassion, and also as sufficiently indicating the quality of the Strathboro' accent.

"Mary Bell," she went on, "was always mighty still and close about the very things that touched her feelings most, and that kind suffer mightily, in my opinion. There was never a girl more in love than Mary Bell. Not that she ever carried on soft, or that, but then look—she was engaged to be married to Nelson Croft before she had known him two months, and they do say that she sought him out and pressed him to come and see her, when they were first acquainted, to a degree that would have been called forward in most girls; but Mary Bell not being handsome, and having that kind of dignified way with her, she could do things others could n't. And when they got engaged, why, she expected him to come and see her every night, and old Aunt Viney told Uncle Ned—though I am not one to pay any attention to nigger news in general—that if ever he did n't come, she got that restless, for all she so heavy-like, that she'd go up and walk her room, and they could see her shadow coming and going on the window-curtain, off and on, till mighty nigh ten o'clock. Oh, I tell you, Maria, Mary Bell's eating her black bread now!"

"Poor Mary Bell!" exclaimed Mrs. Kitchens, sympathy and relish equally expressed in

her tones; for you see the village was already beginning to feel that here was a romance—its romance, its contribution to the history of poetic pain.

This was after all speculations as to a reconciliation had died away; Nelson Croft had left the town, and there was no prospect of the finale taking the commonplace and disappointing form of a speedy marriage. The possibility of that culmination was soon made properly remote and difficult. Within three months Mary Bell "up" and married somebody else. The stern and inexperienced idealist might suppose that this was death to the romance, but he would be altogether wrong. He does not understand the terms on which romance has to live in a world like this, or the completeness of the acquiescence of mankind in these little necessary compromises.

The marriage was accomplished before Strathboro' had fairly gotten a hint that it was to be, and this time Mrs. Kitchens had the triumph of announcing the news to Mrs. Pembroke. She found her where we saw her first, sitting knitting in her back gallery, but the pea-vines were pod-hung and yellow-green now, and overflowed Uncle Ned's brush. Mrs. Kitchens was a thin, pale little woman, but she got a color as she hurried through Mrs. Pembroke's long hall without the preliminary of knocking.

"Catherine," she broke forth, "do you know what's happened? Mary Bell Martin has just got married—to Tim James. Mr. Eaton has just come from there, and A'nt Rose's Joe heard him tell Harry Maury on the Square that he'd been marrying of them."

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed Miss Catherine, with reflective accents. "Sit down, Maria, sit—You, Pete, come fetch your Miss Maria a chair. Poor girl! And she's tried to drown her sorrow by marrying Tim James. Poor girl!"

"You don't think, then," said Miss Maria, "that she's caring anything about Tim? He used to go to see her some, I believe."

"La, Maria, Tim James has been running in and out of Miss Marg'ret's ever since he was knee-high, same as he does at his own mammy's; but Mary Bell care about Tim now, after all that's passed? No, Maria; women's hearts ain't made that way." And Maria was relieved.

All the town soon settled into views of the union in the main harmonious with those expressed by Miss Catherine, and the romance was fairly established; it became the Romance. The interest soon dropped to the gentle and pensive point, but it never became indifference; on the contrary, time encircled it with its own charm. Never was the value of mystery better demonstrated; for this it was, of course, that made a heroine of Mary Bell Martin. She let



DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.
SQUIRE FEMBROKE.

concealment, like the little coral insect, build a pedestal for her.

Her story soon took precedence over various vivid experiences of life which the village had vicariously enjoyed; for it was at this time only fifteen years since Jim Cajour had shot down old Judge Thompson on the Square, and hardly ten since Sally Simmons had run away with a Yankee trader. The Romance indeed held its own, not only against rivals already in the field, but distanced all competition for popular favor for the next fifteen years, and girls who were only learning to walk when Mary Bell took her wayward matrimonial course at last found in Miss Catherine's dramatic presentation of her veiled sorrows their favorite love-story.

"And Mary Bell, from that day to this, has never been heard to mention Nelson Croft's name,"—that was her usual formula of conclusion. And then, on summer evenings, the girls would steal away from her, and, winding their arms about one another's waists, would walk up and down before Timothy James's modestly comfortable dwelling, studying his wife's ample figure as she rocked back and forth in her gallery amid her progeny, and speculating upon her tragic history.

Mrs. James was a hearty, well-ordered woman, whose house and whose children were admittedly up to the average, and who won deep encomiums from the neighborhood authorities for never going anywhere; and yet Mr. James was not exactly a cheerful man. He was the superfluous figure in the Romance, and he

seemed to feel it, though he was a gentle creature, and far from the spirit of complaint at his lot. On the contrary, one would have said that he felt that Mary Bell's bestowal of herself on him under the circumstances placed him under heavy obligations to her; perhaps that was it—the obligations were too heavy. Certain it is that he always wore an apologetic air. It had now become part of the story that within a year after his marriage he took to drink, but that solace he must soon have abandoned; it demanded a hardihood his temperament did not furnish. At last, after sixteen years' effort to meet the situation with dignity, Timothy finally managed it by dying.

Amid the decorous interests of the funeral, and checked undoubtedly by some sorrow for the weak supernumerary, the new possibilities of the Romance were pushed into the background, but in a quiet way the canvass of them soon began.

The elders generally expressed themselves by nods and half-spoken hints, but Miss Catherine unbosomed herself to the sympathetic girls more freely.

"Nelson Croft's wife's been dead more 'n ten years," she said to three of them, as they sat around her sitting-room fireplace.

"Why, I did n't know he'd ever been married," said one callow listener, in accents of disappointment.

"Married! Of course he's been married," replied her hostess, impatiently. "Married a girl there in Memphis, where he lives, and they had one child, and both it and its mother been dead ten years. And that Nelson Croft ain't never married again," she continued, "is proof positive to my mind that he cares yet about Mary Bell. Of course," she added, with delicious prudence protecting the Romance against all hazards,—“of course, it may be he 'll never come around her no more. He hears nothing to speak of from Strathboro', and after the way Mary Bell treated him I dare say he don't want to."



DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.
THE COURTSHIP.

The girls were not discouraged by this; they had faith in the future of the Romance, and it did not wane, though before anything happened to justify it time enough elapsed for some of them to experience courtship, marriage, and motherhood.

But one spring evening the Square was agitated by the arrival of a stranger in the stage—a stranger who alighted at the village tavern, an establishment rarely thus disturbed.

"Dressed a good deal like a Yankee, was n't he?" asked Squire Pembroke as he came down the court-house steps.

"He'd got on a stiff hat, Squire; but I seen heaps of fellows in them hats when I was in Memphis Christmas before last," eagerly answered a shabby man in the group of loungers, desiring to entertain the Squire on terms of equality.

Not finding it to square with his dignity to say more, the Squire was passing on, when the stage-driver came up, and he stopped perforce to listen for his revelations.

"Brought over a stranger to-night, Bill," said one.

"Well, I don't know altogether about that," said Bill, running his hands into his pockets and gazing around with suave and conscious power.

"Who was he, then?"

"What did he go to the tavern for?"

"Miss Mary Bell seemed to be acquainted with him," said Bill, sighting a post as the mark for a stream of tobacco-juice.

"Miss Mary Bell James?"

"Yes," explained one of the group, hurriedly, that the revelations might not be delayed; "she went over to the Branch day before yesterday to Bassom's funeral; Bassom's wife kin to her."

"Bill, you don't suppose that man was Nelson Croft?"

"I don't suppose nothin' else."

A dramatic pause ensued. The Squire started off; he knew his duty as a husband. His zeal outran his discretion; the less devoted ones who stayed and pumped Bill dry received more gratitude and fewer reproaches from their womenkind.

Miss Catharine had to visit across the street before she could eat her supper.

"It's not, Maria, that I'm busying myself about the concerns of others," said she; "this town must know by this time that no woman in it ever stayed at home closer or knew less about her neighbors than me, for the most part; but we that have known Mary Bell all these years must have some human feeling about that meeting, and here the Squire comes home and don't know a blessed thing about the particulars of it. Bill said they talked to each other, did he? But he did n't know which begun it?"

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Well, well, well! I wonder if he could have recognized Mary Bell after all these years. Mary Bell carries considerable flesh these days, but she's kept her looks better 'n some that had more to start with. Well, well! Love's a wonderful thing, Maria!"

"I never knew him till he began to ask Bill about Strathboro' people," said Mrs. James to one friend after another, "the Sykeses and them; and then Bill he turned to me, and says he, 'Miss Mary Bell, you hear from Jim Sykes's folks, don't you?' and then Nelson turned and stared at me, and finally he said, 'Miss Mary Bell as was Miss Mary Bell Martin?' and then I spoke his name; seemed as if I spoke it before I fairly sensed in my mind who it was."

This little statement, made without substantial variation or enlargement, and with entire simplicity, Mrs. James gave whenever her account of the meeting would have been conspicuous by its absence. She was now, as ever, dignified, unaffected, and reticent. The public imagination was left a fair field. Nelson Croft wandered about the village, the next day, a somewhat melancholy figure. He had lived in Strathboro' only a year, and had there no kinspeople; and indeed if he had spent all these intervening years in the place, he would still have been accounted in a degree a stranger, though a stranger in better standing. Strathboro' had an unmistakable distrust of those mortals who had passed much time in fields beyond its ken. It never felt sure in such cases what standards of judgment were being turned upon it, and it had to receive marked evidence of regard for its own dignities and proprieties before it gave its good graces to such unknown quantities.

Nelson lounged around the Square the first day, and it did not help him to popularity that he failed to embrace the first opportunity to explain his presence, expound his past, and express his hopes for the future.

It was not till the day after this, when he took his way up to Mrs. James's gate, that the tide definitely turned in his favor.

"Them as comes a-courtin' will be sly," was a formula of justification that found favor with the soft-hearted.

The widow was sitting in her back gallery sewing a pair of small trousers. She heard the gate-latch click, and, peeking around the door, through the open hall, saw her visitor coming up the box-bordered walk. A smile, not without humor, crossed her face.

"A'nt Nervy," she called across to the log kitchen some yards away, "there a gentleman comin' up the walk; get your hands out the flour so you can go to the door. Just bring him out here. Bring out that hickory-bottom chair; it's a heap more comfortable than the others."

And Mary Bell redirected her attention to the little trousers.

Three days later, as she sat in the same spot, Nelson was saying to her in a pleasingly dispassionate tone:

"It appears to me, Miss Mary Bell, that it would be a good thing for us both if you could conclude to marry me."

He was leaning forward on his chair, his profile turned toward the object of his suit, and was placing his finger-tips together in front of him with judicial care, while his gaze was fixed reflectively on a brood of small chickens darting about in the yard below. Mary Bell was knitting.

"You see," he went on, "it is n't like I wanted you to go away and leave things here. You are fixed comfortable, and what I want would only make you comfortabler. You say yourself that the farm wants a man to look after it, and, as I told you, there 's a good chance for me to come back to Strathboro' and do pretty well. I have n't any idea of getting rich in Strathboro', but then you ain't likely to get rich without me, and it 's my idea that we would advantage each other."

This speech was broken by several marked pauses, but Mary Bell knitted away rapidly without a word, though her expression was attentive.

"Besides," said Nelson, after another pause, readjusting his finger-tips, and now turning his intent gaze upon them,— "besides, it seems to me sort o' proper and right that you should marry me in the end. You treated me pretty badly, Miss Mary Bell."

"Yes, Mr. Croft, I did," said Mary Bell, plumply; "I never had a word to say for myself about that business, though it seems little enough to me now like it was me that did it."

"Sure enough," said Nelson, turning to her with interest, "it don't seem much like it was me that you mistreated, either; but I feel sorry for the boy that was me then, some; seems as if it would be a good idea for me to try to make it up to myself, long as I can't get at him."

"And do you think I could make it up to you?" said Mary Bell, with a faint flash of something resembling coquetry, as she pursed up her lips and counted her stitches.

Nelson looked a little puzzled as he answered slowly:

"Why, Miss Mary Bell, that 's my idea. I 'd be mighty glad if you could see it the same way; it seems to me as if the case fits all around."

"Well," said Mary Bell, rolling up her work and sticking the needles through it, "I don't see as I can do anything else; though as for your taking care of the farm, I have n't much

idea you know as much about that as I do. Howsomever, any man can ride around and see what the hands are doing better 'n a woman."

Mary Bell had risen now, and, pretty well filling the hall door with her ample proportions, she stood on its threshold, running her needles in and out of her ball as with downcast eyes she continued:

"Anyhow, it 's—well—a woman feels it some when she 's remembered so many years." And with this the just and staid Mary Bell turned with a lightness surprising and not ungraceful, and disappeared.

Nelson got up with a definite change of expression, and followed her into regions beyond the interested gaze of Aunt Nervy.

"Miss Mary Bell," said he, some days later, with an air laboriously *dégagé*, "perhaps it 's not the thing for me to ask, but the mind will wonder, you know—the mind will wonder, and if you 've no objections, I 'd like to ask—it 's for you to answer, of course, or not. My inquiry is, Why did you stop that wedding of ours when we were young people? Though, as you 've said, it don't seem much like it was us, but still, the mind will wonder, and I 'd—I 'd like to know."

Mary Bell was silent for a moment; then she said: "There is no reason why I should n't tell, and there 's no reason why you should n't ask; but it is the truth, it seems going back dreadful far to remember anything about it. It seems to me now as if I must have been the flightiest, wilfulest girl that ever drew breath. The fact is, those days I was just entirely taken up with Tim James, and when we quarreled,—it was something about one of the Benson girls,—why, I was glad to be courting with you to spite him. Then when pappy did n't like that, seems as if I was just egged on till I really did think I wanted you. But when the wedding came so close, and I was mighty nigh married to you sure enough, why, then, like the perfectly uncertain object I was them days, I just thought I 'd die if I did n't have Tim. I wished I 'd never see you again to the end of time."

"Well, you 've got over that," said the whilom jilted one, cheerfully.

"Yes, sir; I have," declared Mary Bell, calmly. "Young folks are terrible foolish."

"Did Tim understand how it was?" asked Tim's successor, reflectively.

"Perhaps he did, and perhaps he did n't," replied his widow, with conclusive inflections, while her knitting-needles clicked. "T ain't always best that a man should know too much."

And with this two-edged oracular utterance she resumed the silence with which she had for years dignified her early passionate vagaries.

When the lovers were married, as they were speedily, there was such wide-spread commen-

dation of the union as never blessed another in that town.

Tim's own relatives acquiesced, after finding that in the sentimentally besotted state of public opinion even the prospect of a step-father over Tim's children aroused no appreciable indignation.

"Well, Judge," said Squire Pembroke with gentle pride, when he met a neighbor on the day of the wedding, "that 's quite a romance that 's getting finished over there," with a nod toward the house Tim James had built.

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," said the Judge, ponder-

ously; "the human heart is a strange thing, and we see right before us in Strathboro', sir, a—a marvelous example of its strangeness, sir."

"Just to think of those two poor creatures coming together after all these years," sighed Miss Catherine, wiping her eyes at the supper-table that night. "It 's a comfort to think things can happen so sometimes in this world, for Lord knows most of us don't have much that 's romantic in our lives."

"That 's true, that 's true, I 'm afraid, Cathy," said the Squire, humbly.

Viola Roseboro'.

ODE TO SPRING.

I WAKENED to the singing of a bird;
I heard the bird of spring.

And lo!

At his sweet note

The flowers began to grow,
Grass, leaves, and everything,

As if the green world heard

The trumpet of his tiny throat

From end to end, and winter and despair

Fled at his melody, and passed in air.

I heard at dawn the music of a voice.

O my belovèd, then I said, the spring

Can visit only once the waiting year;

The bird can bring

Only the season's song, nor his the choice

To waken smiles or the remembering tear!

But thou dost bring

Springtime to every day, and at thy call

The flowers of life unfold, though leaves of autumn fall.

Annie Fields.

LOVE IS A BIRD.

LOVE is a bird that beats against thy breast,
And seeks in thy warm heart to make his nest.
Ah, gentle maid, wilt thou not let him in?

Far has he flown across the world to-night;
Through wind and storm he seeks thy bosom bright.
Arise, dear maid, and let him enter in.

Joyful the heart he makes his dwelling-place;
He bringeth bloom and gladness to the face.
Ah, gentle maid, wilt thou not let him in?

His little bosom flutters wild and fast;
He hath no shelter from the raging blast.
Oh, haste, dear maid, and let Love enter in.

William Prescott Foster.

THE FARMER AND RAILWAY LEGISLATION.



THE interests of the farmer in just and conservative management of railways are not at all different in kind from the interests of every other well-meaning citizen; and the laws required by him to render those interests secure are of the same sort as are required by any class of men who rely for a livelihood upon the production of articles for distant markets. In some respects, however, agriculture is a peculiar business, and there are some reasons why the demand of the farmer for fair treatment in the transportation of his produce comes with special force and directness. For it must be noted that agriculture is of all industries the least flexible. The merchant is able to shift from place to place and so to adjust himself to changing conditions; the manufacturer, although his business is less mobile than that of the merchant, is, nevertheless, able to control in large measure the conditions under which he carries it on; but the farmer, on account of the absolute fixedness of his plant, enjoys no such advantages. With free money in hand it is possible for him to settle wherever commercial conditions invite; but his capital having once taken the form of reclaimed land, fences, drains, buildings, and the like, he is tied to the soil. His produce is assured as freight to the railway, or association of railways, that commands the territory in which his investment lies, and on this account he is at the mercy of those who provide him an outlet to the market. He has no recourse in case of unfair treatment except an appeal to Government.

For another reason, also, the industry of agriculture is at a relative disadvantage, when considered in its relation to the question of transportation. The merchant and the manufacturer are constantly receiving and shipping goods, and are on this account in a condition to take advantage of fluctuating rates. The rates which they actually pay will likely be less than the average of general charges; but the farmer, who has a single harvest during the year, cannot cut and trim to get the better of fluctuating rates. He it is who, in the presence of fluctuating charges for transportation of freight, is likely to carry the heavy end of the beam. It is, therefore, the occasion of no surprise, because inherent in the nature of agriculture as an industry, that farmers should be more directly interested in railway legislation

than any other class of business men. Their appeal to Government is one of the natural outcomes of the situation in which they find themselves.

But what is the nature of the enactments which have resulted from the appeal of farmers to the makers of law? We shall be assisted in answering this question if we call to mind the peculiar character of the business of transportation by rail, for the only purpose of railway legislation has been to check the evils which flow from unregulated railway administration.

From 1848 to 1870 railways were regarded by managers, by legislatures, and by the courts, as subject to the satisfactory control of commercial competition. It was thought that the public had nothing to fear, provided only there were a sufficient number of railways to insure competition. Of course, under such circumstances it was impossible for a railway problem to make its appearance, since all parties interested were agreed as to the theory of railway management; but as the development of the country provided a continually increased traffic, experience showed that competition between railways was not of that conservative and steady sort which commends itself to the judgment of reasonable and fair-minded men. Certain clearly defined abuses forced themselves upon public attention, and among the questions which statesmen were obliged to consider, the question of the administration of railways assumed a prominent place.

The reason why competition cannot control in railway affairs may be easily stated. The railway business is a business subject to what economists call "the law of increasing returns"; that is to say, the larger the traffic the less will be the cost of carrying any portion of that traffic. This being the case, the criterion of success in the business of transportation comes to be the volume of traffic that can be controlled, and a practical railway manager considers only the means of securing for his line the largest possible volume of traffic. Under the impulse of such a purpose certain evils are sure to arise, prominent among which may be mentioned the evil of unstable charges for traffic. The truth is, rate-sheets have never been adjusted in a scientific or rational manner, but have evolved themselves out of a prolonged strife for traffic; and as in times of war a plan of campaign must be continuously modified to meet temporary exigencies, so rate-sheets of railways are subject to constant modification, either to in-

crease traffic at the expense of a rival, or to save traffic which a rival seeks to secure. All businesses which have to do with railways are, on account of uncertainty in freight-charges, rendered speculative in character, and this, when properly understood, is an evil which cannot be too seriously regarded.

But the burden of fluctuating rates rests upon the farmer in a peculiar manner, because they render it difficult for him to reach the central market. It is sometimes asked why farmers do not themselves send their produce to the market, and consign it to commission merchants who shall place the proceeds of its sale to their credit. In this manner the number of middlemen who live from handling produce would be greatly decreased, and there would result a much better organization of national industry than the one which now exists. The farmer would indirectly as a member of the community, as well as directly in his capacity of a producer, be decidedly benefited by the change. One cannot say that such a step would be taken by the farmers should freight-rates be rendered more stable, but it is certain that without stable rates such a step must forever be impossible. From every point of view fluctuating charges for transportation of freight are to be deprecated.

Much more serious, however, is another class of evils resulting from unregulated competition between railways. Not only do rates fluctuate in an arbitrary manner, but all persons doing business with railway corporations are not charged the same rates. Unfair discrimination between customers is, like fluctuating rates, a result of the struggle for traffic. Large shippers secure better rates than small ones, and cities command more advantageous terms than towns. One who appreciates the social functions of railways cannot express too strongly the evils consequent upon such an abuse of power. They are second only to those which would follow should courts discriminate between citizens in the dispensation of justice. Equality before the law is a canon of political liberty; equality before the railways should become a canon of industrial liberty. Since, however, the evils of discriminating charges, special contracts, rebates, and the like are familiar topics in every discussion of the railway problem, nothing further need be added here respecting them.

Coming, then, directly to the question asked, it may be said that the aim of railway legislation in this country has been to correct abuses necessarily incident to the unregulated competition for traffic between railways. Experience has shown that commercial competition does not work in the business of transportation as it works in the case of other businesses, and the

aim of laws to regulate railways has always been to bring the competitive principle under the control of the political principle in all matters affecting the public. It is true that much confusion exists in the laws that have been passed, but all harmonize in this—that they set before themselves the same problem.

The first step actually taken toward control of railways in this country was to place beyond question the right of Government to a voice in the management of railway affairs, and this is a step for which the farmers of Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin are directly responsible. The "Granger Laws" of about 1870, which were contested by the railways, but upheld by the courts, placed beyond controversy the fact that railways are common carriers in the extreme interpretation of that phrase, and, as such, are amenable to direct legislative control. This was an important point gained, since it rendered unnecessary further discussion as to the right of public control. It did not, however, touch directly the railway problem which pertains to the most practical and effective methods of exercising public control over carriers among a democratic people.

If we consider the laws themselves that have been passed for the purpose of regulating the relations of railways to the public, two principles may be observed running through them all. On the one hand there are many enactments whose aim it is to compel competition, or, what means the same thing, to prevent combination; for it must be noted that, side by side with fierce competition to which reference has been made, and which results in fluctuating rates and special favors to large shippers and large places, there is always present in the minds of those who direct railway affairs the hope of consolidated management. The cutting of rates is regarded in the light of a battle that is to lead to an advantageous treaty of peace. Besides the law of Congress which forbids pooling, a number of States have passed laws having for their purpose the maintenance of competitive conditions between railways. These States are Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Nevada, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oregon, South Carolina, South Dakota, Texas, and Wisconsin. It is not necessary, however, to say much respecting this class of legislation, for its advocates are coming to admit that it has not met their expectations. Indeed, the futility of law to prevent consolidation seems to cast suspicion on the theory on which such laws are based.

The other principle upon which reliance has been placed for the solution of the problem of transportation is found in those laws which aim to secure and maintain fair rates. Such laws

embrace three separate counts: first, that rates themselves should be just, the nature of the service being taken into consideration; second, that rates should be the same for all, with no invidious discrimination; and third, that rates should not be subject to frequent or arbitrary changes. The doctrine that Government should enforce a just price is not new. It has the sanction of Roman law, of medieval custom, and of common law. "In countries where the common law prevails," said the late Chief Justice Waite, "it has been customary from time immemorial for the legislature to declare what shall be a reasonable compensation." It may, perhaps, be surprising to learn how far this principle of a "just price" has permeated American law. Confining the statement to railway legislation, it may be found in some of its phases in Federal law, and in the laws of the States of Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Texas, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia, and Wisconsin. There can be no question but that the purpose of legislation in American commonwealths is to enforce just dealings on the part of the railways.

Our present interest, however, centers rather in the machinery regarded as necessary to render these laws effective than in the laws themselves. The execution of a law which touches the rights and duties of citizens is usually left to the courts, but in the case of railway legislation special tribunals, called commissions, have been created. The United States at the present time seems committed to the policy of railroad commissions, and whatever Government is doing for farmers so far as railways are concerned, or, indeed, for any other class of business men, it is doing through the medium of commissions. On this account it may be well to analyze them with some care.

A commission may be roughly defined as a body of men appointed to represent Government in its dealings with railways, and to care for the public interests in all matters of controversy that may arise. There are at present thirty State railroad commissions besides the Interstate Commerce Commission, which rests for its authority upon Federal law. The jurisdiction of each of these independent bodies is strictly defined. Each State commission has to do with traffic within its own borders, while the Federal Commission exercises jurisdiction over interstate traffic. The necessity for the Interstate Commerce Commission became ap-

parent when it was judicially decided that the powers of State commissions were limited to local traffic. Federal and State commissions, therefore, must be regarded as parts of the same system of control. The form which this system has assumed may not theoretically be the most perfect, but it is the only one possible in this country, on account of the peculiar structure of the American Federal State.

A feature common to all commissions is that of periodical reports from railway corporations covering all important financial and business operations. The consideration usually urged in favor of such reports is that commissioners need the information thus secured in order to perform in an acceptable manner the functions of their office; but an equally important argument is that publicity in itself tends to conservative management on the part of railways. It would be difficult for a person who believes in a democratic form of government to overestimate the importance of publicity in the management of corporate enterprises. Many an abuse which would otherwise linger long to vex the public dissipates itself when brought into the strong light of public opinion. Great advance has been made during the last few years in the matter of railway reports. A common form of report has been adopted by the commissioners of twenty-two States, and by the Interstate Commerce Commission, thus insuring a certain degree of uniformity in the matter of keeping accounts. There now exists in this country, for the first time, a basis for sound railway statistics, for which the State and Federal railroad commissions should have full credit. There is nothing striking or brilliant about this policy of publicity, but it has within it a potential efficiency which few recognize. It should, however, in order to secure the best results, embrace, in addition to the accounts of railways, the accounts of construction companies, without which "cost of way" can never be known; of express companies, whose business is in reality that of quick-delivery freight; and of all companies and individuals owning rolling-stock or terminal facilities used by railways. The great danger is that the quietness with which the principle of publicity works will deprive it of the confidence it deserves.

Aside from the principle of publicity, which is common to them all, railroad commissions may be divided into two classes, according as they conform to the Massachusetts or to the Illinois type. The former of these may be characterized as supervisory, the latter as supervisory and regulative. Commissions of the Massachusetts type have direct and final jurisdiction over certain minor questions that arise, and are also intrusted with the control of all

technical matters which concern the safety and convenience of the public. Outside of this their duties are limited to such inspection as is necessary to determine whether the laws established by the legislature are properly observed. They are at liberty to exercise no discretion whatever respecting general questions of transportation. The reports of commissions of this class are made either to the attorney-general or to the legislature, and having rendered this report their responsibility ceases; for it lies within the discretion of the attorney-general, acting upon the information contained in the report, to proceed against any derelict corporation, and within the discretion of the legislature to enact new laws which shall provide more perfectly for the protection of the public. Arizona, Colorado, Connecticut, Kentucky, Maine, Michigan, New York, Ohio, Rhode Island, Vermont, Virginia, and Wisconsin have commissions of this type.

The Illinois Commission, on the other hand, has had conferred upon it, in addition to such general functions as are assigned to commissioners in Massachusetts, certain powers that are partly administrative and partly judicial. For example, commissions of this type are empowered to revise or alter rates, or indeed to impose schedules of rates on the railway companies. They may also regulate connections between roads, and fix terms for exchange of traffic. Besides these powers, commissions of the Illinois type are competent to hear complaints under oath, to compel the attendance of either party to a complaint, to subpoena witnesses, and in the name of the State to institute proceedings against the roads. Powers of this sort seem to be, in part at least, of a judicial character. The commissions which exercise them are somewhat new to the established principles of law, and there are a number of legal questions to be settled before their rights and powers can be strictly defined. Especially is this true of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which is patterned after the Illinois rather than the Massachusetts type. But no one can doubt that the unusual powers conferred are rendered necessary by the unusual state of affairs which the development of railways has produced, or that these commissions are asserting for themselves a permanent place in the administrative machinery of Government. The States whose commissions are adjusted, in the main, to the Illinois type are Alabama, California, Georgia, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, Mississippi, Nebraska, New Hampshire, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oregon, South Dakota, South Carolina, and Texas.

Besides the States already named, Indiana, Arkansas, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania have commissions especially established for the assessment of railway taxes, and the State of Pennsylvania has made as ample provision for the collection of railway statistics as any State having a commission.

It seems proper, in showing what Government is doing to secure justice from railways to their patrons, to emphasize the importance of commissions, since this is the part of the subject usually overlooked. The truth is, there has been created in this country during the past twenty years a vast governmental organization which, if permitted to develop as experience points the way, and if supported by the enlightened sentiment of the public, will surely solve the railway problem without endangering the stability of our democratic institutions. To speak in detail of the work already accomplished by commissions would carry us beyond the limit of a magazine article. Many contested questions have been decided, a fact of importance, not only to the parties directly interested, but to the public at large, since through such decisions there is being crystallized a body of opinion touching the rights and duties of railway corporations. In the matter of charges, for example, the power of fixing, revising, or altering rates has been exercised by the Interstate Commerce Commission and by the commissions of the States of Alabama, California, Florida, Georgia, Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, Maine, Minnesota, Missouri, Mississippi, Nebraska, New Hampshire, North Carolina, North Dakota, and South Carolina. The power to regulate connections and terms of exchange of traffic between railways has been exercised by the Interstate Commerce Commission and by the commissions of the States of Alabama, Connecticut, Georgia, Iowa, Illinois, Massachusetts, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Nebraska, New Hampshire, North Dakota, South Carolina, South Dakota, and Wisconsin. As legal principles are evolved by the decisions of the courts, so the reciprocal rights and duties of those interested in the question of transportation may be evolved through the aggregation of opinions rendered by commissions. It is not more schemes or plans for the solution of the railway problem that are desired, but a more careful study and a more conscientious application of the plan to which the country has committed itself. It should not be forgotten that any great social or industrial question ceases to be a question when the people of the country come to think clearly respecting it.

Henry C. Adams.



"WHEN FROM THE TENSE CHORDS OF THAT MIGHTY LYRE."

I

WHEN from the tense chords of that mighty lyre
The Master's hand, relaxing, falls away,
And those rich strings are silent for all time,
Then shall Love pine, and Passion lack her fire,
And Faith seem voiceless. Man to man shall say,
"Dead is the last of England's Lords of Rhyme."

II

Yet—stay! there 's one, a later-laureled brow,
With purple blood of poets in his veins;
Him has the Muse claimed; him might Marlowe own;
Greek Sappho's son!—men's praises seek him now.
Happy the realm where one such voice remains!
His the dropt wreath and the unenvied throne.

III

The wreath the world gives, not the mimic wreath
That chance might make the gift of king or queen.
O finder of undreamed-of harmonies!
Since Shelley's lips were hushed by envious Death,
What lyric voice so sweet as this has been
Blown to us on the winds from over seas?

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.



AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

I.



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDER-

SEN has been dead for seventeen years, but his fame shows a vitality which suffers no diminution with the lapse of time. It is born anew with every fresh generation of children, and it is cherished by adults with the tenderness which clings to every memory of childhood. His "Wonder Stories" are the only books belonging to the pinafore period which are not discarded with advancing years; nay, which gain a new significance with maturing age. We read "The Ugly Duckling" with the same delight at thirty that we did at ten; for we discover a new substratum of meaning which escaped our infantine eyes. "The Emperor's New Clothes," which fascinates a child by the mere absurdity of its principal situation, recalls to the adult a charming bit of satire for which he finds daily application in his own experience. The novel "The Improvisatore," though it is fifty-seven years since it was written, is yet exhibited in the booksellers' windows on the Piazza di Spagna side by side with the latest Parisian successes; it is found in the satchels of nearly every tourist who crosses the Alps; and it was republished a few years ago, in a complete set of its author's works, by a well-known Boston publishing house. Father Time, as we all know, is the author's worst enemy; and an author who, though dead, can make such a vigorous fight against the ruthless old iconoclast has evidently the stuff in him for a long post-mortem career. He may be said to have made a successful launch toward immortality.

I had the good fortune to make Hans Christian Andersen's acquaintance in 1873, during a three weeks' sojourn in Copenhagen.

The Danish poet Vilhelm Bergsøe was my cicerone, and kindly furnished me with introductions to his literary friends. He told me a charming story of Andersen, just as we were on our way to the latter's dwelling. Mr. Bergsøe, it appeared, had some years ago been blind, and, after an operation had been performed on his eyes, had been obliged to spend several weeks at a hospital in a dark room. Time hung heavily on his hands, and his solitude was made doubly oppressive by his inability to read or to engage in any kind of occupation. One

morning there was a knock at the door, and a man whose face was invisible on account of the dark walked up to his bedside.

"I am Hans Christian Andersen," the stranger said, pressing the invalid's hand. "I was told that you were ill; I too have been ill, and I know what it is. Let me sit down and keep you company; I will, if you like, tell you some of my stories."

This was only the first of a long series of visits which Andersen made to the hospital during Mr. Bergsøe's slow and tedious convalescence. He told amusing incidents from his life, or pathetic ones, according as his mood varied, and occasionally he recited from memory his own poems and tales. The tenderness of his nature, and the gentle and child-like simplicity of heart for which he has been both praised and ridiculed, were vividly revealed to his listener in these improvised entertainments, and Mr. Bergsøe has never ceased to have a high regard for "the children's poet" since those happy hours in the dark.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening when we ascended the stairs to Andersen's lodgings. He had two old maids to keep house for him, and one of these obligingly opened the door. In the front room, into which we were ushered, was a portrait bust of the poet, standing on a pedestal, and round about were scattered a great number of blooming plants in flower-pots. The room, which served for parlor and reception-room, was plainly but comfortably furnished. The door to the inner chamber was presently opened, and a voice called to us to enter. We found Andersen's long and lank figure lying upon a sofa wrapped in a flowered dressing-gown.

"Ah, indeed. You come from America," he said, half rising from his pillow as Mr. Bergsøe presented me. "That is a long way off; but distance is nothing nowadays. I have many friends in America. Do you know Horatz Scooder?"

"Horatz Scooder," I repeated, trying vainly to recall the association of that name. "No; I do not know him."

"But you must have heard of him, surely," Andersen insisted. "I have been told that he is a very distinguished man of letters."

"He may be distinguished, but not as a man of letters," I replied; "for I know, at least by name, every author of any consequence in

the United States, and I never heard of Horatz Scooder."

"That is indeed singular," my host continued, with a puzzled face. "I have been told that his books are charming and popular. He translated my 'Wonder Stories' into English."

"Ah, you mean Horace Scudder," I exclaimed, laughing. "Yes; he is a well-known man of letters, and I have the pleasure of his acquaintance."

Andersen seemed to be greatly relieved to know that the translator of his works had valid claims to distinction; though, if Fame were to undertake to mispronounce his name as badly as Andersen did, I fear Mr. Scudder would be unable to identify his own reputation.

"I wish you would tell me something about life in America," Andersen went on, after a little chat with Mr. Bergsøe about a common friend; "I dare say I am very ignorant. I have laid the scenes of my 'Wonder Stories' almost everywhere in Europe and Africa and Asia; but of America I don't know enough to make even a fairy conduct herself there with propriety."

"If you would come over, I should be pleased to act as your cicerone," I answered, "though there would be a great many who would contest that honor with me."

"Oh, yes," he said; "if you could telegraph me over, I should be pleased to go. But I am a poor sailor, and am always ill on the ocean. But you must take my greeting with you to my friends in America, and, if you write anything about me, you must give my love to all the American children who read my books, and tell them I am sorry that I am too old and feeble to go to see them."

I declared my willingness to forward this message, and Andersen, after a moment's thought, continued:

"It is very strange that America should appear so incomprehensible to me. It may be because I got my first impression of the country from Cooper's novels, and nothing that I have read since has been able to displace that first impression. In the moon (you know the moon is an old friend of mine) I can imagine all sorts of delightful things happening, but in that great land of harsh prose where you come from, I should think a poetic imagination would starve to death for want of material or for want of recognition."

I endeavored to refute this assumption, and the conversation grew general. At the end of half an hour we took our leave, and Andersen, rising with difficulty, pressed my hand and said: "If you will come to see a sick old man, I need not tell you that you will be very welcome. I am a great deal alone, and I should like very much to chat with you, when you have nothing better to do."

II.

A FEW days later, when I availed myself of the poet's invitation to call, I found him, as at our first meeting, lying on the sofa wrapped in a dressing-gown. He was pale and emaciated; but his face seemed ennobled by suffering, and had lost the plebeian look which is characteristic of all the portraits taken during the earlier periods of his life. The large receding forehead, which was spacious and of good proportions, was the only feature which gave any indication of intellect; the nose, mouth, and chin were rudely modeled, almost ugly.

The grayish blue eyes were full of kindness; but they were small, and could never have been luminous. The whole figure was loose-jointed and angular, and the arms and legs seemed too long in proportion to the trunk.

It was evening when I called, and a lamp, heavily shaded and placed behind a screen, lighted the room dimly.

"Ah, it is my American friend," was Andersen's greeting as I entered; "it is very kind of you to come back to me so soon."

He pressed my hands almost affectionately, and begged me to be seated.

"I have thought a great deal about America," he began, "since I saw you last. I have a great deal of time for thought now, because I can do nothing else. Is it true that the streets in New York are so crowded with wagons and trucks that you cross them only at the peril of your life?"

"Broadway," I replied, "is at certain times of the day, and at certain street-crossings, so crowded that ladies would not venture to cross without the escort of a policeman."

"Is it possible!" he exclaimed in childlike delight. "That is certainly amusing. I should like to see that very much — fine ladies conducted across the street by policemen. If I had known that a few years ago I should certainly have used it in a story."

He threw himself back on the sofa, and laughed heartily.

"There must be something colossal about life over there," he ejaculated with unwonted animation. "I am afraid it would not suit me. I should be bewildered by the din, lose my wits, and be run over. How did you ever get accustomed to it?"

"In the little university town where I live," I replied, "it is as quiet as it is in Copenhagen."

"Ah, indeed, yes. I did not think of that. But how do people conduct themselves over there? Are they not very hard and unfeeling, having regard for money and for nothing else?"

"I know that notion is very prevalent here; but though Americans have great regard for

money, they are far from being what you take them to be. In daily intercourse they are to me quite as congenial as my own countrymen."

"I am pleased to hear that. But you can not deny that they have shown themselves very unfeeling toward the poor Indians. I think it is quite shocking. I assure you, I wept when I read in a German paper how the American Congress had broken all their treaties, and driven the poor red man ever farther westward, until soon he who once owned the whole magnificent continent will not have a foot of ground he can call his own."

As I am not writing about myself, but about Andersen, I shall not reproduce my special plea in the case of *The White Man versus The Red Man*. We had a very animated discussion; and Andersen, who scarcely knew by name the pitiless doctrine of the survival of the fittest, grew quite alarmed at the novelty of the theory which I advanced. He had heard of Darwin, and took him to be a very absurd and insignificant crank who believed that he was descended from a monkey. It surprised him to hear me speak of him with respect as the greatest naturalist of the age.

"Oh, it is very sad," he said, with a naïveté which laid bare his simple, childlike soul, "that men cannot be satisfied with what God has taught them, but must question his word as if they knew better than he. Useful inventions which make life easier and happier, those I approve of with all my heart, and to them the scientists ought to confine their labors. But when they come to me and want to deprive me of my faith in God and his word, then I say to them, 'Excuse me, gentlemen, I know as much about this as you do, and cannot accept you as guides.'"

I did not choose to take up the cudgels for Darwin just then, because I much preferred to have Andersen talk about things concerning which he had a more definite knowledge. The subject was therefore allowed to lapse, and after a moment's pause my host began to question me about my route of travel and my plans for the future. "I wish I could give you some letters," he said, as I referred to my intention of going to Paris; "but my Parisian friends are either dead or so old that you scarcely would care to see them. Victor Hugo, to be sure, is still vigorous; but my acquaintance with him is only slight. Alexandre Dumas is dead. I shall never forget his great woolly head and his irrepressible jollity."

"I believe you tell a story of your first meeting with him in your autobiography," I remarked.

"Yes; I told as much of it as I dared to tell," he replied. "But there is more of it, and, if you like, I will tell you what I left out."

On my urging him to supply the suppressed details, he laughed gently to himself, and continued:

"It was during my second visit to Paris in 1842 that I met Dumas. Whenever I called I was told that he was not up yet, until I concluded that he spent the whole day in bed. I knew, however, that he could not be sleeping; for he was publishing at the rate of two or three romances and plays a month, and they all showed the stamp of his luxurious imagination. I know it has been proved in court that he did not actually write all of them; but he at least plotted them and supervised the writing. He lived in very grand style when I went to see him, and they said he was a great gormand, who prided himself more on a salad he had invented than on 'The Count of Monte Cristo.' I was very anxious to see him, as I had a letter of introduction, and all Paris was talking about him. At last, when I had called half a dozen times in vain, being always told that he was in bed, I sent up my letter and determined to wait until he should get up. After a while the servant returned and asked me to accompany him to M. Dumas's bedroom. It was a splendidly furnished room, but in great disorder. As I entered, Dumas looked up, nodded kindly to me, and said: 'Sit down a minute; I am just having a visit from a lady'; and, seeing my astonishment, he burst into a hearty laugh, and added: 'It is my Muse. She will be going directly.'

"He was sitting up in bed as he said this, writing at lightning speed, in a clear, beautiful hand, and shying each sheet, as he finished it, across the floor in all directions. I could scarcely step for fear of spoiling his manuscript. I waited for ten or fifteen minutes, during which he kept scratching away, crying out every now and then, 'Viva! Bon, mon garçon!' 'Excellent, Alexandre!' At last, with a jerk, as of an earthquake, he rolled his huge form out of bed, wrapped the blanket about him, toga-fashion, and in this costume advanced toward me, declaiming furiously at the top of his voice. As he strode along with theatrical gestures I fell back, half alarmed at his vehemence; and when I had reached the door he seized me by the lapels of my coat, shook me gently, and said, 'Now is n't that magnificent, eh? Superb; worthy of Racine!' I assented, as soon as I could catch my breath, that it was very magnificent. 'It's my new play,' he said. 'I write an act, and often more, before breakfast. This is the third act I have just finished.'

"Another time I called upon him; he was living in the Hôtel des Princes in Rue Richelieu. He asked if I would not like to become acquainted with the celebrities of Paris. I an-

swered that I had the honor of knowing Victor Hugo already.

"Victor Hugo," he interrupted me; "oh, yes; he is well enough, but he is no great celebrity. No; come along with me, and I will show you celebrities who are better worth knowing." I thanked him very much, and declared myself ready to go with him. To my surprise he took me to the greenroom of the Théâtre Saint-Martin. They were giving a ballet, and we found ourselves in a throng of ladies dressed in tricot and gauze petticoats. I assure you, I was very much embarrassed; but Dumas was not in the least abashed. I would have made my escape, but Dumas seized me by the arm and introduced me to two fairies with whom he was talking. I saw from the way they looked at me that Dumas had been talking to them about me. I feared they were making sport of me, and it hurt me very much. As I retired a second time, Dumas came after me, laughing merrily.

"No skulking, my lad," he said; "come back and make yourself agreeable."

"I assured him I did not know French enough to be agreeable to ladies."

"Oh, never mind that," he insisted; but I saw plainly enough that he was making merry at my expense, and I bade him good-evening.

"Well," he said, as he shook my hand at parting, "how do you like our celebrities?"

"As he was about to return to the greenroom he suddenly changed his mind, took my arm, and invited me to dine with him at his hôtel. He seemed to feel sorry that he had offended me, and ever afterward he was one of my kindest friends in Paris. On the boulevards we met a young man who resembled Dumas somewhat, though he was much handsomer."

"That is my son," said the elder Dumas, as he stopped and introduced the young man, who has since become so famous."

III.

THE last time I called upon Andersen he had just received a visit from some lofty personage,—a member of some royal family, if I remember rightly,—and he could talk of nothing but the gracious condescension and kindness of the duke or prince. He was less interesting to me than he had been on previous occasions, because his excessive humility seemed unbecoming in a man who by dint of genius had risen from the lowest origin to a world-wide fame. We conversed for a while about royalty in general, and he had kind words and admiration for every rogue who sat or had sat upon a throne. They had all been unjustly maligned by those dreadful people, the socialists and republicans, who had the

cruelty continually to harass and wound the feelings of the good and noble kings. He told me how kind King So-and-so and Duke So-and-so had been to him, how they had granted him a pension, given him presents, and admired his writings.

"If you will pull out the top drawer in the bureau there, you will find a ring which her Majesty Queen Caroline Amelia graciously gave to me as a souvenir of our voyage to the island of Föhr."

I went to the bureau, and after some searching among a number of similar souvenirs found the ring. He evidently expected me to regard it with reverent interest, and he seemed disappointed at my lack of enthusiasm. I endeavored to be sympathetic and not to display the cloven foot of democratic sentiment, which would at once have put an end to his friendship for me.

"In the left-hand corner of the same drawer," he went on, after I had duly inspected the precious ring, "you will find a little case containing the Order of the Red Eagle of the Third Class, which his Majesty King Friedrich Wilhelm IV. of Prussia graciously bestowed upon me in commemoration of the happy evening when I read 'The Swineherd' and 'The Ugly Duckling' to their Majesties at the Palace in Potsdam."

I handed him the box containing the order, and he opened it and gazed upon it with eyes full of childlike delight. I endeavored to do the same, but with ill success.

"He was a noble and highly cultivated man, the King of Prussia," he said, as he took the order from its case and invited me to admire it. "He had a gracious and affable manner which won all hearts. He had a great deal of *esprit* too, and frequently said witty things."

"Heine says that he was much addicted to the bottle," I remarked lightly.

"Heine was a mocking, irreverent spirit," Andersen replied warmly. "Nothing was sacred to him—not even God himself. How could you then expect that he would have reverence for his king?"

"I know," he continued after a pause, "that it is the fashion nowadays to malign the memory of departed kings. Friedrich Wilhelm had his failings, no doubt, but no one can make me believe that he was not a great and noble man. His bearing was so kingly, his condescension so kind and spontaneous, and goodness of heart shone out of his eyes when he spoke to me. If his brother, the present king, had had as kind a heart, we should not have lost Sleswick-Holstein."

For more than an hour Andersen entertained me with stories and anecdotes connected with his souvenirs of celebrated people. He had a

great variety of things, and each object recalled some pleasant incident in his own career or in that of the giver. He grew eloquent and animated. He showed me a large screen which had been gotten up for a church fair in England, to be put up at lottery for some charitable purpose. It was embroidered (in colored silks, if my memory does not deceive me) by the ladies of the congregation, and represented a dozen or more scenes from Andersen's "Wonder Stories." The winner had sent it to the author of the tales.

The conversation then turned upon his writings, and I told him how his stories had been the dearest books of my childhood, and seemed associated with all that was delightful in the memory of it. I told him how happy and flattered I had felt at finding the name of the little boy in "Ole Shut-Eye" the same as my own, and that half unconsciously I had appropriated his experiences and half believed them to be my own.

This little confession seemed to touch An-

dersen strangely. Tears filled his eyes; he seized both my hands, and pressed them warmly.

"Now you understand," he said, "what a happy lot it is to be the children's poet."

I rose to take my leave, but lingered talking; and on my expressing a desire to hear him read, he half rose upon his sofa, adjusted his pillows, and began to recite from memory "The Ugly Duckling."

His manner was easy and conversational, full of caressing inflections, such as one employs in telling a tale to a child. In the pathetic passages he was visibly affected, and he closed almost solemnly.

"It is the story of my own life," he said. "I was myself the despised swan in the poultry-yard, the poet in the house of the Philistines." I felt suddenly, as he finished his recital, that I understood the man. I had caught the keynote of his character. All that was good and noble in him rose in vivid light before me. I never saw him again.

Hjalmar H. Boyesen.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Louisiana Lottery a National Infamy.

A MONTH ago we asked our readers to reflect on "The Degradation of a State," as revealed in the history of the Louisiana State Lottery. It was shown, on the testimony of the originators of the Lottery, that its charter was obtained and maintained by wholesale bribery and corruption; that this meanest and most pernicious form of public swindling was fastened upon Louisiana and the country in general by a gang of New York lottery-dealers and racing-men; that those gamblers were, in their own words, the conductors of a "business reprobated by law and contrary to public policy and good morals"; that, in effect, Louisiana has licensed a gambling corporation to break the laws of all the other States of the Union, and to plunder their citizens of millions of dollars annually; and that Louisiana herself has been a sufferer, not only by the impoverishment of her working-classes, but by the moral degeneracy of rich and poor alike, and by the subversion of the most sacred duties of State government.

For twenty-four years this giant parasite, this vile contagion, has been nourished by Louisiana for the sake of a paltry \$40,000 a year, which is only a fraction of the hundreds of thousands enticed annually from her own people; for twenty-four years it has fattened on the whole country, thanks to the venal cunning of its managers, and the blindness or indifference of the guardians of the laws, and even of the people themselves. Never before has one State of the Union so prostituted her authority to her own reproach and to the injury of her sister States; and never before has the general public been so apathetic toward such imposition, such infection, such robbery. A point has been reached where the existence of the Louisiana Lottery is not merely the degradation of a State; it is a national infamy.

Eighteen months ago, Congress tardily took effective measures to deprive the Lottery of the free use of the mails. This was attained only by giving other Federal courts than those of Louisiana jurisdiction over lottery infractions of the postal laws. But this salutary measure has only impaired the power of the monster by adding to its running expenses and by curtailing its advertising. Newspapers containing its advertisements may no longer be sent through the mails. This has given its organs a text for complaint on the score of infringing the liberty of the press; and with the aid of some of the most noted and respectable lawyers of the country, ostensibly in the interest of the newspapers, an attack is being made on the constitutionality of the law. Even if the law is upheld by the Supreme Court, the Lottery will get along very well, as at present, with the aid of the express companies, which in some ways are almost as far-reaching as the mails; and in case the expresses are prevented from serving the Lottery, it will still be possible to carry on the business by private messengers to all the large cities.

It has been suggested that a national tax, so large as to be prohibitory, on each lottery ticket sold, would be an effective measure of suppression. Congressman Little of New York has in fact, introduced a bill to this end, which ought to be made a law before the Louisiana election in April, partly for the moral effect it would have in that contest. The bill is skillfully drawn as to methods and penalties, which, with the great inducement offered to informers, would render concealment hazardous; yet the margin of profit is so enormous that the managers could lose three fourths of their plunder and still chuckle. When it is a fact that a million to a million and a half worth of lottery tickets are now sold monthly in States where the business has to be conducted by stealth, it will be possible,

clearly, for the Lottery to supply its subterranean channels from secret suboffices. It would be as easy and as respectable as the distribution of counterfeit money, with this advantage—that while the lottery tickets are really worth little more than “green goods,” they are accepted for “face value received” by the dupes who buy them. So, while under the action of such a law the profits would be smaller, “the swindle would be sure” and still yield a handsome maintenance in case the Lottery could protect itself against informers.

The upshot of all repressive legislation, except, perhaps, in the form of Mr. Little's bill, will be that so long as the Lottery has the refuge and ownership of a State, where distinguished generals may preside in mock dignity over drawings conducted in apparent honesty, the Lottery will snarl at Federal postal laws and the prohibitory laws of other States, and will still enjoy the wages of our national infamy.

Strange as it may seem to citizens of other States who are not thieves at large, or already in prison, Louisiana is believed to be at the point of yielding herself for another twenty-five years to this swindling nuisance. Up to this time the State has had only a nominal bribe of \$40,000 a year, more as an amiable excuse for her purchasable legislators than as a reward for her services; but now what appears to be a majority of her influential citizens are eager to make her a full partner in the crime against her sister States, with a minor share of the profits.

Many otherwise good people of Louisiana have grown so fond of the stench of Lottery money that they doubt if the State could exist without its morsel of the carrion. The Lottery's offer to pay annually \$1,250,000, almost the present State levy for taxes, is talked of as “a revenue measure,” when it is a scheme to farm out the taxes and the responsibility of government to a ruthless corporation, with power to filch four or forty dollars from the people of Louisiana for every one it turns into the treasury. Through self-deception, bribery, and personal interest this proposition has taken the form of a constitutional amendment recommended by two thirds of the State legislature, and, though irregular in its origin, has been accredited by a majority of the Supreme Court of the State. One of the justices of that court, ex-Governor McEnery, disguised as a half-lottery man in sentiment, has become the candidate for governor of the Lottery party, who hope to elect him and carry their measure in April. Every motive and every act of the pro-lottery people is under one disguise or another.

When otherwise respectable citizens are in open apology and support for an institution like the Lottery, shall we wonder at the barefaced effrontery of the Lottery owners? One of the minor stockholders was a passenger on an ocean steamship during the summer. In a smoking-room talk he had discoursed sweetly of religion, and had maintained the poise of an honest man until the conversation drifted into the channels of investment; then he could not help bragging of the wonderful dividends earned by some Lottery stock in his possession, until a justice of the supreme bench of Missouri, who was in the circle, boiled over with indignation, and shut him up with the exclamation: “Sir, in our State we treat the sellers of your lottery tickets as we treat horse-thieves.”

But it is the chief beneficiary of the Lottery, the man

who figures in the new bill as sponsor for the \$1,250,000 bribe to the State, who is most to be admired for cool assurance in this business. He has made millions of money out of the Lottery; he has seen political parties, political bosses, governors, legislators, and judges bend to his behests; he has felt the lick of a people degraded by the Lottery on the palms of his alms-giving hands; though a citizen of New York, he is now enjoying an office higher than that of the Governor of Louisiana, who is a mere creature of the constitution of that State,—for he is a part of the constitution itself, the maker and maintainer of government. Why should he not aspire to twenty-five years more of such omnipotence, and seal his ownership with nearly the full maintenance of the State? If Louisiana accepts this new degradation, how much longer will the other States accept their attendant infamy?

To be sure, there is a ray of hope that the anti-lottery party, which is a sudden growth among the best Democrats of Louisiana, aided by the Farmers' Alliance and by a section of the Republican party, may defeat the Lottery bill even if it does not elect its own candidate for governor. Tremendous will and energy are enlisted to that end, though the money resources are meager. If the Democrats of other States ever mean to resent the Louisiana outrage on their rights, they can never again do it so cheaply and so effectively as now, by carrying aid to Governor Nicholls, Senator Murphy J. Foster, and their earnest colleagues. If the Republicans of the other States hold public honor above party advantage, they will send strong appeals to the colored Republicans of Louisiana to turn deaf ears as regards the Lottery bill to some of their leaders who are, and always have been, Lottery owners and supporters. And if Congress means ever to act by a tax measure, then let Congress act with double force by the immediate passage of such a law.

But the Lottery's agents are in Congress as well as out of it; its money lurks in the coffers of State and national committees of both parties. Heaven only knows how well and for how long we have been trained to endure this national infamy.

Columbia College.

WHEN Mr. Seth Low was installed as president of Columbia College two years ago, we said that “those who have pondered on the needs of New York have dreamed of a time—which Mr. Low can, and we believe will, do much to hasten—when Columbia College will be the center, and our various museums, libraries, and other institutions more or less formal and official parts, of ‘the great metropolitan university.’” In the two years which have passed, the new president has accomplished much at Columbia, internally and externally. He has reorganized the administration of the various schools which make up Columbia, so that each school in a measure manages its own affairs, while the affairs of the college as a whole are managed by the University Council, consisting of delegates from every school. He has taken over the College of Physicians and Surgeons and made it an integral part of Columbia—an act of great importance to the future of medical education in the United States. He has rearranged the work of the senior year so that the student may begin his professional studies in the technical schools without surren-

dering his connection with his fellow undergraduates. He has begun to ally Columbia with the other educational institutions of New York; the students of the theological seminaries are now admitted to certain lectures of Columbia; and Dr. Osborn, the head of the new Department of Biology, has also been appointed Curator of Mammalian Paleontology at the American Museum of Natural History. Thus we see Columbia extending one hand to religion and the other to science. Thus we see Columbia seeking to coordinate, if not to consolidate, the influences which make for the intellectual life in this great city, giving them a center, a focus, a rallying-point.

The trustees of the college—to whom we owe the choice of Mr. Low as president, a distinct accession to the citizenship of New York—have been liberal in throwing open to the public those college lectures at which the presence of strangers would not interfere with the work of the students. They have in contemplation courses of lectures, to be delivered probably at Cooper Union, intended for "the plain people"—to use Lincoln's phrase—and chiefly on those subjects wherein the need of instruction is greatest in our polyglot and cosmopolitan city, the science of government, political history, economics, and sociology. They have invited Mr. E. C. Stedman to deliver, under the auspices of Columbia, his course of lectures on Poetry. They have been strengthening the teaching staff unceasingly, having within a year called Dr. Osborn from Princeton, Mr. Cohn from Harvard, Mr. J. B. Moore from the Department of State at Washington, and Mr. George E. Woodberry from his library. They have done much to make Columbia a really great metropolitan university—for there is no reason why New York should not have as great a university as Paris, Vienna, and Berlin.

Now the time has come when the citizens of New York must do something for the college. Columbia has shown its desire and its ability to identify itself with all that is best in the life of the city, and the people of the metropolis must now do something to help Columbia to a sphere of greater usefulness. The single block of buildings at Madison Avenue and Fortyninth street is no longer large enough for the many workers who are thronging there. The space which was ample for the little college of 1863 is wholly inadequate to the great university of 1892. So the trustees have secured an option on a part of the land now occupied by the Bloomingdale Asylum. This new site for the old college is two and a half times as large as Madison Square; it is set on the heights near the new cathedral, between the Riverside Drive and Morning-side Park, a situation of exceptional beauty and of unexceptionable fitness for the purpose. Here Columbia can spread out; here its schools can expand and multiply; here there will be space enough for a proper campus whereon the sports dear to the student's heart may be played comfortably; here will be room for dormitories—if it should be decided to add these aids to the compact cohesion of the undergraduates.

The advantages of this removal, of this opportunity for development, are indisputable—the advantages to the college and to the city. But if this removal is to take place, if this development is to be brought about, the citizens of New York must lend a helping hand. Columbia is not rich, despite the popular belief to the

contrary. Considering the work which the college is called upon to do, Columbia is poor. To make the move will cost money—for the land itself, for the library, for laboratories, for lecture-halls. Who will help? Whether New York shall have a great metropolitan university worthy of this great city now depends in a measure upon the response which its public-spirited inhabitants make to the statement of Columbia's desires, possibilities, and needs.

A Columbian Fair Memorial Building.

No more worthy proposition has been made in connection with the Columbian Exposition than that for the erection at Chicago of a permanent memorial of it in the form of a great museum. The establishment of such memorials has long been recognized as one of the most valuable concomitants of international fairs, and it would have been very surprising if Chicago, with her redundant and admirable public spirit, had not perceived her opportunity very soon after the Columbian Exhibition was organized. The project was in fact broached at the very outset, and played a considerable part in the discussions over a site. When the directory decided to go to the lake front, it decided also that it could not use any of the funds at its disposal for a memorial building. This threw the proposal upon public favor for support, and efforts were at once begun to enlist popular interest in its behalf.

The most zealous advocate of it from the outset has been Mr. W. T. Baker, the president of the World's Columbian Exposition (called the local board), and president as well of the Chicago Board of Trade. He has been warmly seconded in all his labors by Dr. W. R. Harper, president of the University of Chicago, and the two together have formulated a plan which has such obvious merits that public support of it ought to be quick and generous.

In brief, this plan is to construct, on grounds secured for the purpose, a magnificent fireproof building, especially adapted for its purposes, into which could be gathered, at the close of the Exposition, such antiquities and articles of historical value as the Fair had brought together, the same to be made the nucleus of a great museum for the education of the people for all time. It is believed by the promoters of the Fair that its residuum will be richer and more varied than that of any of its predecessors, especially so in reference to collections from the American continents, since the countries of Central and South America will be more completely and generally represented than they have ever been before.

In order that the best intelligence may be brought to bear upon the museum and its collections from the very beginning, it is proposed to have it started in connection with the new University of Chicago, and to have it conducted in connection with it, but not under its absolute control. This is an excellent idea, and ought to stimulate interest in the plan and at the same time encourage contributions; for the association of the university authorities is a sufficient guarantee that the work will be carried forward on lines of the highest artistic and educational value. President Harper showed his eminent fitness for this service in a speech which he made in support of the project when it was laid formally before the people of Chicago a few months

ago. He declared then that the opportunity of a lifetime had come to Chicago, and that if it were improved properly, the outcome would be a museum which would do for Chicago what the British Museum has done for England and the Smithsonian Institution has done for America. The first and most important work of universities, he contended, was that of research, the discovery of new facts, the deduction of new ideas from old facts; the universities of America were behind the great ones of Europe, chiefly because of the lack of libraries and museums; Chicago owed it to herself to provide, in addition to the libraries which she was supplying, a great museum which should furnish the equipment for research and investigation needed for the advancement of education; the establishment of such a museum would be a lasting benefit not only to Chicago, but to the people of neighboring cities and States.

This is a forcible and cogent statement of the case. The plan is simply one for the advancement of education and enlightenment throughout the whole Northwest. The influence of a great museum of the character described is limited only by the country itself. We need one in every group of half-dozen States at most, and if we were to have one in every State, the supply would be none too large, provided the material for their equipment could be found.

Mr. Baker proposes a total expenditure of \$1,000,000 for the building, and declares that if this were furnished, there would be forthcoming contributions of specimens and articles of historic interest aggregating \$3,000,000 in value. The whole State of Illinois ought to unite in subscribing the million desired, for the museum will be an incalculable benefit to the State as well as one of its proudest possessions. Philadelphia rejoices today in the possession of two beautiful memorials of her Exposition — Horticultural Hall and Memorial Hall, both situated in Fairmount Park, and both containing collections which are among the largest and finest of their kind in the country. Nothing would induce her to part with these, to have their beneficent influence eliminated from the community. The city and State contributed through large appropriations to the erection

of these institutions, nearly two millions of dollars going into the construction of them, but the outlay has never been regretted. It will be all the greater honor to Chicago and Illinois if they can erect their memorial by private aid alone.

National Justice to Postal Clerks.

THE bill for the classification of clerks in first and second class post-offices, which Congress is considering, ought to become a law without opposition. It was prepared by the National Association of Post-office Clerks, and is a measure conceived and designed for the sole purpose of securing just and fair treatment to a very hard-working and meritorious body of public servants. It fixes their compensation upon an equitable and reasonable basis, insures promotion according to service and ability, and makes faithfulness and efficiency the sole requisites for permanent employment. It is a measure in the interest of true civil-service reform, as well as national justice, since it classifies the service, makes it mandatory that all appointments to the higher grades shall be from the lower grades, on the ground of proficiency and length of service, and requires that all new appointments shall be to the lower grades after competitive examinations as required by the Civil Service Act.

Under the present system, or rather lack of system, the clerks have no classification which insures promotion according to service and ability, have long hours of labor, are poorly paid, and have no annual vacation. To say that a great and rich government like ours is justified in treating its employees in this heartless, unfair, and parsimonious manner is obviously absurd. A private employer who pursued such a course would be censured roundly by all reputable men. As a nation we are abundantly able to pay our servants fair wages, and we ought to see that it is for the best interest of the whole public to have our post-office clerks a permanent, well-drilled, intelligent, capable, and contented body of servants, for it is only from such a body that the best service can be obtained.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Numerical Strength of the Confederate Army.

THE total number of men who served in the Confederate army in the late war has never been ascertained. The number cannot be ascertained exactly, and perhaps cannot be very closely approximated. But there are certain evidentiary facts which have an obvious and important bearing upon the subject, but which, it appears, have not been duly weighed or understood by historians of the war.

The numerical strength of an army ought to be ascertainable in one way — that is, by enumerating the names borne upon its muster-rolls, provided, of course, that such rolls are complete and true; but if they are not, then the actual strength of such army cannot be exactly determined.

Let us refer, by way of illustration, to the Federal army rolls. Probably the rolls of a great army were never more accurate or complete. Various facts might

be cited in proof of this assertion. It will suffice to state that in the repeated inspection of these rolls from day to day in the War Department, during the whole period since the war, in order to furnish evidence to the Commissioner of Pensions relative to the claims filed in his bureau, it is of the rarest occurrence — in fact, it may be said that it is unknown and unheard of — that such rolls are ever found to omit the name of any person who served in that army. It will be perceived that this is a thorough and conclusive test. About twelve hundred thousand claims for pension have been filed since 1861. The report furnished to the Commissioner by the War Department from its records is conclusive in determining whether a claimant, or his or her deceased relative, actually served in the army of the United States in the late war. No testimony except the record is admissible. Since, therefore, in 1,200,000 claims, filed from every State and Territory, there is never a complaint upon the ground of omission of a

name from the records, it must be taken as infallible evidence that those records are correct and true. And such, beyond doubt, is the fact. The records are of course found in some cases to be meager or deficient in respect to casualties, or other facts in a soldier's history; but in preserving the *names* of those who served at one time or another, the muster-rolls have been found and demonstrated to be practically perfect, omitting the name of no man who ever served, even for a day, as a soldier in the Federal army. If this sweeping statement is subject to any rare exceptions, they are so few that they do not require to be taken into account.

It was therefore easy to determine from these rolls that the total number of *enrolments* in the Federal army for the war (counting all enlistments for short and long periods of service, and all reenlistments) was 2,672,341. This, however, is largely in excess of the total number of Federal soldiers, since a considerable percentage served under two or more terms of enlistment, so that their names are duplicated on the rolls. The terms of enlistment were for three, six, nine, and twelve months, two and three years; and many were enrolled as often as three or four times. Making allowance for the large number of reenlistments, and counting each soldier but once, it is estimated that the total number of men who served in the Federal army from first to last was about 2,200,000.

These references to the Federal rolls are made by way of illustration, and because of the contrast existing between them and the rolls of the Confederate army.

The original muster-rolls of the Confederate army, so far as they are preserved, are in the Confederate Archives Office of the War Department, having been captured with the other official records of the Confederate government at the fall of Richmond. There has never been occasion or necessity to examine these Confederate rolls in the transaction of the public business, as has been the case with respect to the Federal rolls. So far as I can learn, no officer of the War Department or other person has ever been charged with the official duty of enumerating the names upon these rolls to determine their aggregate number, and no such enumeration has ever been made. No official or other test has been applied to such rolls, to determine whether they are true and complete. The Government is publishing the "Rebellion Records," a numerous and valuable series of volumes, which will embrace the official military reports and records of both armies; the purpose being to publish the naked official records without addition or comment. But this publication will of course not contain the muster-rolls,—the mere names of the men of either army,—and therefore will not necessitate the examination of such rolls. Furthermore, the Confederate rolls were never published in any Southern State during the war; whereas, on the contrary, the Federal rolls were published in every Northern State.

While we therefore have abundant and accurate information concerning the Federal rolls and numbers, there is a corresponding dearth of information or data relative to the rolls or the true numerical strength of the Confederate army.

In North Carolina, and in some other Southern States, recent efforts have been made to compile and publish rosters of the troops furnished by such States to the Confederate army. These efforts have thrown a great

deal of light upon the subject, and have disclosed deficiencies in the rolls which are very surprising.

North Carolina is the only Southern State in which there has yet been published anything approaching a complete roster of Confederate troops. The roster in that State was published in 1882, in pursuance of an act of the State legislature, which designated Major John W. Moore, late of the 3d North Carolina Battalion, to compile and publish the same. Finding no complete rolls at the capitol, Major Moore visited Washington, and, by permission of the Secretary of War, transcribed the names from the captured rolls, and published them in four volumes. In his preface to the first volume he announces as his estimate that the State furnished to the Confederate army 150,000 troops. But his four volumes show only 104,498 names. In the preface to his last volume he revises his estimate, which he says was originally too high; but he declares his opinion that the muster-rolls omit the names of not less than twenty thousand North Carolinians who served in the Confederate army, an estimate which indicates a total of 125,000 for that State. These two official estimates, which differ by twenty-five thousand,—one of which may, perhaps, be received with as much confidence as the other,—should suffice to show the extremely dubious value of such rolls as evidence of the true strength of the Confederate army. Major Moore's statements regarding the deficiencies in the rolls are made from personal knowledge. He states, of his own knowledge, that the rolls of certain-named regiments do not contain the names of "one half" of the men who actually served in them. Investigation shows that the same is true of other regiments of which he makes no mention. I will refer to the 60th, which was recruited mainly in Buncombe County, where many of its surviving officers yet reside. I am reliably informed by survivors of that regiment that at the time it was organized, in the fall of 1862, being at that time transformed from a battalion into a regiment, it numbered not far from 1200 men; and that, with subsequent recruits and conscripts added, its total strength for the war was probably upward of 1500. Yet its muster-rolls, as published in Major Moore's roster, show only 458 names—an omission of 1000 names from the rolls of one regiment!

There is another and conclusive test by which the North Carolina rolls may be judged—the test which is applied in administering the pension laws of that State. The persons entitled to pension under the laws of the State of North Carolina are principally those who were seriously wounded, and the widows of those who were killed in battle, in the Confederate army. In determining the question of service in such cases, it has been found that the published muster-rolls are wholly unreliable as evidence; that hundreds of men are known to have been killed in battle while serving in North Carolina regiments whose names are omitted from the rolls. The North Carolina pension officers, therefore, instead of accepting the muster-rolls as conclusive evidence, as such rolls are accepted by the United States Commissioner of Pensions, are compelled to disregard the rolls and to accept parole testimony to prove the fact of military service, and of death or wounds received while thus serving in the Confederate army. I am advised that there are on the pension-rolls of North Carolina 2798 widows whose husbands were

either killed in battle or died of wounds or disease while serving in that army, and that fully one third of such pensioners were enrolled without any record evidence that their husbands had ever served in the Confederate army, their names not appearing on the published muster-rolls.

The importance of these facts and the bearing which they must ultimately have in determining disputed points in the military history of the war are plainly apparent. There is one conclusion which, independent of any direct testimony bearing upon the subject, has long been settled in the minds of the principal Union commanders; namely, that the strength of the Confederate army was habitually understated in the official reports of its commanders, and has in like manner been understated since by ex-Confederate historians. This conclusion is advanced by General Grant, in his "Memoirs," as follows:

There has always been a great conflict of opinion as to the number of troops engaged in every battle, or all the important battles, fought between the sections, the South magnifying the number of Union troops engaged, and belittling their own. Northern writers have fallen, in many instances, into the same error. The whole South was a military camp.

Conscription was resorted to early, and embraced every male from the age of eighteen to forty-five years. The slaves, the non-combatants, one third of the whole, were required to work in the field without regard to sex, and almost without regard to age. The four million colored non-combatants were equal to more than three times their number in the North, age for age, and sex for sex, in supplying food from the soil to support armies. Women did not work in the fields in the North, and children attended school. The press was free (in the North) up to the point of open treason. The copperhead disreputable portion of the press magnified rebel successes and belittled those of the Union army.

Before the war was over, further conscription (in the South) took those between fourteen and eighteen years of age as Junior Reserves, and those between forty-five and sixty as Senior Reserves. Under such circumstances it is hard to conceive how the North showed such superiority of force in every battle fought. I know they *did not*!

General Grant's opinion was shared by other Federal commanders. Their opinions were not based upon direct evidence relating to the records, but upon their observations, and their knowledge of the resources of the Southern States in men and slaves, and of the fact that those resources were exhausted and drained to the utmost by sweeping measures of conscription. The first Confederate conscript law was enacted before the war had been in progress a year,—March, 1862,—and required the services of all white males, with few exceptions, between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five. In February, 1864, the law required the services of all white males between seventeen and fifty, "for the war," while boys under seventeen and men past fifty were organized into regiments of Junior and Senior Reserves. Even the "free negroes" and a certain number of "slaves" were held liable by this law for the performance of auxiliary military service.

This Confederate statute, approved February 17, 1864, entitled "An Act to increase the Efficiency of the Army," etc., provided: "That all male free negroes, and other free persons of color, between the ages of eighteen and fifty years, shall be held liable to perform such duties with the army, or in connection with the military defenses of the country, as the Secretary of War or the

1 "Memoirs," chapter 68.

commanding general of the trans-Mississippi department may from time to time prescribe; and shall receive rations and clothing and compensation at the rate of eleven dollars a month." The same act also provides for the impressment of "slaves" for the same duties, to the number of 20,000.

How many "male free negroes" or "other free persons of color" were impressed under this act, for auxiliary military service with the Confederate army, I have no means of determining.

There is another important fact touching the question of the value of the Confederate records. The records of the Confederate "conscript department" at Richmond appear to have been kept separate and apart from the muster-rolls. These appear to have been deliberately destroyed by order of the Confederate government, to prevent their falling into the hands of the Federal authorities. I have heard this statement made by Major Duffield, a Virginia officer, who declared that he had executed such orders by burning the records in the fireplaces of the building which was occupied by that department, of which he was in temporary charge.

It is easily understood that the total strength of the Confederate army from 1861 to 1865 far exceeded the number of white males in the seceded States "who were between the ages of eighteen and forty-five" as shown by the census of 1860; for that army included, in the last year of the war, men of sixty, as well as boys of sixteen, who were therefore only eleven years old at the census of 1860. The number of white males between eighteen and forty-five in North Carolina in 1860 was 115,369; yet no one pretends to estimate the North Carolina contingent to the Confederate army at less than 125,000, while Major Moore has placed on record an estimate that the State furnished 150,000. The number of white males between eighteen and forty-five in the eleven seceded States in 1860 was 1,064,253. In the three border slave States, Missouri, Kentucky, and Maryland, there was the additional number of 516,175. The people of these three border States were not unevenly divided, and gave about an equal number of men to each army. It is fair to assume from these data that the State of North Carolina could not have furnished more than one tenth of the strength of the Confederate army, which, therefore, in its total aggregate must have numbered not far from a million and a half of men.

The Federal aggregate is of course conceded to have been larger, though it included many who served under short terms of enlistment, and many who, enlisted in the last year of the war, never reached the front; whereas, in the South, substantially all of the fighting men were in the ranks long before the war ended.

The larger percentage of men furnished by Southern States to the Confederate army, in proportion to the population, than was furnished by Northern States to the Union army, may be shown by a comparison of the States of North Carolina and Iowa, which were nearly equal in white population, as shown by the following figures from the census of 1860:

TOTAL WHITE POPULATION.

North Carolina	629,942
Iowa	673,779

TOTAL WHITE MALES BETWEEN 18 AND 45.

North Carolina	115,369
Iowa	139,316

NUMBER OF TROOPS FURNISHED.

North Carolina, incomplete records show.....	104,498
Estimated total.....	125,000 or 150,000
Iowa, complete records.....	76,242

In the consideration of particular battles or campaigns, we naturally reflect that the disparity in numbers present at any specified battle, or in the field at a certain period, cannot be estimated by reference to the total number enrolled in either army for the war.

The disparity in strength of the opposing armies was greatest in the last year of the war, and it never could have been very great until the last year. The Confederate government drew upon their resources far more rapidly than the North; they forced their fighting men early into the field; and this in part accounts for the heroic resistance against odds which they were enabled to display more conspicuously in the closing campaigns, when nine tenths of the Confederate army were the seasoned veterans of many campaigns, while they were opposed, to a considerable extent, by raw recruits freshly drawn from the plentiful and unexhausted resources of the North. However the subject is viewed, it leads to the conclusion that General Grant was right when he emphatically denied that the Confederates were outnumbered in all the important battles of the war. It is certainly true that their muster-rolls were incomplete, and that the official reports of their commanders, therefore, could not have been exact.

Major Moore's published roster of North Carolina troops purports to show the date of enrolment of nearly all of the 104,000 men whose names are preserved on the rolls of that State. I have made a careful examination of this roster, in order to determine approximately the number who appear to have been enrolled during the years 1861 and 1862, and the number stated to have been enrolled subsequent to that period. This roster shows that of the 104,000 men whose names appear therein, about 85,000 (in round numbers) were enrolled in 1861 and 1862, and only about 19,000 subsequent to 1862. Assuming, as above stated, that the State of North Carolina furnished about one tenth of the Confederate troops, these figures indicate an aggregate of Confederate troops for the years 1861 and 1862 of about 850,000; and also that only about 190,000 were added to the Confederate army subsequent to the year 1862. It seems wholly unreasonable to assume that the Confederates raised 850,000 troops in 1861 and 1862, and only 190,000 thereafter, and yet this is the conclusion to which the North Carolina records lead. And I may add that it appears to me suggestive that these North Carolina records should thus appear to have been so full and complete for the first two years of the war, but deceptive for the last two years.

The facts here referred to point to another aspect of the subject, and suggest several inquiries: The Federal army rolls being perfect, why are the Confederate rolls so defective? How can it be accounted for that the rolls of one North Carolina regiment omit more names than are omitted from the rolls of the entire Federal army? Why did the Confederates, as stated by General Grant, "belittle their numbers in every important engagement"?

The principal ex-Confederate historians are those who held high civil or military rank in the Confeder-

ate government. They must necessarily have had knowledge of the resources of their Government, of the actual or approximate strength of their army, and of the character of their official records, whether true and accurate, or the reverse. Great inaccuracy of statement upon these points by such historians can hardly be accounted for upon the ground of ignorance.

The statements usually made by ex-Confederates regarding the strength of their army place the total at about 600,000 or 700,000; whereas, I do not think it would be difficult to demonstrate that the number was not far from 1,500,000.

Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy, in his "History of the War between the States," says, "The Confederates, all told, could not have much if any exceeded 600,000." How does this statement of the historian coincide with the estimate of Major Moore that the single State of North Carolina alone furnished 150,000 troops, or with his revised estimate of 125,000, or even with the incomplete records, which show the names of 104,000 men furnished by that State?

The facts herein stated lead me to submit one suggestion, looking to further and more thorough research upon this subject. The "Rebellion Records," so called, comprising the immense mass of Federal and Confederate official reports and correspondence touching the conduct and events of the war, valuable as that publication will be, will not settle this question; and this for the reason that the official records do not show, and perhaps were not designed to show, the true, actual strength of the Confederate army. There is, I believe, but one way in which the question can ever be really settled and removed from the field of doubt and controversy, and that is by an investigation authorized by law, made by the Government, and directed especially to that object. The efforts of ordinary individual research will only invite controversy, and prove unsatisfactory. The Government has in its custody all the captured muster-rolls, but it has made no use of these invaluable historical data. The names upon these rolls should be enumerated by regiments. Investigation would then easily determine how far the rolls of any given regiment fall short of showing its true strength for the war, and how many regiments, like the 60th North Carolina, had three times as many men in their ranks as they had names upon their rolls. The Government has also, in the records of the last census, data which should show the number of Confederate survivors in 1890. The census law of 1889 did not provide for obtaining these data; but I understand that the Superintendent of the Census, in the exercise of the discretion vested in him, found that in enumerating the Federal survivors, as the law required, he could with little inconvenience also enumerate the Confederate; and that, if the other duties of his bureau do not prevent, he will compile and publish the result of such enumeration.

I am deeply impressed with the conviction that the Government at Washington, possessing as it does these important historical data, and the means which would enable it to settle this question, so far at least as it will admit of definite solution, owes it to itself, to the cause of truth and justice, and to the good name of those who fought for its preservation, thoroughly to investigate this question. It ought, at least, to authenticate and

publish every known fact and record in its custody that may throw light upon the question, to the end that history may speak the truth, and may not become the mere trumpet of ignorance and of vague conjecture.

A. B. Casselman.

The Illinois of Lincoln's Time.

PORTIONS of the Lincoln "Life" recall most vividly my childish recollection of the time and the people mentioned there, as well as many points told me by my mother and father.

My father was the A. T. Bledsoe referred to in the history. He practised law in the Supreme Court of Illinois, of which my grandfather, Moses O. Bledsoe, was clerk. He was an intimate associate of most of the men mentioned in this open letter as being prominent in the Springfield of that date, and I have heard him talk by the hour and tell stories of that time.

In those days the character of the courts in which my father, as well as Mr. Lincoln, practised was very primitive, and the stories told by my father are perhaps worth recording.

In one case a livery-stable horse had died soon after being returned, and the person who had hired it was sued for damages. The case finally required some proof that the defendant was a hard rider. A witness was called—a long, lanky Westerner. The lawyer said, "How does Mr. So-and-so usually ride?"

Without a gleam of intelligence, the witness replied, "A-straddle, sir."

"No, no," said the lawyer; "I mean, does he usually walk, or trot, or gallop?"

"Wall," said the witness, apparently searching in the depths of his memory for facts, "when he rides a walkin' horse he walks, when he rides a trottin' horse he trots, when he rides a gallopin' horse he gallops, when—"

The lawyer, irately, "I want to know what gait the defendant usually takes, fast or slow."

"Wall," said the witness, still meditating, "when his company rides fast he rides fast, and when his company rides slow he rides slow."

"I want to know, sir," the lawyer said, very much exasperated, and very stern now, "how Mr. So-and-so rides when he is alone."

"Wall," said the witness, more slowly and meditatively than ever, "when he was alone I wa'n't along, and I don't know."

The laugh of the court at the baffled questioner ended the cross-examination.

A case of sheep-killing came up. The defendant was a rustic, and the charge was, "Killed with malicious mischief." When asked, "Guilty or not guilty?" the defendant would give no direct answer. "I did kill that sheep, but I did n't kill him with no malicious mischief." Nothing else could be extracted from him. Finally he was told that he must plead something, "guilty or not guilty." He refused to acknowledge himself either. "You must do something," said the judge. "What do you do?" "I stands mute," was all that could be extracted from him. In the end, the case was decided against him, but he was told that he could take it up to the Court of Errors. "If this here ain't a court of errors," said the phlegmatic victim

of the law, "I'd jest like to know where you kin find one."

In a case (I have forgotten the charge) which went against the defendant, who rose up and gave his opinion of the judgment, and was fined ten dollars for contempt of court, a bill was handed over to the clerk which proved to be twenty dollars.

"I have no change," said the clerk, tendering it to the offender.

"Never mind about the other ten dollars," was the retort. "Keep it; I'll take it out in contempt."

There was in those early days a curious character who presided at the bar; his name I have forgotten, but I remember my father's characterizing him, in Lord Chesterfield's phrase, as "dullness blundering upon vacancies." In a certain case in which this person acted as counsel for the plaintiff, a five-dollar note had been stolen. That fact was proved beyond question. The point at issue finally was one of grand or petit larceny. The counsel for the defendant made the ingenious plea that the bill was an Indiana bill, and worth four dollars and ninety-five cents, and therefore was below the limit of petit larceny, five dollars being that limit. The jury seemed quite impressed by the argument, when the counsel for the plaintiff rose, and in the peculiar drawl and nasal intonation characteristic of his speech said: "Gentlemen of the jury, if any one of you was to take that Indian five-dollar bill to market, there's not a butcher there that would not be glad to take it at pa-a-ar. If you was to go to any of the stores on the square here, they'd be willing and more'n willing to take it at pa-a-ar; but this mean, confounded sneak could n't afford to steal it at pa-a-ar." The jury rendered a verdict of "guilty of grand larceny."

After General Shields had challenged Mr. Lincoln, and before the preliminaries had been arranged, Mr. Lincoln came into my father's office. He said: "I don't like this duel business. It is very foolish; but I can't show the white feather, and I don't know what I ought to do." My father said: "Lincoln, you are the challenged party, and can choose the weapons. Choose broadswords, and I'll be qualified Shields will never fight you." Mr. Lincoln was very much amused with the notion, and instructed his second to name broadswords as the weapons. When the seconds met and broadswords were proposed, General Shields's second demurred. He said, "Barbarous weapons for the nineteenth century." "Yes," said Mr. Lincoln's second; "they are barbarous; so is duelling, for that matter. It is just as well to have the whole thing of a piece," or words to that effect. When the time for the duel came, my grandfather, father, Dr. Merryman, and some others went to the scene of action. In those days stage-coaches were the only public conveyances overland, and the party had to spend at least one night on the way. The men, as was not uncommon in those days, found very limited accommodations, so four, I think, had to sleep in a bed. My father said that during the night he found himself in very narrow quarters as to the shoulders, while below there seemed ample room to expatiate. In the morning he discovered that his right hand bedfellow, a perfect stranger, had lost his left leg. Dr. Merryman called out in the night to my grandfather, "Wake up, Bledsoe; wake up." Grandpa said, "Dr. Merryman, are you a doctor and don't know that when a man snores it is a sign that he is asleep, not

that he is dying?" "Yes; I know," said the doctor. "When most men snore, I know it is a sign that they are asleep; but when you snore it is a sign that nobody else in the house but yourself is asleep."

The news of the proposed duel was noised abroad, and a crowd had collected on the Illinois side of the river, awaiting the return; it seemed to this merry party that the termination of this threatening affair would be unbearably flat if they just came home and announced an apology as the "upshot in the end." So they put a log of wood prostrate in the bottom of the canoe, covered it over with General Shields's cloak, or something equally effective, and then clustered around the supposed victim of the fight, one fanning, another supporting, etc., till the crowd gathered on the opposite bank was worked up to a great pitch of excitement and sympathy. When the log was lifted out the dueling party had effectually turned the laugh from themselves.

Sophie Bledsoe Herrick.

A Remarkable Trial by Jury.

JOSIAH LAMBORN, who was a law partner of Abraham Lincoln, and one of the galaxy of stars that embraced Lincoln, Douglas, Baker, Calhoun, Logan, and Browning, has been nearly eclipsed by the neglect of the generous biographers who have recorded the fame of his compeers. Politics and law in his day were almost inseparable, and he took a leading part as a Democrat in the heated campaign of 1840. He was engaged in a notable debate, with Douglas, Calhoun, and Thomas as coadjutors, against Lincoln, Logan, Baker, and Browning for the Whigs. He was not brilliant in oratory, but correct and calculating. Only once was he beaten in argument, and that was by Stephen A. Douglas.

The following account of Lamborn's power as prosecuting attorney in a celebrated case is furnished by Judge J. H. Matheny, who was at the time a clerk in the Circuit Court, and an eye-witness of the event:

In a neighboring county, in a difficulty arising out of politics, two prominent citizens became involved, and one killed the other. He was arrested and indicted for murder. His friends employed Edward D. Baker to defend him. Baker was just coming to the front as a great criminal advocate; was young, ambitious. Lamborn was prosecutor, and he, too, was young and ambitious, and felt that Baker was a foeman worthy of his steel. The author of this sketch [Judge Matheny] was then studying law with Baker, and was somewhat skilled in the preparation of defenses and selection of juries, and at Baker's request went with him to the trial. The whole county was intensely excited. The trial had assumed a political aspect. The man on trial was a Whig, and the man killed was a Democrat; the party lines were closely drawn, and the friends of the dead man were clamorous for the blood of the man who killed him. The court was held in a large frame building used as a Baptist church, and on the day of the trial it was crowded to its utmost capacity. The jury was impaneled, and the evidence taken. The killing was admitted, and the defense was "justifiable homicide."

Lamborn and Baker were both strangers to the people and jurors, neither having visited that county before, and each determined to win a victory. Lamborn arose to open the case on the part of the prosecution. He was a tall, slim man, with a most singularly musical voice, and the strangest tawny complexion imaginable. His whole countenance was utterly emotionless. Over his voice he had complete control. He simply read the indictment, and then, in a few unimpassioned words, asked a conviction of the defendant. Everybody was astonished and disappointed. I was watching him intently. I knew the man

so well that I was looking for something extraordinary; but his sudden abandonment of the case surprised me greatly. Baker arose for the defense. He was a handsome man—one of the handsomest men I ever knew. Beneath the magic power of his burning eloquence all hearts were subdued, all angry passions were hushed, the fierce cry for blood was stilled, and it could be plainly seen that from every bosom in that vast audience went up the earnest prayer, "Let him go free!"

During Baker's wonderful defense I was watching Lamborn. He sat perfectly still, seemingly totally unconscious of time and place. When Baker sat down and the murmuring ripple of approval had ceased, Lamborn arose in a weary and listless manner, and asked the court to take a recess until after supper, stating that he did not feel well, and needed a little time to prepare his answer to the powerful defense made by Baker. Court adjourned until seven o'clock. After the people had gone Lamborn came to me and asked me to go with him to see the sheriff.

The sheriff came to the front door and invited us in. Lamborn declined, but said: "I am not well, and my eyes are so exceedingly weak that I cannot bear the light. Now I want you to do this for me. When you open the court-room to-night, I don't want any light in the room but one candle, and I want that placed on the little stand in front of the jury." The sheriff replied: "Will the judge permit that? It will leave the room so very dark." Lamborn said: "I will speak to the judge. It will be all right. Baker made a strong defense, and I must answer it, for that man is a murderer and must be hung, and I can't successfully answer it unless you do as I want you to." "All right—all right," said the sheriff, "if the judge don't object."

Seven o'clock approached, and Lamborn took my arm, and we made our way slowly to the court-room. As soon as I entered the door I comprehended it all. The house was completely filled, and the one solitary candle, casting its weird, ghostly shadow throughout the room, sent a shivering chill all over me, and, casting my eyes over the faces of the jurors, I could plainly see that the same effect was produced upon them as upon me. Gone were the beaming eyes and joyous countenances as they gleamed and glowed beneath Baker's glorious eloquence; gone the pulsations of mercy that then thrilled every bosom.

Lamborn slowly and deliberately arose in front of the jury, that one candle casting its faint light upon his cold and pulseless face. Half bent he stood, leaning upon a chair in front of him; and thus he stood for fifteen or twenty seconds utterly motionless. Every eye was upon him. Then with a cold and passionless sepulchral voice he said:

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

He partly straightened himself, pausing for perhaps a half-minute, the ghostly shadows seeming to grow darker around him, when again came the fearful words:

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

By this time the silence in the room had become absolutely appalling; men ceased to breathe, and their very hearts stood still. He raised himself to his full height, stood perfectly motionless for perhaps a minute, then in words as cold and passionless as death came again the awful denunciation:

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

Then, pointing his quivering fingers at the jury, and with a voice that rang like a trumpet, he exclaimed:

"Such is God Almighty's awful decree. Dare you disobey it?"

He ceased. It was enough, the work was done; a verdict of guilty followed, and the unfortunate victim passed on to his fate. I have seen in my time wonderful actors, have witnessed some extraordinary scenes on the stage, but never have I seen anything to equal that night's work in that humble court-room.

Lamborn became the law partner of Abraham Lincoln; was appointed prosecuting attorney for Jacksonville, Morgan County, Illinois, and was elected attorney-general of Illinois for 1840-43. He died in 1847.

Samuel Lamborn.

American Artist Series.

JOHN S. SARGENT.

A YEAR ago Mr. Sargent's life-size portrait of a little girl called Beatrice hung at the end of the main gallery, in the place of honor, at the annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists. All New York talked about it, and this was surprising enough, as our city does not often interest itself very keenly in a picture of so unsensational a kind. But it was still more surprising to find that all New York not only discussed but admired this "Beatrice," for as yet it is the way of the world that what artists praise the public does not find quite satisfactory.

In truth, attractive qualities which are not often combined in a picture unite to make this one beautiful in the eyes alike of the most critical and the most ignorant. The charm of the subject is the first thing to be noted — the rare and exquisite individuality of the little lady herself. But, it should quickly be said, we must not overestimate the intrinsic importance of this charm, since it is one that would certainly have been lost under the brush of any but a consummately able artist. To paint a child well is perhaps the most difficult of the portrait-painter's tasks — to preserve the naïve, infantile look of a face upon which time and experience have made no marks, and at the same time to express the character and soul which reveal themselves so shyly that the interpreter must be singularly in sympathy with children if he is to perceive them at all. It is one of Mr. Sargent's greatest distinctions that he never fails of entire success when he has a child before him. No painter who ever lived could more sympathetically have expressed the delicate, peculiar personality of little Beatrice with more truth and fullness or with more simplicity; and none now alive could have done it so well. It is worth noting, moreover, that Mr. Sargent did not "costume" the child for the sake of pictorial effect. The dress is one she was in the habit of wearing, and the bird is her own particular pet.

Beauty of color also counts for much in the attractiveness of this portrait. The dress, with its pale-brown stripes and sprinkled flowers, the rosebud-tinted flesh and light-yellow hair, the pink topknot, and the pink and gray bird in its gilded cage, all relieved against the rich, deep tone of the background, unite in a harmony as brilliant as it is pure and tender. The pretty pose, too, must be taken into account, and the scheme of composition, where the height of the canvas, as well as the tall table and cage, so admirably emphasize the fairy-like smallness of the child.

All these things a brother-painter appreciated as fully as the public. And yet he might almost have overlooked them all for a time in admiration for the technical skill displayed — for the truth and beauty, the combined force and delicacy, of the handling. Rarely had the values and texture of flesh been so perfectly reproduced, and never, one was tempted to decide, the values and texture of flesh of this fragile transparency. The treatment of the neck, where white skin, white lace, and white pearls met, was a marvel of delicate vigor, and in all the rest of the canvas it was

wonderful to see how so dashing a brush could produce an effect so complete, refined, dignified, and quiet. One did not feel that brilliant handling had been displayed for its own sake, but simply that the painter had known so exactly what he wanted to do, and been so sure that it was exactly the right thing, that he could not help working broadly and swiftly. It was masterly painting, because a master's eye had seen the subject before the master hand began its reproduction. Mr. Sargent had seen not only form and color with clearness and acuteness, but also the baby soul behind them; and he had reproduced them all so beautifully that, when the tears came in one's eyes from sheer delight, it was hard to tell whether emotion was more touched by the work of nature or the work of art. Yet when we reflect a minute, and say again, A pearl among babies portrayed in a pearl among pictures, we feel that art must be allowed the chief share in the result. Exquisite children are born into the world more often than exquisite works of art, and nothing is beautiful upon canvas unless beautifully painted. Mr. Sargent might have found another model to give him as happy a chance; little Beatrice could hardly have found another painter to do her such absolute justice. To art, not nature, will be due the credit when in later years this child shall win an immortality like that with which a Velasquez or a Van Dyck endowed the royal children of his brush. I should hesitate to say that this is the finest picture Mr. Sargent has painted; but it is one of the very finest, and is certainly the loveliest of them all.

John Singer Sargent was born of American parents in Florence, Italy, in the year 1856. His mother is a Philadelphian, and his father belonged to the Boston family several members of which have been honorably conspicuous in journalism, literature, and science. He studied painting under Carolus Duran in Paris, and evidently, in another fashion, under the spirit of Velasquez in Spain. In 1878 he received an honorable mention at the Salon, and in 1881 a medal of the second class, while at the International Exhibition of 1889 he was given a medal of honor and the rank of chevalier in the *Légion d'Honneur*.

Born in Italy, educated in France, living much in London, and traveling widely, Mr. Sargent is that typically modern product, a citizen of the world. Yet he is not a man without a country. Blood has proved the strongest influence. No American would take him for a "foreigner," and we are only following his own lead when we claim him for the Western World. The pictures which won him the highest honor that could be gained at the Paris Exposition formed the chief feature of the American collection, and though he is a member of the *Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts* in France, he is also a member of the Society of American Artists in New York; and Americans appreciate their good fortune in being able to claim him as a fellow-countryman. Wherever his pictures have been shown they have excited a very unusual amount of interest; prizes have been awarded him in Chicago and Philadelphia; and he is now working upon a large mural painting for the Boston Public Library.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Observations.

THE liar despises those who believe him, and hates those who do not.

THE woman who loves you is at once your detective and your accomplice.

By the world's law a man is held guilty until he is proved innocent — and afterward.

MODERN pessimism is ancient Calvinism with God left out.

SOME people would like to have an Inquisition to compel liberality and toleration.

To tell a woman you love her without doing so, and then to love her without telling her so, is the Alpha and Omega of flirtation.

How exasperating are those sunny-natured people who will never allow you to complain!

MANY a woman makes a man perfectly wretched because she loves him so much.

If I were as rich as my right-hand neighbor, I should have his faults; if I were as poor as my left-hand neighbor, I should have his. Being myself, I have mine.

A MAN who praises himself meets with general denial; a man who decries himself finds plenty to agree with him.

To believe that evil rules the universe is to believe that the destroying principle once created and now conserves.

As it is man's place to ask, so it is woman's place to wait to be asked; yet oftentimes she has a way of asking why she is kept waiting.

A GREAT many people who discuss great questions think that they must arrive at *some* conclusion, like a debating society. Oftener we should be satisfied with indecision.

POSITIVE persons may be so either from having tested their opinions by long experience or from never having tested them at all.

WHAT hardens one most is not suffering, but getting over it.

OPPOSITION is a sign of interest. A bored listener always agrees.

THE common run of literature is stenciled, not written.

DID you ever notice the rapturous fervor with which the postman is sometimes received — not for himself, but for what he brings? Be sure that you have been in his position oftener than you know.

THERE are people so actively occupied by misfortune that they have no time to be miserable.

BEWARE of the man who seems to have no earthly chance with a woman. He is more than likely to secure her at last.

A WOMAN's progress in a love-affair is a zigzag road: each deviation ends in a slight advance. And a man's, which should be a straight line, meets hers at the return from each of these deviations.

Manley H. Pike.

My Sweetheart.

No violet purples have so deep a hue
As do her angel-painted eyes of blue.
A wild-rose pink, a sea-shell's dainty grace,
Were borrowed to bewitch her bonny face.

Her lips were made for kisses — nothing more;
I 'll tell her this forever, o'er and o'er.
Forever and a day I 'll love her, too,
Because her heart is mine — her heart so true.

She loves and lives, and lives and loves for me,
And for her sake I 'll all things lovely be —
For her, my love, my angel, treasure, pearl,
Marie, my own, my darling baby girl.

Margaret Andrews Oldham.

A Cradle Song.

Swish and swing! Swish and swing! Through the
yellow grain
Stoutly moves the cradler to a low refrain,
While the swaying blades of wheat tremble to his
sweep
Till he lays them carefully in a row to sleep;
And he feels a mystic rhyme
Makes his cradle swing in time
To the rocking of the baby by the door.

Swish and swing! Swish and swing! So the cheeks
grow red,
Bowls are filled with porridge, and ovens piled with
bread,
Bossy claims the middlings, and coltie eats the bran,
Chicky gets the screenings, and birdie all he can.
So the cradle's harvest rhyme
Keeps the reaper's stroke in time
With the cradle that is rocking by the door.

Thus the golden harvest falls to yield the precious
wheat.
Life is golden, too, alas! but only love is sweet.
Labor for the fireside is the royal crown to wear,
And Love that gave the harvest will give each heart
its share,
While the reaper swings in time,
Like a loving, tender rhyme,
To the rocking of the cradle by the door.

Swish and swing! Swish and swing! Ah, the good
old sound,
Harvest note of gladness all the world around!
Hear the cradles glancing on the hilly steep;
Hear the little rocker where baby lies asleep —
Gentle, universal rhyme
Of the reaper keeping time
With the rocking of the cradle by the door.

Charles H. Crandall.

Pegasus in Harness.

I HAVE a neighbor; 't is his fate
To deal in bricks and lime.
He'd like to be a poet great,
But can't afford the time.

John Kendrick Bangs.

An Impossible Girl.

ONCE on a time there lived a maid
 Who never was of mice afraid,
 A perfect game of whist she played,
 This maid entrancing.
 Of gowns and styles she never talked,
 Attempts to compliment she balked,
 For exercise she only walked —
 She hated dancing.

She wore no loud, queer-colored glove,
 She never yet had been in love,
 Her bureau held no picture of
 The latest actor.
 And, furthermore, she never went
 To matinées, nor ever spent
 Her change for soda; roses sent
 Could not attract her.

Of slang she never used a word,
 Of flirting she had never heard,
 Society — it seems absurd —
 She did not care for.
 At gay resorts where men were not
 She never seemed to care a jot,
 Until the mothers wondered what
 The girl was there for.

No one will know from whence she came,
 She left no record but her fame,
 Not even can we learn her name
 Or what her station.
 When did she live? How did she die?
 She lived in fancy. It's a lie.
 I've only tried to practise my
 Imagination.

James G. Burnett.

Silent Applause.

THE more his frowning modest worth withdraws,
 The more, forsooth, they lavish their applause.
 In vain. He waits for praise from her alone
 Who will not speak lest love with praise be shown

Edith M. Thomas.

"The Linnet Sings."

By note and word
 My sense is stirred,
 For never clearer song was heard
 Than that the linnet sings.
 Lying near it,
 Full I hear it,
 From the brier where it swings:
 "He kist her — kist her — kist her —
 Sweet — my sweet —
 Sweet sister."

If grief or glee
 Impels this free
 Outpouring of its soul to me,
 My voice will not betray.
 I silent lie
 The brier by,
 And hear it sing and say:
 "He kist her — kist her — kist her —
 Sweet — my sweet —
 Sweet sister."

Think as you will,
 Or well or ill,
 Of what it sings in swinging still
 Upon the brier there;
 It may be glad,
 It may be sad,
 But, oh! the sweetest air —
 "He kist her — kist her — kist her —
 Sweet — my sweet —
 Sweet sister."

To me or you
 It says not who
 This right or wrongful act did do —
 I wonder if it could.
 I only hear
 Its notes so clear
 Go ringing through the wood:
 "He kist her — kist her — kist her —
 Sweet — my sweet —
 Sweet sister."

Henry T. Stanton.

A Cheering Outlook for the Editor.

DEAR friends and fellow-writers, send we our verse no more;
 The editor's strange blindness we long enough deplore.

Come, ye whose wounded spirits with disappointment burn,
 Strike! Let us strike! for even the goaded worms will turn.

Send not your verse in winter, his thoughts are full of care;
 The closing year and opening year bring all *his* mind can bear.

Send not your verse in springtime, lest, like the king of Spain,
 Your poem should go marching forth, and then march back again;

For while our hearts beat blithely with lambkins, buds, and birds,
 Above his pile of poems he mutters, "Words, words, words!"

Send not your verse in summer, he's gone north, east, or west;
 Vacation is as much for him as those who need the rest.

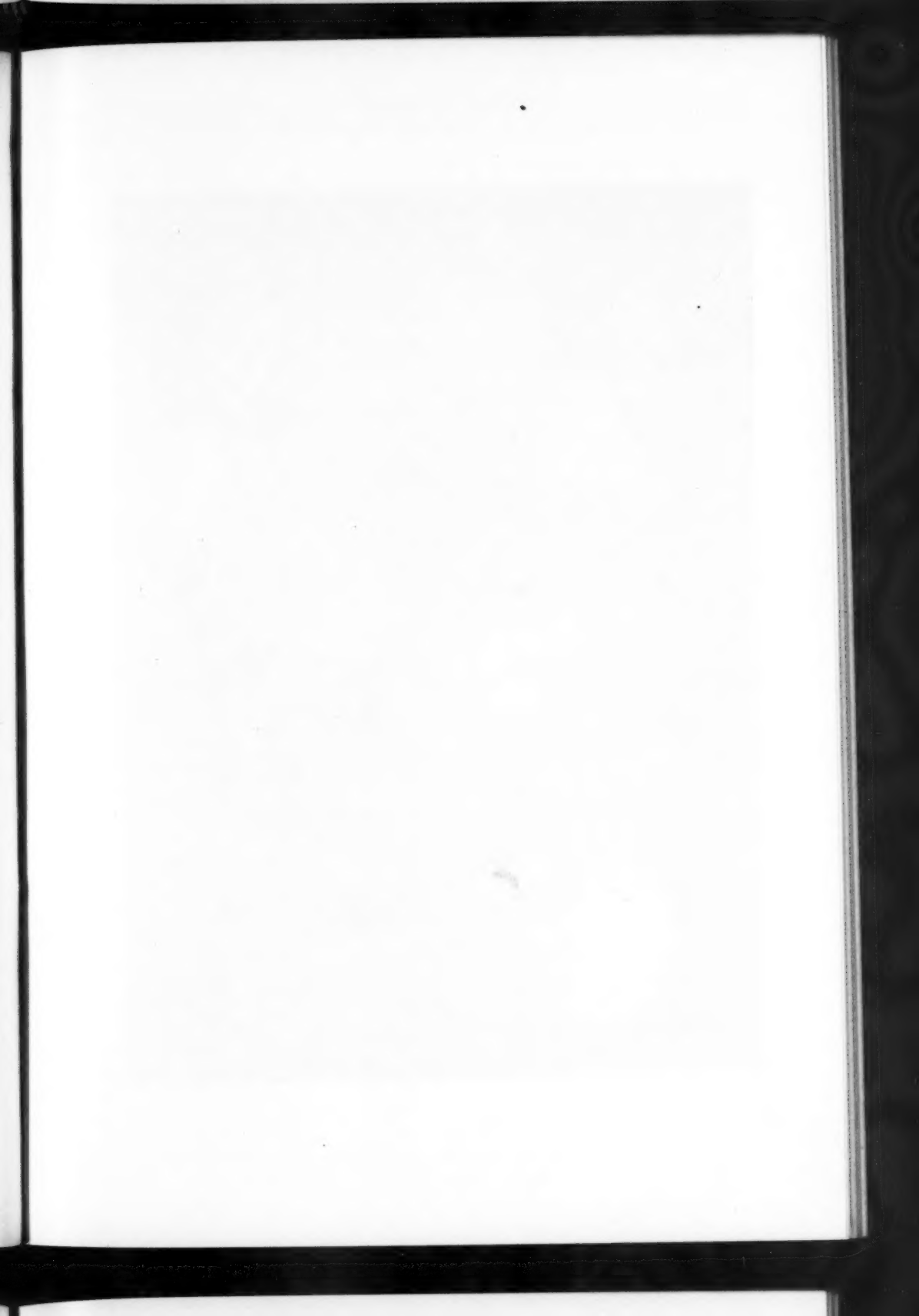
Or if within his office the seething hours are spent,
 He cares less for Apollo's flights than Mercury's ascent.

Send not your verse in autumn, he'll greet it with a frown,
 Such hopeless heaps await him on his return to town.

Come join, ye fellow-writers, in answer to my call,
 In one vast vigintillion and send no verse at all;

And leave him, sadly jingling his overloaded purse,
 To meet December's issue with not a line of verse!

Charlotte W. Thurston.





ENGRAVED BY T. COLE. (SEE PAGE 842.)

“THE THREE AGES OF MAN,” BY LORENZO LOTTO.

IN THE PITTI GALLERY FLORENCE.